This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

iod
2070

Bd Oct. 1892.

LIBRARY

OF THE

DIVINITY SCHOOL.

GIFT OF

The Publisher.

Oct. 19, 1891 — June 18, 1892.

Contents.

No. 1. A Missionary Journey.
" 2. Our Western Opportunity.
" 3. Crime and its Treatment.
" 4. All-Hallows' Day

Series on Every-Day Religion.

5 I. Religion a Life.
6. II. The Head and the Heart.
7. III. Man the Way to God.
8. Things that Hinder Thankfulness.
9. Salvation: Mythological and Practical.
By R. R. Shippen.
10. The Dawn of Christmas.
11. Naturalness of the Supernatural.
12. Jesus Found Again.
13. The Transmutation of Time.
14. IV. Honesty.
15. V. The Ideal in and over the real.
16. VI. What Ought Religion to do for us?

Dr. Abbott and Christian Evolution.

17. I. The Irresistible Conflict Between Two World-Theories. ✓
18. II. Jesus and Evolution.
19. III. Relation of Dr. Abbott to Orthodoxy and Unitarianism. ✓

20. IV. The Coming Religion, or the Outcome of the Present Unrest. ✓

21. The Present Use and Worth of the Bible.

22. VII. Compromise.

23. VIII. The Rights of and Over Children.

24. IX. Money.

25. X. The Day of Judgment.

26. XI. Sympathy and Comprehension.

27. XII. The Worth of Life.

28. XIII. Death and After.

" 29. The Human Easter.

" 30. " Gospel of Sunshine.

" 31. " Rights of Animals.

" 32. Our Latest National Dishonor. ✓

" 33. Holy Ground.

" 34. In Honor of Our Dead.

" 35. Angelic Messages. By E. H. Horton.

" 36. The Temporal and the Eternal.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy.

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 OCTOBER 16, 1891 No. 1

A MISSIONARY JOURNEY

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1891

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow.	
Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton.	
Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

BX
9843
.A1
1905
1

A MISSIONARY JOURNEY.*

My subject this morning is "A Missionary Journey." I venture to be presumptuous enough to take a text from the ninth chapter of Luke and part of the tenth verse,—"When they were returned, they declared unto him what things they had done." Yesterday afternoon, at twenty minutes before four, I reached Boston, after an absence of nearly two months, and a journey, roughly speaking, of about eight thousand miles. I have spent seventeen nights travelling on the cars. During the last five weeks I have spoken, preaching or lecturing, on an average nearly five times a week. It has not been therefore, you will see, all play with me; though I am glad to be able to say to you that I have come back strong and well. This absence of mine has trenched a little upon the ordinary limits of our vacation time. I expected fully myself to have been home earlier, but found it simply impossible; for, in spite of the amount of work I have done, I have refused at least as much more that came to me with an earnest appeal, coupled with the thought, pressed upon me over and over again, that I was needed in the West more than I was here, where my voice and my message were so familiar, and that I could do specially important work if I remained there even longer than I had done. Having, however, trespassed upon the ordinary vacation time, I feel that it is due to you that I should give an account of myself. For I have always felt that my first obligation is to you. I am the minister of this church first and at all times. To you belongs whatever physical power,

* Phonographically reported.

whatever mental, moral, and spiritual ability I am possessed of. It is yours; and I have a right to go in other directions only after I have met in full measure the obligation that rests upon me to give to you the highest and best service of which I am capable. I have thought always that my vacation time was yours. A horse, when in the midst of a journey he stops at noon for a lunch and a little rest in the shade, is at that time as truly working for his master as when he is putting forth his utmost speed upon the road. So I have always felt that my vacation time, time of rest and preparation, was yours as much as the time of my most earnest service.

I should not presume this Sunday morning, in this time and place, to tell you a personal story of travel. Were I minded to do that at all, it would be proper only to cast it in the form of a lecture, and give it on some week-day evening. But it seems to me, as I have looked over the field which I have observed, that I might render a service to you beyond that of any personal story I may have to tell. Indeed, as I look back over the past of my ministry with you, I take myself to task as having been at fault. I have not sufficiently interested you in work beyond our own limits, beyond our own State, beyond New England. I have trusted perhaps too much to your familiarity with reports of our missionary work, your familiarity with our denominational newspapers; and so I have found that, when I appealed to you for this cause or that in the West or in the South, many of you, having been so busied about your own affairs, are hardly aware of the magnitude of the business in which we are engaged, hardly appreciate that of which I am speaking. It seems to me, then, this morning that I can render to you a definite service, that perhaps I can thrill and rouse your interest. I can make you understand a little better what it is as a denomination that we are trying to do, how wide and far-reaching is our work, and by simply running over with you in a familiar, easy, conversational way the story of my missionary journey. For I would not have you understand

that I have been on a pleasure trip. It has indeed been to me a great pleasure. To travel day after day over plains as wide as the sea; to skirt the edges of great lakes which have in them almost the infinity of the ocean itself; to climb the summit of magnificent mountains; to plunge hour after hour through the depth and darkness of great cañons, precipices above and precipices below; to look upon other States, other people, other cities,—these things, indeed, have been a pleasure. They have been instruction, they have been an inspiration; and I believe that you will find my work for the coming year will be the better for the time that I have given to this journey. But it has not been as a pleasure trip that I have gone. I went purely and simply at the outset to render a religious service to a friend on the Pacific Coast, that I shall tell you of in its time and place.

You will pardon me for suggesting one other thought. Most of you will think perhaps that it is entirely uncalled for. Still, so peculiar are the experiences of ministers that I happen to know that it is called for. I wish, then, to say that I have not been on a money-making trip. Now and then I hear suggestions from this quarter and that of the vast income that is supposed to be pouring in upon a minister from weddings, lectures, and this source and that. I wish simply to disabuse your mind, if it is necessary, of any such impression as that. Not a year goes by when I do not freely render services that would bring me from three to six thousand dollars, were I accustomed to charge as the city lawyer or doctor would charge for his time, travel, and effort. I have taken this journey as Paul did: I have worked simply enough to pay my way, and have come home precisely as rich as I was when I started.

Now let me tell you some of the incidents of this journey. It will inform you of what churches we have in some parts of the West, what men are there, the condition of things, and what they are doing.

I took the train at Plymouth, N.H., on the fifteenth day of August, going by way of Montreal and the Canadian Pa-

cific Railway to the West. Day after day, night after night, we passed over a country comparatively uninteresting until we reached one of the most beautiful mountain places which I have ever seen, at Banff, on the eastern edge of the Canadian Rockies. Here I stopped and rested and refreshed myself for one day. Then, pursuing my journey westward through some of the strangest and some of the most varied and some of the most magnificent scenery of this continent, I reached Seattle in the State of Washington just one week from the day of my starting. You need to travel across this continent, day after day and night after night, to appreciate what a magnificent heritage is ours, and what a wonderful opportunity there is here for the spread of our new, grand gospel of the truth of the living God.

Branching off from the Canadian Pacific before I reached Vancouver, because I had not time to go to the end of the route, I took a steamer and sailed all the afternoon over Puget Sound,— one of the most beautiful sheets of water that I have ever seen,— until I reached Seattle at ten o'clock at night. Puget Sound and its immediate vicinity I believe to be that part of our country which is to see the most wonderful development inside the next fifteen or twenty years. It is a sheet of water in which there is neither a reef nor a shoal throughout its whole extent. Any ship can sail anywhere without a pilot or guide. Seattle is a beautiful city on the eastern side of the Sound, about thirty miles from its southern end,— a city of fifty thousand people. It is the best supplied with street railways and with means of travel of any city I have ever seen. It is full of life, of energy, of ambition, of hope. Here there is a vigorous, earnest, new Unitarian church. I preached there Sunday morning, the morning after my arrival, and helped install the new minister, a grandson of old Dr. Eliot of St. Louis and son of Dr. Eliot of Portland, Ore. He has done what I believe is the wisest thing,— broken up his studies at Harvard one year before finishing his course, and gone West to take that practical training which can come only in the field,— that

kind of training which for the minister, though overlooked too often, is as useful and important as is the hospital training for the young physician. I helped informally to install him that Sunday morning, and that was his first appearance in the pulpit for the beginning of his new work.

I took the steamer that afternoon after preaching in Seattle and sailed for Tacoma, thirty miles away,— another city of about the same size as Seattle, situated on the western side of Puget Sound and at the head of its navigation. I shall not make any comparison between these two cities, for I discovered the fact that they love each other about as Minneapolis and St. Paul do. I wish to keep on the right side of both of them, for some time in my life I hope to see both of them again, and I should not offer praise to one of them without duplicating it for the other, so perhaps I had better not enter into any extended praise of either. I will only say that they are twin sisters, and he would be a wise man who could foretell which will be the greater. Both are full of life and power, full of that new energy of the far North-west. I have seen nothing quite like it anywhere else in my trip. Tacoma also has a strong, earnest, though young, Unitarian church. All the leading business men of the city are Unitarians. And I found that the principal bank of the place is called the first Unitarian bank of Tacoma, from the fact that almost everybody connected with it is a Unitarian. I cannot go on without stopping here one moment to try to suggest to you the most wonderful vision of beauty and magnificence I have ever seen on any journey that I have ever taken round the world. I am glad that nobody had spoken to me about it. I was sitting on the deck of the little steamer; and I had hardly left the harbor of Seattle before, way off against the perfect blue of the clear sky, I saw what I supposed was a cloud. I looked at it a second time, because it seemed to me that its outlines were a little too definite and that they retained their shape too long for a cloud. I looked, and looked again, until at last it took shape, and not settled, but reached down to the earth at my feet; and I found myself gazing upon

the grandest mountain upon which my eyes have ever looked, — Mount Tacoma. Most mountains, as you know, we only partly see. If you wish to see Pike's Peak, for example, you must go to Colorado Springs; and there you are half the height of the peak from the sea before you see it at all, and then it is surrounded and hidden by foot-hills, so that it is only a little of the top that is visible. Imagine a mountain that is fourteen thousand eight hundred feet high, twice the height of Mount Washington, standing alone, unhidden by any foot-hills to take away from its dignity, so that, as you sit on the deck of the steamer, you see all its mighty bulk from the water up, lofty, white, glistening forth against the perfect sky. I do not know of any other mountain that can be seen in precisely this way, and I thanked God for "the strength of the hills," for the suggestions of magnificence and power. If I never see it again, that vision of might, of loftiness, of beauty, will go with me as an inspiration, something to make me feel the greatness of God as almost nothing else upon which my eyes have looked.

Leaving Tacoma, after preaching and lecturing both there and at Seattle, I took the cars for Portland. Here, as you know, is one of the oldest outposts on the Pacific Coast. For many years we had only two churches west of the Rocky Mountains, one at San Francisco and one at Portland. Portland is a live, flourishing city, surrounded by unsurpassed agricultural wealth, a city on the Willamette River, at a little way from its junction with the Columbia. And here pardon me again for a moment, though it does not seem necessarily a part of my theme, if I say that all the other rivers upon which I have looked dwindle into insignificance when compared with the Columbia. The natural beauty and grandeur of the Hudson are nowhere in comparison with it. The Hudson has only the advantage of the beautiful villas and the civilization that has so long peopled its banks. At Portland there is an old, strong church; and its minister, who has been there a quarter of a century, is a power in the whole city, having the respect and admiration, the love of all. Here, also, I preached and lectured.

Then, taking the train again, a ride of two nights and a day brought me to San Francisco. We do not appreciate, here in our little New England, what are the distances, the greatness of our heritage, in the West. Remember that the State of California, if it were laid along our Atlantic coast, would stretch from Boston on the north to Charleston, S.C., on the south. I was speaking of the size of one of their counties, a newly created one that had been cut off from one still larger; and I found that this county was a good deal larger than the State of Massachusetts. A ride, then, of two nights and a day brought me to San Francisco, or, rather, to Oakland, which was the objective point of my journey.

The Rev. C. W. Wendte, known well to you all, was here last spring; and he besought me to come West the latter part of the summer, and dedicate for him his new church. In a city of sixty or seventy thousand people, just across the bay from San Francisco, standing relatively to that city as Brooklyn does to New York, Mr. Wendte has created this new church. Five years ago there was no church there of our kind. He has organized one of the strongest churches on the coast, and has built the most beautiful church in the whole city of Oakland. I went out on purpose to dedicate this church. After lecturing there on Friday night, there came the Sunday morning service. His auditorium seats seven hundred; but Sunday-school room and every available place were thrown open, and we were face to face with an audience of fifteen hundred people, with hundreds who could not even get through the doors. He had provided everything for the future of the church. Everything was paid or arranged for, so that it was no longer a burden, with the exception of twelve thousand dollars' floating debt. It was a fine audience. From half-past ten o'clock in the morning until half-past one they sat and stood, and listened and waited. I did not see a soul leave the church, even after the contribution began. At the close of my sermon the Rev. Thomas Van Ness stepped forward, not to beg, but in a simple, quiet way stated the situation, and said that Mr. Wendte would

start in his work with so much more of courage if that twelve thousand dollars that worried him could be provided for. In less than twenty minutes $11,650 had been pledged. The rest of it came in the way of voluntary offerings during the day. And so the church starts strong, free from debt, and full of courage and hope. So successful were we in the one thing that led me, in the first instance, to take up the journey.

I also preached twice and lectured once in San Francisco. San Francisco is of course the stronghold of our faith on the Pacific Slope; and Unitarianism can never be anything but a pride in that city, not only for what the church is to-day, for what it and its minister, Dr. Stebbins, are doing, but for its memories. The memory of that church is a royal thing in San Francisco and throughout the State; for the young Starr King, dying at thirty-nine, had helped more than any other one man on the coast to save the grand State of California to the Union. He stood for patriotism, for humanity. He stood for all that touches and stirs the hearts of men. They have not forgotten him. They carry him in their hearts, whether they be orthodox or heterodox; and now they are preparing to erect a grand monument to him in the finest of their public parks. Unitarianism is prosperous there. If I were to criticise our denomination and its cause in San Francisco, it would be only to suggest what they are already beginning to recognize themselves: that they have not quite aroused to the exertion of their magnificent power for the spread of the cause in other parts of the country. They are rich, earnest, strong. They can do twice as much as they are doing, and they will do it before many months or years have passed away.

I lectured also in San José, one of the loveliest places I have ever seen. It is at the head of the bay of San Francisco, about fifty miles from this latter city. They are just laying the foundations of a new church building, which is going to be in one of the finest parts of the city. So perfectly beautiful is the country that there was both pertinence

and force in the remark made by one of the leading members of the Baptist church there. He risked the stability of his own faith by coming to hear me lecture; and he said the next morning to one of the Unitarians: "Mr. Savage does not seem to believe in the Garden of Eden. Why don't you take him for a drive through the immediate neighborhood, and let him see that it is right here?" Indeed, it is beautiful enough for any Garden of Eden, ancient or modern.

I also lectured at Alameda, another beautiful town across the bay from San Francisco, where with a young, earnest, clear-headed minister there is hope and certainty of fine success. I also ought to say before leaving the neighborhood of the Golden Gate that the Rev. Thomas Van Ness, the superintendent of our work on the Pacific Coast, is organizing a new Second Church in San Francisco, in the eastern part of the city. It has great promise, and will undoubtedly be strong and self-supporting within a short time.

I ought also to say that everywhere I heard the general work of Mr. Van Ness spoken of with enthusiasm. He is regarded as a man of business energy and executive capacity, as well as a fine preacher.

It was a question about this time as to whether I should cease my work and return in time to be present at the National Conference. But the appeals came to me from so many directions, and with so much force, that I determined to keep on there. So I took the train a day and a night for San Diego, the southernmost city in the State. This, I think, so far as its natural features are concerned, is the most beautiful location for a city that I have ever seen. It is suffering just now from a tremendous reaction that followed the most unreasoning boom of its real estate. As an illustration of what this boom meant, how wild and almost insane people became, I know of one gentleman who had bought a lot in San Diego for which he had paid five hundred dollars. During the boom he refused thirty thousand dollars, and still has it on his hands. It is suffering, then, to-day from a reaction from this sort of unnatural develop-

ment; yet there is a strong church there, with promise for the future, only they must be patient, and trust to natural methods of growth. I said this is a beautiful city. I have never seen a more perfect night than that on which I lectured there. It was a full moon, and the sky and the water of a color, beauty, transparency and softness that I have seen nowhere else outside of Italy. It is something to remember for one's lifetime to have seen a night like that, when it seemed almost profanation to go indoors. The air was so full of balm and sweetness and clearness that one would choose even to sleep where the stars might be the guardians of his dreams.

Leaving San Diego, I lectured in Los Angeles, a lovely, strong city, growing with a healthy growth now, though it also suffered in the way of reaction from an unreasonable boom. It is in the midst of a paradise where almost anything will grow. We have the tropics there in Southern California. The banana palm, the fan palm, the date palm, olive orchards, orange orchards, fig orchards, raisin ranches, wineries,— everything that can be grown anywhere on the face of the earth almost is growing there. A land of beauty, of warmth, of health,— it seems to me, at least, that it is the paradise of the poor. There can be no suffering there such as we have in the slums of our Northern cities when people are pinched and suffering with the cold. If they have to sleep out of doors there, it is very little hardship; and the natural products of the earth would keep any man from starvation who is willing to take the trouble to lift the food to his lips. We have a flourishing church in Los Angeles; and Rev. Mr. Thomson, who was in Somerville, Mass., only a little while ago, is their minister,— a man of power and popularity, who is laying the foundation for a new church, their old one having been burned. They are going to build a better church in a better location than the one which they have lost.

Seven miles from Los Angeles is a place which many people who have visited it think is the most beautiful in

Southern California, the town of Pasadena. The name they told me meant "the crown of the valley," it being at the head of a lovely valley. Here there was no Unitarian church, but a Universalist church in which I lectured. It is so nearly like a Unitarian one that, if all the Universalist churches were of the same kind, I would as soon have them under that name as any other.

Coming North, I stopped and lectured in Fresno, a city of 20,000, on a plain seventy miles across, surrounded by mountains,— a hot place, and so the paradise of the grape culture. Here there is a church which met at first without any minister, where the people who are liberal-minded got together without knowing whether they would be named this thing or that. They had not yet been christened. They had called a minister who was a Universalist, and who is so much in sympathy with our cause that the probability is that the church will soon be placed in the line of Unitarian churches in our Year-book.

Then I started for the East. I wish to note one or two things on the way on my return. I was fortunate in so timing my journey that I could spend a Sunday in Salt Lake. In the morning I went to the Unitarian church, which at present is being held in a theatre. The Rev. David Utter, recently in Chicago, has gone to Salt Lake; and a church has been born there, like Minerva,— full grown. The very first year they paid their minister three thousand dollars' salary, and asked no help from any one. They are meeting in a theatre, and will build themselves a church as soon as they think it is wise to take that step. They are strong, vigorous, and prosperous in every way.

In the afternoon I saw that great Mormon service in the Tabernacle, a building wonderful in its construction, without a pillar in the way of support, simply an oblong arch above. It seats, they say, ten thousand people. It was so full that, not being early enough, I got a poor seat. Its acoustic properties are as wonderful as its size, and with the exception of a few words I heard everything that was said. I

heard the two men whom of all others of the Mormon leaders I would prefer to listen to. Joseph F. Smith, who has been under the ban of the law for the crime of polygamy, and has not been able to show himself openly in Salt Lake for seven years, was present for the first time after pardon had been extended to him by President Harrison. Of course there was a large throng anxious to hear him, as he is the nephew of Joseph Smith, the famous founder of the church of Latter Day Saints. And, then, George Q. Cannon, who for many years has been a member of Congress from Utah, who is the head, front, and brains of the body at present, although his official position is not the highest, was the second speaker, so that I was able to study this peculiar survival of the religious life of a past age.

Coming East from Salt Lake City, I stopped at Denver. A few years ago there was only one Unitarian church in all that region. Some of you will remember that four years ago I went to Denver to dedicate a church, one of the finest in the city. That was the only one in the State. Now there is a church at Boulder, one at Colorado Springs, one at Pueblo, and one at Greeley; and they are organized into a Rocky Mountain Conference. Unfortunately, the minister at Denver, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, son of President Eliot, is in poor health. He has not been able to preach for several Sundays. It is possible that he may be obliged to give up his work; but, if he does, the work is so organized that it will go right on, and it will call some other able man to take his place, for Denver is one of the most progressive, earnest, and hopeful cities between here and the Golden Gate.

One stop more I made, in Kansas City. There also I lectured. There, as well as in San Francisco, I made an address to the Unitarian Club. There is a strong, earnest church, under a perfectly competent leadership. One of the best of our ministers in the West is pastor of the church at Kansas City.

These few words as to the ground I have covered, the churches I have seen, the ministers I have conferred with,

may suggest to you something of the reach of our work. Next Sunday I wish to speak to you of certain religious conditions which I have discovered both inside and outside of our denomination, both among those who are affiliated with the old churches and those who are affiliated with no churches at all. I wish to suggest to you what a wonderful national outlook there is, grander than it has ever been before for our cause.

Published weekly. **Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy.**

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 OCTOBER 23, 1891 NO. 2

OUR WESTERN OPPORTUNITY

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1891

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

OCT 26 1891

A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER OF UNITY PULPIT.

Neither Mr. Savage nor the publisher receives any pecuniary profit from the publication of *Unity Pulpit*, the subscription price only covering the cost; but both are anxious to extend the range of its influence. It is read now in every part of the world, but we wish to increase the number of those it touches.

We therefore ask two things of its present readers.

1st, Will those who already take it and pay for it do what they can to get new subscribers?

2d, Will those who receive it *gratis* consider whether they are not able to become regular subscribers? In this way, they will make it possible to give a copy to some new person in the missionary field.

About eight hundred copies a week are now *given away* for missionary use, and there is a constant call for more.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher.

October, 1891.

OUR WESTERN OPPORTUNITY.*

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecc. xi. 6.

I HAVE never been one of those who have expected any sudden or abnormal growth on the part of our religion. I have never believed that it was adapted to spread rapidly, like a fire, over the land. The rise, sudden growth, and extension of a religion like that of Methodism are easily understood. It meant not a new forward movement of thought: it meant only the setting on fire of the universally accepted traditions and beliefs of Christendom, a consistent and earnest carrying out of what every one claimed to believe. It meant only kindling in the hearts of the common people the practical application of that which they claimed to accept. Now and then I hear some one say, some one perhaps of our leaders, that Unitarianism, by the very fact of its being so simple and easily comprehended a faith, is adapted to the great body of plain people and that, if it were rightly presented, it would naturally and easily spread over the land. I cannot accept this; for, if we think of it a little carefully, you will see that Unitarianism, as contrasted, for example, with Methodism, means a new forward movement of thought as well as life. It means a surrender of old things and the acceptance of new things. It means that people must be prepared somehow to accept that which they have traditionally never been inclined to look upon with any favor. Simple? It *is* simple, this faith of ours, as com-

* Phonographically reported.

pared with any of the old forms of belief. But it seems quite strange to me that the people who put this forward as a reason for its ready acceptance do not comprehend the fact that this is the very reason why it is not readily accepted. Simplicity in music, simplicity in art, simplicity in manners, simplicity in dress, simplicity anywhere, is a mark, and perhaps the result, of the highest culture. It is not the plain people, the great mass of the world, who are contented with simplicity: it is those who have been trained to an appreciation of the fact that the highest beauty is in that which is the simplest.

Consider for a moment two or three things that are requisite for a person to become an intelligent and convinced Unitarian. There are persons who are born into the Unitarian belief. I am not referring to those. A man can be born into Unitarianism without any thinking about it as easily as he can be born into Presbyterianism or any other form of belief; and the result many a time is that, when a man is born into Unitarianism, he comes into it with a lack of thought that is an obstruction to any farther growth, and with a bigotry which is as unnatural and unreasonable as that with which we charge the older forms of belief. There are Unitarian bigots as easily as there are Methodist bigots. Bigotry is not a quality confined to any denomination: it is a human quality. I know Unitarians, born so, who by virtue of that fact have come to believe that no farther growth is possible, and that wisdom will die with them; and because of that I know any number of men to-day in the older denominations who are outstripping them and leaving them hopelessly behind, because they have not come to the conclusion that they have done all the thinking that is required of any man. I am not speaking of this class of people, then. I refer to those who become Unitarians by conviction, whom we must look to if our religion is to grow and assume the significance that we believe surely it must assume because we believe it stands for God's larger truth.

What must a man do? A man, to become a Unitarian,

must learn something in the way of independence of thinking. He must read or study or think sufficiently to become convinced that his old ideas are inadequate, that there is a newer, higher truth abroad in the world. You will see, then, that this stands in the way of any sweeping, sudden, widespread acceptance of our ideas. A man must be capable of some independent thinking. He must look over the world, and make up his mind and be convinced as a rational being.

Then it takes another quality. It takes courage; and you here in Massachusetts have very little idea as to how much courage it takes in some parts of the country to become a Unitarian. I have no sympathy with those who talk of martyrdom in this nineteenth century. The days of fagots and thumbscrews and inquisitions are gone by; and it is so pale, so poor, so petty a shadow of the old martyrdom that pursues a man who dares to think for himself to-day that only a weakling or a coward will stop to think much about it. And yet it does take courage. I know places in this country, large numbers of them, where Unitarianism is not in all the air where it is not popular, where, if one dares to be a Unitarian, he must surrender certain things, the best society, for example, on the part of a lady; to be looked upon as outside the pale of the older, fashionable churches, to be looked upon as odd and peculiar. For a business man it sometimes means running the risk of the loss of his business. I know lawyers who tell me frankly that, if they should avow themselves as Unitarians, they would lose half their clients. It takes courage in some parts of the country for a man to be a Unitarian.

Then it takes faith. A man thinks, and he finds out that he cannot hold his old ideas any longer; but he does not see to what the new ideas lead clearly enough so that a way seems open to him. He must, then, walk by faith. He does not know what the outcome is to be; and so he hesitates, lingers, and needs to have the faith of the old patriarch, who was called the "Friend of God," who did not wait for a map

of the promised land to be presented to him. The record says he went out, not knowing whither he went. That is faith,— the faith that is ready to go out of the outgrown past, not into the pleasantly prepared future, but into the work of making a future, creating a future large enough and grand enough for newer and higher ideas. It takes this to make a good Unitarian out of one who was not born so,— independent thinking, courage, and faith. And these are not qualities so readily found. They do not sweep over the face of the earth like a new-born enthusiasm. It is only when thoughtful, earnest, courageous men meet and organize a centre of a new movement that our Unitarianism must grow.

I have said these few things to justify the position which I have always taken,— that Unitarianism is not a faith to grow rapidly by contagion, as a new form of the old belief will where no great convictions have to be cast aside or changed.

Now, I am ready to present to you some thoughts that I have gathered up while I have been away concerning the condition of things in this country, which seem to me to make the present time peculiarly ripe and ready for the extension of our work. I believe there has never been a time in the history of this country where the opportunity has been so wide, so open, so accessible, as it is this hour. I wish to illustrate and point out the characteristics of some of the different classes of people that I have met and studied while I have been away.

I gave you last Sunday a little hint of what the West of this country means to-day. I am not very old; but I remember, when I was a boy, hearing my father talk about people going "way out West," into the Genesee Valley, in the State of New York! And then the northern part of Ohio, that was West, indeed! A half-brother of mine went to Missouri in those old days, before I was born. And I remember seeing father reading letters from him in the days before our present rapid transit, when the mail was carried at great expense, and it cost from fifty to seventy-

five cents or a dollar to get the smallest message from that far-off State of Missouri on the other side of the Mississippi River. But where is "out West" to-day? The Mississippi River is close at our door. The half-way place between here and San Francisco is hundreds of miles beyond the Mississippi, in the great State of Nebraska. And some of you will be astonished, if you have not had your attention called to it, to find that, when you reach San Francisco, you are not "out West" even then. If you take our new great country of Alaska and draw a line from the most eastern part of our possessions on this continent — the most eastern point in the State of Maine — to the extreme limit of Alaska, and cut it in two at the half-way point, it will fall in the Pacific Ocean, west of the Golden Gate. The country, then, has grown in magnificence, in extent, in possibility, beyond anything that we could have dreamed. I read the other day a part of a lecture given by Senator Ingalls only a little while ago in Chicago,— which I have not taken the pains to verify,— in which he stated that in the days of Shakspere there were only about eight or ten millions of English-speaking people on the globe. To-day there are thirty or forty millions in Great Britain, sixty millions here; and then, when we remember Canada and the English possessions in South Africa, Japan, India, the Hawaiian Islands, Australia, New Zealand, the English-speaking people, this free thinking, aggressive, colonizing, Protestant people, are encircling the globe. Think, then, of the course that is open to-day for a free thought or a new idea to run. Think of the incipient empires that it takes only a feeble imagination to picture as dominating the future.

Now, what kind of people are those whom we find in this great, new West?

In the first place, naturally they are people who have had the courage to "pull up stakes" and move their tents to the Westward. They are men with the colonizing spirit in them, —men able to break away from the old home and the old associations, led by the dream of creating a better future. That

is the kind of men, and they are the ones who are accessible to new thinking. The man who can break away from his old home and create a new home in the West is capable also of breaking away from an old idea and holding it as outworn, and creating a new home for his heart and his soul. This one suggestion alone shows you what an opportunity there is for the grander and higher thought of the modern world.

Then there are thousands of people in all the growing towns and in the cities of the West who are unchurched. They have thought until they have found themselves out of the old churches, and they never are going back into them. You might as well crowd a hatched eagle back into his shell. Where are they going? I believe, and so do you, that this religious instinct, this religious need of ours, is inherent, natural, human, eternal. They are not going to be permanently without a religion. I came across a very suggestive illustration of this while I was away. I shall not mention names or places, lest people should think that I have made too free of the facts that have come to my knowledge.

There is one young, growing city that I visited, and in which I spoke, where there was no liberal church at all from the time of its foundation until within the last year or two. They had no idea of forming a liberal church. But there was a large body of thoughtful, earnest people, who felt this religious instinct and need, who said, "We must have some sort of a society." They wanted sympathy, they wanted co-operation, they wanted a chance to work together for some human end; and so they came together and organized. They did not call it a church: they called it an independent society. They had no idea whether they were Universalists or Unitarians, and such a thing as a label had never entered their minds. But they followed the leading of this great need of the human heart and mind, and they waked up to find that they were Unitarians without knowing it; and it will not be long before they will be in full affiliation with

our societies and helping us in our work. There are, then, thousands of these people who are unchurched.

As my third point, concerning this matter of the preparation of the field, I wish to speak of something that I have referred to a good many times in the past. You are familiar with the fact that now and then I point out to you signs of change, of reconstruction, going on in the old churches. I have been fairly startled while I have been away by fresh discoveries that I have made in this direction. Let me hint to you two or three illustrations.

In one city where I lectured, one of the leading orthodox ministers was present. The day after I met one of his parishioners, a cultivated, intelligent, earnest man,— a man who once on a time was a parishioner of mine. In discussing the religious situation, he said: "My minister was present to hear you last night. I would like to have you meet him"; but he added with a smile, "I do not suppose he would like to talk with you," intimating that he was so completely in sympathy with the ideas to which I had given expression that, if he did, he would be obliged to commit himself in a more public way than he was yet prepared to do.

In another city where I lectured, I had referred among others to Dr. Heber Newton of New York as one of the progressive leaders of modern thought in the old churches; and an Episcopal clergyman who was present came to me afterwards, and, with a smile and a hand-shake, said, "There are more of us than Newton," as much as to say that he wanted to be counted in in the same category, and intimating that there were many more of whom he knew.

Let me call your attention to a book from the other side of the water, showing that this is not a local thing, but is in the currents of air that are belting the earth. A German nobleman, an officer in the German army, Herr von Egidy, has lately issued a brochure, or small book, entitled, in the English translation, "Serious Thoughts." He supposes that he is practically alone, or at any rate that he may possibly

be leading a new reformation in Germany. A German lady brought me the book, handling it as though she thought it were dynamite. She asked me to look it over, and let her know if I thought it was safe or wise for her to introduce it for a wider reading in this country. I thought there must be something peculiarly dangerous, or possibly something which should be regarded by our public as disreputable in the book. What was my astonishment, as I came to read it with care, to find that it was nothing in the wide world except what Unitarians have been preaching for fifty years. He thought it was a new gospel. It is plain, common, simple Unitarianism all through the book. But he declares — and I think he is right — that the only way to save Christianity in Germany is to drop these utterly unbelievable things, and bring the Church into accord with the highest thought and noblest life of the age. Here, then, is a movement in Germany along this line. I know not what may be its extent.

Now let me refer to one or two illustrations more in the Far West. In one place in California where I spoke, a Methodist clergyman, bearing a name well known over this country, came to me afterwards and avowed himself in complete sympathy with my views. He has ceased preaching, although a member in full communion with the Methodist Church. He has lost one position which he held as a teacher on account of his liberal ideas. He is about accepting another. He does not feel called upon to say that he is not a Methodist; but he is, as a matter of fact, a clean-cut, radical Unitarian.

In a city of California where I lectured, the superintendent of schools came to me,— and this is one of the most striking testimonies which I met,— and said he had listened to the lecture the night before. He sat down by me at the hotel breakfast-table, and had a long talk with me. He said to me: "I am a member of the Presbyterian Church, and I am acquainted with large numbers of the membership of this Church throughout the State. I accept without question or reserve every single position which you took last night," —

and I did not leave room enough to contain a bit of Presbyterianism large enough to be seen with the Lick telescope. Yet he said, "I accept everything which you have said." He went on to say that, in his judgment, more than fifty per cent. of the membership of the Presbyterian Church stand to-day just where he does. I said then, in some amazement, "Why do you do nothing about it? Why do you still print and scatter all over Europe and America a confession of faith which you totally reject? Why do you let that stand as an expression of your belief? Why do you not all come out and squarely stand where you are?" Then we had a long talk, that led me somewhat into the secret of the state of mind of large numbers of these people. He says they have found out that they do not believe the old creed. They are permeated with the teachings of the modern scientific conception of the universe, of God and of man. They do not believe any longer in the fall, in total depravity, or arbitrary future punishment. But he said they have not thought themselves any farther. They do not know where they are. They are afraid to take the next step. They are afraid to touch the confession of faith, lest there should be nothing of it left when they are through. They have been taught that this is religion; and they have a sort of inward fear that, if they give this up, they are becoming irreligious, that they are surrendering religion. They have the feeling that these teachings have been bound up with the moral order of the universe, and that chaos will come upon them if they surrender them. They do not see the way. They do not quite know what is to come after the confession of faith. This is the condition of many whom you will find all over the land to-day. I do not mean to be understood as saying that half the members of the Presbyterian Church are consciously disbelievers of its creed, or that the Methodists and Congregationalists are disbelievers of their creeds. I do mean to say that these organizations are permeated with these liberal ideas, and that they are gradually waking up to the consciousness that the old universe is passing away. They are

bewildered and alarmed, and they do not quite know what is to be next. This is the condition of things.

I wish now to suggest what seem to me to be practical matters in the line of our Unitarian duty, in the face of a situation like this. In the first place, it seems to me that Unitarianism should rouse itself to a comprehension of the situation. One thing I am amazed at; and that is the bat-blindness, and what shall I call it except ignorance, on the part of any number of our Unitarian ministers in Boston and throughout New England, concerning what the real situation of things in the country is, and what the word "country" covers or means. Men are born and brought up under the shadow of the gilded dome, and live perhaps half their lives out with the impression that the horizon is commensurate with the fence that bounds their dooryard. They do not seem to realize how large a place the country is, or what is going on in it, or what is the opportunity. We want to rouse ourselves as a denomination to a comprehension of of the situation.

Then we need a wise supervision of these far-off fields.

Let me hint as to what I mean. What do the Catholics do? The Catholics are omnipresent. I say this to their praise, not to their discredit. Whenever a new town is started, there they are; and, no matter who else is there, you are sure to find them in possession of some of the most desirable lots in the new town,—places for churches, for schools, for convents, for Sisters of Charity and Mercy. The Methodists are almost equally omnipresent through their organization, under bishops and presiding elders. They keep their eyes open concerning all that is in the field. What do Unitarians do? Generally this: they do not do anything at all until a town has grown up and improved; and then they come in and, at a big price, buy a suitable lot for a church that would have been given to them gladly five or ten years before. That is what they do. They wait until everybody else gets in ahead of them. They do not seem to have any practical supervision of the ground, so as to

realize what the opportunities are. I know any number of places where they are buying lots to-day for five or eight or ten thousand dollars where five or ten years ago they might have had them for five hundred dollars, or might have had them free.

We Unitarians need another thing; and I have seen one or two painful illustrations of it. We need to comprehend the fact that acorns, if you give them time, become oaks, although they are acorns at the start. We need to comprehend the significance of small beginnings, and to learn how in those climates at the West small things grow to large with a rapidity we cannot dream of here. Take a climate where a certain species of trees will grow twelve feet in a year, and you may be sure that other things will grow, too, and with a rapidity that we do not easily imagine in this more sterile soil and hardy climate of New England. I know places at the West, where a good many of our ministers at the East would not think of settling, which will be big enough for any man to fill within the next ten years. We need to take possession of these seeds of the future, and mould and shape them as they grow.

Take as an illustration,— and I will speak freely here, though it may touch a conflict in judgment with some who do not agree with me,— take such an opportunity as there is at Berkeley. Oakland is a city of sixty or eighty thousand inhabitants across this bay from San Francisco,— a wonderfully beautiful city. About two miles from it is one of the most delightful situations for a town that I ever knew. This is Berkeley, the site of the State University of California, which is magnificently endowed, having professors whose reputation is known around the world, ready to do a work second to no other in the country. What are the other denominations doing? The Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, the Catholics, all are establishing in this immediate region theological schools, schools for the culture and development of men on the ground, with a view to have them occupy the field because

they comprehend it. What are we doing? We have men standing right in San Francisco and Oakland to back up with money and influence such a movement. We have sent one or two men from the East to look over the field; but there is not one who dares to touch it. If I were young and free to-day, there is no place in this country where I would go sooner than to Berkeley, under the shadow of the great university, with hundreds and hundreds of young men from all parts of the Pacific slope, with an opportunity for an influence second to no other. I believe that we ought to place a theological school just there. Our young men in the East do not comprehend the problems that need solution on that side of the line. We send a man out from the East; and it takes a year or two before he is worth anything, before he knows the people, the situation, the conditions of thought and work and life. Men trained in the field are the ones who can best accomplish the work. We need, then, courage and earnestness to take hold of these seeds that are to be mighty growths in the years to come.

I wish I could speak to all the families of the Unitarian faith, to all the young men of this land. We need, more than we need anything else in the world, men. There is not a young town or city of five thousand people in this country where there could not be an earnest, vigorous Unitarian church inside of two years if we had a man to put there, comprehending the situation and capable of doing the work. There are places waiting on the Pacific slope where the people are ready to organize and to make a church, begging for a man who is not to be found. We need more men to enter this ministry.

Let me say just a word here,— perhaps I have said words like this too infrequently on this subject,— a word to the fathers and mothers and to the young men who shall hear me, and whom my words may reach in the colder form of type. I do not know of any profession or business or calling, or whatever you please to name it, that any young man can consider, that compares for one moment in importance,

in dignity, in manliness, in grandeur, in possibility of achievement, with the work of the liberal ministry. If you were obliged to tie yourself to the old beliefs, to become the servant of a perfunctory round of meaningless forms, that would be another thing; but to the free, intelligent, cultured, earnest young men who stand on the threshold of this ministry, the universe is open. There is no field, no department of thought or life, that may not be made tributary to his work. You know, gentlemen, that in the hundreds of callings in which you are engaged you are obliged to narrow yourselves mentally. You are obliged to put all your time, all your ability, into simply making your business a practical, financial success. You know what the competition of the modern world means, that there is no time for wide and general culture. I have had men say to me, realizing the situation: "I have narrowed myself down in this matter of my business until I cannot engage in or enjoy a thousand other things. On this side of my nature and that I am utterly undeveloped." But in a calling like this there is nothing that is not open to a man. He may expand until he is as broad as the truth of things. All that is inspiring in the past, all that is inspiring in the future, pays tribute to his thought and work. Whatever else a man may accomplish in this world, you know as well as I, there is nothing comparable in importance, in dignity, in beauty, and worth to helping men live,— helping them to solve the problems of life, to fight its battles, to create their manhood. Is there anything else comparable to that? That is what it means to be a liberal minister to-day. I appeal, then, to those who are reached by my words to consider this field and the magnificence of its opportunities.

Another thing. If I were the despot of the Unitarian body for a few years,— I would like to be, so far as this particular point is concerned,— I would make one inviolable law. No young man who should graduate at Cambridge or at Meadville should, under any conditions, be allowed to accept any pulpit or enter on any field of work east of the Alleghanies until for one year or two he had done genuine mis-

sionary work in the West or on the Pacific slope. In that way, he could learn what he was made of; and he would be of more value wherever he might afterwards be. The trouble with many of our good ministers here is that they know only a small part of the field. A man needs to know the whole field before he is competent to treat the questions that come up for solution, the problems of our liberal ministry. I wish that this thought might come home to the young men who are graduating from our Eastern seminaries. It is past my comprehension, I cannot understand it, how any young man should be willing to settle down here, to fall into a little easy place while he is a young man, while all the uprising vigor of his young manhood is or ought to be in him; how he can be content not to go out where there is an opportunity of building, of making something on his own account. I began my ministry on the Pacific slope; and I got such a taste of what that meant that, when I afterwards thought of settling in New England, I found I could not do it. It seemed to me like grinding out a music in the composition of which I had had no hand. I thought that I wanted to make something on my own account, and so I went West again. If the young men only knew the inspiration of it, the grandeur of it, and how important a part of their training it might be for their work here, if they wished afterwards to come East again, then I think they would be readier to take up work in these far-off places. It needs young men unhampered, who can afford to wait two years before they get married; young men who can live on little, and are willing to do so until they create a condition of things that will give them more; men who can go, not with a trunk or a carload of baggage, but with a grip-sack, and who can stand in the midst of these conditions and help them grow into a strength that shall be able to carry them and help to carry the general work.

And now, at the end, I have no sort of question, no sort of fear, as to the outcome of this great Unitarian movement of ours. I have come, though not born in it, to love the name Unitarian; but I care also so inexpressibly more for the *thing* than for the *name* that I am ready to have the con-

dition come without any name, or in any other name if need be. I have no fear as to the outcome of the movement itself. The stars of heaven are fighting for us. The human mind is fighting for us. The development of the human heart is fighting for us. The spelling-book is on our side. It is only a matter of time. It can be only a matter of time. If all the people who are practically with us in this country should come out in a body, there would be an exodus beside which the departure of the Israelites from Egypt would be only like a holiday excursion. There is no question as to the outcome. When Galileo with his little telescope, which would now be only a plaything, got his first glimpse of the moons of Jupiter, what was the condition of thought in Europe as between the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems? The Ptolemaic theory was held from the pope down to the humblest parish priest and by the entire membership of the churches. It was taught in every school and university. Every professor stood, wrote, and fought for and defended it. But when Galileo, that lone man, first saw those moons of Jupiter, the Ptolemaic system of the universe was dead. It made no difference whether it took a hundred or a thousand years for people to find it out. The finding it out was only a question of time. He had discovered the truth which antiquated the old ideas, and created a new heaven and a new earth. And so we have discovered, or there has been revealed to us, a new and a higher conception of God, of man, of destiny; and, because it is God's truth, the eternal truth of things, it must win. The day of its universally accepted triumph is only a matter of time. It is for you and me to stand ready to help on this day as rapidly as may be, with our faces looking forward, and with the trust and the peace of God in our hearts.

Father, this is Thy truth. We bow to it as Thine, we consecrate ourselves to it as Thine, and ask that, with patience, in all earnestness, and in all charity, we may do what we can to bring Thy children into an acceptance of that truth which is life now and forever. Amen.

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow.	
Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton.	
Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

1891

Published weekly. **Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single cop**

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 OCTOBER 30, 1891 No. 3

CRIME AND ITS TREATMENT

BOSTON

GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET

1891

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

CRIME AND ITS TREATMENT.*

"I was in prison, and ye came unto me."— MATT. xxv. 36.

AT the outset, I think it will be well for us to get clearly in mind one or two definitions. Sin, technically speaking, is an offence committed against God. Vice is an offence committed chiefly, or first, against ourselves,— a private, personal thing. Crime is the breaking of a statute law, supposed to be a social wrong. This is the technical distinction between these words, which are frequently confounded, spoken of as though they stood for substantially the same thing. I wish you to take note that crime is not always evil. Crime may be a sign of degradation, of disintegration, or it may be the budding, the bursting forth, of a new and higher type of civilization. If we look down the course of human history, we shall see that a large part of those men whom we most revere were considered criminals by their age. Considered did I say? They *were* criminals. That is, they were breakers of statute law. Socrates was a criminal, and was put to death as such. Jesus of Nazareth was a criminal. In the times of Nero and Diocletian all the early Christians were criminals. And so, as we come down the years, Bruno was a criminal. So was Martin Luther. So were Vanini and Servetus. And at a still later period all that grand cluster of men who stand out in the firmament of our recent past like stars, whose shining heralded the dawn of a larger, wider human freedom,— these were criminals,— Channing, Parker, Garrison, Phillips, John Brown, all the noblest men of their time. I emphasize

* Phonographically reported.

this, not because it is important this morning, but only for clearness of definition, that you may remember that the word "criminal" is not always a stigma, a disgrace. Sometimes it is rather an insignia of honor.

Of course, this morning I am to speak of that other kind of crime, that which we find in the lower strata of society,—the crime that means degradation, the crime that disintegrates, that hurts, that injures, that needs not to be encouraged, but to be repressed, to be wiped out of existence.

I think it will help us to understand the nature of crime and the relation in which it stands to the order of society if we look at it for a moment in the light of human evolution,—if we see, taking human nature as it is, how necessary it is, how it springs out of the nature of things. We need not simply to condemn a thing that is wrong. We need to comprehend it so far as possible; and then we shall be in a better position intelligently and successfully to deal with it.

We may figure human progress by the illustration of an army on the march. There has always been the vanguard, the leaders. Then there has always been the main body, those who have kept fairly in the ranks, shoulder to shoulder, step by step, who have added to the strength of the force, and have not only kept up on the march, but have helped others to keep up,—men who have helped to conserve order and growth. Then there has always been the third section of the army. I suppose never an army existed without a body of stragglers, of camp followers, those who for one reason or another have fallen out by the way, those who are a burden and call for the help, the attention, the care, of the main body. Instead of adding to its efficiency, they are a source of weakness and injury. They call for compassion sometimes, sometimes for serious condemnation; but they always exist. Never yet was army without them.

Who are these that are stragglers in the rear of every army on the march? Sometimes they are those who have become temporarily too weary and footsore to keep up any longer. Sometimes they are those who are positively ill and need ten-

derest sympathy and care. Sometimes they are those who are simply lazy, who do not wish to make any effort. Sometimes they are those who relentlessly and purposely prey upon their fellows. They are the reckless class who take advantage of those who are weaker. All these different classes make up the great body of stragglers, of camp followers, in the rear of every army on its forward march. This may well illustrate the march of humanity. The vanguard to-day is way ahead of the main body; while the main body perhaps to-morrow or next week will be where the vanguard is to-day. The position represented by the vanguard and the main army is not a fixed position. It is constantly changing, so that that which is farthest forward and upward to-day may be the place occupied by the stragglers next year. And the stragglers, perhaps, should not be condemned outright and without consideration, if we remember that they to-day are where the vanguard was last year or last century.

The human race, then, is ever on this march of progress. There are ever the leaders with foresight and with courage, there is ever the main body that simply follows the leaders, and there are those in the rear who get along as best they can, living, as they say, by their wits,— sources of weakness and sources constantly of peril.

As our next step, let us consider for a moment whether crime in this sense is on the increase. I have seen statistics recently, tending to prove that crime is increasing in the State of Massachusetts and in the United States. If this really were so, it would be an appalling fact. It would perhaps make the thoughtful student of human history and human liberty hopeless; for, if after nearly two thousand years of what we proudly call Christian civilization crime is really increasing, then might we not as well throw down our weapons, abandon our public schools, close up our churches, and give up in despair? I believe, however, that a little careful consideration will show — as we should certainly expect — that this is not true. We talk glibly about human progress right in the face of these statistics that are sup-

posed to prove that crime is increasing. It means that the main body of the people really believe that there is such a thing as progress; that the world is getting better, however slow the course of human advance may be. Is public opinion wrong in this impression? Or is there something to justify it in the real condition of things? Statistics are supposed to be always reliable. It is said that figures will not lie. No: figures never lie; but people can lie very easily in the use of figures. And not only can people lie in the use of figures, but they can be very easily mistaken. They can use them wrongly, and make them seem to prove that which the real facts in the case do not prove at all.

Now let us consider one or two things. People tell us once in a while that the Roman Catholic Church is increasing. If you take the statistics of a city like Boston or like New York, or, possibly, if you take the count of those who are nominally Catholics with all their children and dependants in the whole United States, you may be able to make out your case; but you must remember that the majority of the Catholics in this country are immigrants, and that, when a man comes from Europe to live in America, he does not add to the number of Catholics in the world. He only changes his location. And, then, you need to put alongside with such facts the liberation of whole empires in Europe from the grip of the old ecclesiasticism. You need to take account of the fact that the type of the Catholic Church in this country has changed, that it is feeling the influence of our liberal free school atmosphere so that the old hold of the priesthood is not in this country what it used to be in the old countries of the world, or is still in some of them to-day. I am not using this as connected with the question of crime, but as an illustration to show you how you can make almost anything you please out of the use of figures.

Then you must remember another thing as bearing on statistics. The very fact that a community is morally growing may manifest itself in the multiplication of laws, and so in

the possibility of broken laws which constitute the commission of a crime, so that, owing to the number of possible crimes on the statute book, the number of commitments may for a time increase with the moral growth and sensitiveness of the people.

Take as an illustration this. Suppose you should compare the statistics of Massachusetts and of some State in the South or elsewhere,— I do not know that any such State exists as I have in mind; but suppose there is a State where there is no law against duelling, and where drunkenness is not considered a crime, or where a hundred things that in Massachusetts are treated as crimes are not against the law, and are passed over. It would be easy to prove that there is more crime in Massachusetts than in this supposititious State. Yet, of course, the most casual thought proves that this method of the use of statistics is entirely misleading. There are in a great many States certain things which are passed over and are not considered crimes which are held as crimes in Massachusetts. Possibly the number of arrests might be smaller in those States than here; but that would not show that the morality of Massachusetts was lower, but that there are more laws that can be broken, and consequently there are more arrests and more commitments for offences of various kinds. There might be a law passed to-morrow in this State which should double the number of criminals in the next six months. That would not mean that Massachusetts had grown any worse, only that suddenly the legislature had decided that any number of things which are allowed now should be regarded as offences to be punished. These statistics, then, may be, and I believe are, entirely misleading, if used to prove that crime is increasing. I believe that crimes, in the sense of offences against public order and public well-being, are diminishing in every civilized land on the face of the earth. That is, I believe that the moral and social level of mankind is constantly, however slowly, lifting, rising; that the world is better and better as the years go by.

Crime, then, is not increasing, statistics to the contrary, notwithstanding. It is a hopeful problem, then, that we face, not one of discouragement or despair.

Now let us come to the next point, and raise the question as to what are the rights of society over the persons who for whatever cause break these statute laws. What right has society in the presence of criminals? Possibly I may startle some of you a little at first by the statement which I now propose to make; and yet I mean to make it with all the earnestness of which I am capable. Society has no right whatever to punish, no right whatever to take vengeance. Society has no right,— why? Because there is no judge, no bench of judges, no jury, no body of lawyers, no set of wise men on the face of the earth, who are competent to decide the degree of any individual's intentional guilt in the commission of any crime whatsoever.

Let us consider for a moment who these criminals are and how they have come to be criminals. Here, for example, is a case of a boy born in the midst of criminal conditions which he did not create and for which he is not responsible. He has never had an opportunity to get a clear idea of human justice or human right. To him, practically, those words have no meaning. He has been trained from his childhood to look upon society as his enemy. He has been trained to the idea that society in some way is responsible for all ignorance, criminality, and poverty. He is taught that it is somehow an heroic thing to be revenged on society and to get out of it all that he can. Is a child, or a man whose childhood was like that, to be adjudged guilty in the same way and to the same extent as you or I would be if we should go out into the street and purposely commit a crime?

Then there are other classes, people who are criminals largely from weakness. The battle of life is an unequal battle for them. They are like those camp followers who fall out of the ranks because they cannot keep up any longer.

Then there are those who have inherited a tremendous and overmastering weight of passion. I remember some years ago I told you of a man who, when he indulged in some terrible outburst of wrath, was taken to task by a friend who said, "Why don't you control your temper?" And the man turned on him and replied: "Control my temper! I control more temper in five minutes than you ever controlled in your life!" These men that are dowered with this tremendous passion and power, overmastering reason and self-control, are not responsible, in the ordinary sense of the word, for being thus weighted.

So you may go through all the criminal classes, and you will find that at least something can be said in this direction by way of a plea for careful consideration. I was made aware the other day of a case like this. You will see the illustration. A boy had reached the age of eight or ten, when suddenly his hand became deformed and distorted, and he was unable to use it, and one of his limbs lost its power. A very wise surgeon, who studied the case with care, found that the skull, instead of being flexible and expansive, like the normal human skull, had grown solid, so that there was no space within for brain expansion. He performed a surgical operation, by which it was opened in half a dozen different directions, allowing it to *give;* and, simply because the brain had a chance, the hand suddenly became normal, and the boy was able again to walk, and all his intellecual faculties returned and pursued their normal course of development. A great German scientist not long ago made a careful study of the skulls of condemned and executed criminals, and he said that he did not find a normal skull in the whole collection. There may be crooked minds and crooked consciences and distorted hearts, which are simply diseased, as well as distorted limbs and deformed physical organs.

As we study, then, the origin of the criminal classes, we need to understand them before we pronounce our judgment. Yet I do not believe, as I said before, that there is a man or

a body of men on earth who are wise enough to untangle all the threads of inheritance and condition, so as to get at the precise amount of responsibility which should be charged upon any man for any act that he ever commits. This is not to say that there is no wisdom anywhere. It is only an argument for human modesty and human care.

What, then? Is society to sit down, and allow criminals to prey upon it? No. Society has a right — and that is the only right it has so far — to protect itself, and to protect itself to any extent that is necessary and by any method that is necessary. Merely because we are not wise enough to tell how guilty a man is, so as to measure out the precise quantity of bitter vengeance that he shall be made to swallow, it is important that we shall not sit down and allow the disintegrating forces to destroy our social order. A city has a right to build dams and embankments to turn the course of a river, to protect itself. If a tiger gets loose in the street, we need not raise and settle the question as to the guilt of the tiger for wanting to eat men. We have a perfect right to shoot him at sight, for our own protection or for the protection of society. I am not one of those who say that society has no right to put a man to death. He may be a moral idiot, he may be utterly irresponsible; and yet it may be foolhardiness to allow him to be loose on our streets,— as dangerous as to have a tiger loose. Society has a right to do whatever is necessary to protect itself, and to enable it to go on in its progress from its present to a higher and better condition. But it has a right to do this merely in the spirit of self-protection,— not in the spirit of vengeance, not as though it were assuming a Pharisaic superiority. You remember the saying of John Newton, a preacher in England, when he saw a fellow on the tumbril being carried to execution: "There goes John Newton, but for the grace of God." I think almost any of us, if we are humble enough, as we look upon almost any case of crime, might say, There goes myself, but for accidents of birth, education, training, the thousand things that have given me a chance that he never

had. The Sevres vase that is guarded with care on the parlor mantel cannot very reasonably look contemptuously down on the earthen bean-pot that is tossed and tumbled about the kitchen, because there happens to be a nick in its edge. We can learn charity and consideration concerning these things, while we mark the distinction between the good and the bad in the world.

But, granting that, what shall we do as a matter of social protection? Shall we pronounce death? Yes, if we can find no better way. We must learn in the light of experience, and find out that which is best. If we can do anything better with criminals than kill them, it would seem a more humane way.

Let me note one or two things. In the first place, we have no right to coddle crime because the criminal may not be responsible. We have no right to make the condition of the criminal more comfortable than the condition of the hard-working, honest, poor man. We have no right to surround crime with that maudlin kind of sympathy that tends to break down the distinction between right and wrong. Crime is crime, as disease is disease; and, because a man may not be responsible in the one case or the other, that does not make the condition a healthful one in either case. It is something not to be treated in that maudlin sort of way.

On the other hand, let us not treat it with undue severity; for, if you will read the history of human practices concerning these matters, you will find that barbaric methods of dealing with crime always indicate a barbaric social condition, and that they tend to increase the amount of crime. If you treat crime in a coarse, hard, brutal fashion, you tend to make the people themselves coarse, hard, brutal. And it is out of this condition of coarseness, hardness, and brutality that you may expect new crime.

Let me give you one or two illustrations. Go back about one hundred and twenty years,—note how recently,—to the year 1769. About that time a certain edition of Black-

stone's Commentaries was published; and in that edition were enumerated not less than one hundred and sixty different crimes that in England were punished by death. Does that indicate that they were better in England then or more barbaric? Go back to the time of Henry VIII., three hundred years ago; and, although there were not more than six or eight millions of people in England during the reign of Henry VIII., there were seventy-two thousand people put to death for stealing alone. Does that indicate that in the time of Henry VIII. the people were more moral than now, or were they more barbaric, more cruel? A hundred years ago, in London, the condition of the criminal and his treatment was something worthy only of savages,— huddled together, men and women, all grades of crime; here a poor debtor, perfectly honest, but unable to meet his obligation; there the blackest criminal; permitted all kinds of rioting and debauchery, provided they were able to pay for it, starved and brutally beaten and maltreated, if they were not. Does that show that England was better then than to-day, or more barbaric? Go to Tennessee to-day. I was astonished during the past week to be reliably informed — perhaps I ought to have known it before — that in some cases women convicts are sent to the men's workhouse, and are compelled to work on the public roads, and that now and then you may see a mother, with a baby in one arm, breaking stones with her right hand, while with her left she shields the little one's eyes from the flying stones. Does that show that Tennessee is more moral than we are, or only that there are traces still there of the Middle Ages, that period out of which the cruelties and the horrors and the hells have come? In Delaware the whipping-post and the stocks, I believe, are still legal. Everybody who studies the history of human thought knows that this only means that they are still in the dark ages in regard to some things. It is universally true that, wherever you find humane counsels, humane methods of treatment, humane dealing with crime, there you find less crime, and you find a higher type of social order, because the brutal way,

the cruel way, merely means that society is in that brutal condition out of which crime naturally springs. The two go together.

We are to deal with crime in such a way, then, as to protect society. Any method that has been proved absolutely essential may be adopted. But, if in dealing with the criminal we can at the same time reform him, we not only protect ourselves against crime, but we add to our social strength and resources, we turn those who were enemies into helpers and friends. And this, it seems to me, is not only the most humane, but it is at the same time the most economical, way of dealing with crime, if it prove to be practical. Here is the point. Have there been any experiments that prove that there is any practical value in such methods as these? I have left only a few moments to hint to you some things that have been done. Every time a new reform is proposed, there are those who are opposed to it, who are in favor of the old ways. This is to be expected. They ought to be, perhaps. A man does not at first grasp every new idea presented to him. He needs to be persuaded that it is practical and right. But, if there is a presumption in favor of it, and if it is more humane, then it should have an opportunity to be tried.

I shall confine myself almost entirely to speaking of some of the methods being tried at the great Elmira Reformatory, under the charge of probably the one man in this country who is wisest and most competent in regard to these matters, Mr. Z. R. Brockway. It is also being tried in other States, and other men are being influenced by the example, and are learning his methods and being infused with his spirit. He has at the present time under his care about thirteen hundred prisoners, young men under the age of thirty. It is supposed that his new methods of attempting to reform them will naturally find more success with the younger class of criminals. Of course, these men are not those who have committed heinous crimes, nor are they under life sentence.

Let me tell you what he does. He has established grades and a marking system. Every convict is marked for three things,—for personal conduct, for diligence and attainment in study, and for the ability and faithfulness which he shows in his work. The criminals, thus graded and marked, are put on their mettle to do the very best they can in every one of these departments, because that lifts them constantly towards the highest grade. In other words, there is no such thing as meddling with the institution on the part of politicians. There is no such thing as buying favor. There is no such thing as winning it by social influence. It is simply opening the door of hope to the criminal himself, giving him an opportunity, if he will, to work out his own salvation. The men are all there on the so-called indeterminate sentence. That is, no man can be released under a certain definite time, and in no case can he be held beyond a certain definite time. So far as that goes, he is on a level with prisoners anywhere; but his sentence is indeterminate in this sense,—that he may, under certain conditions, be discharged before the maximum period has expired. Suppose the man is sentenced for five years. It is possible that he may develop himself in such a way as to make it possible for Mr. Brockway to release him two or three years, perhaps, before the time is up. That is left, in the discretion of the Board of Managers, in Mr. Brockway's hands. He decides in his judgment according to the progress that the criminal has made and the character that he manifests.

Then he is released on parole. If the prisoner has done so well that, in the judgment of Mr. Brockway, it is fitting and best that the man should be released, he goes free on parole. That is not a final discharge. He is under constant supervision. He is obliged to report himself just so often, and is liable to instant rearrest if he breaks the parole or commits a new offence. This whole scheme treats these young men as though they were capable of being reformed, and it gives them an opportunity to do their best; and their freedom depends exclusively on this.

Now, what success has Mr. Brockway met with? That was the one great question which I asked with a good deal of interest. I was surprised, as I think you will be, at the percentage. Mr. Brockway reports that he regards seventy-five per cent. of his prisoners as permanently reformed. Seventy-five per cent.! Is not that an excellent result?

One other statement has come to me. The new State of South Dakota has adopted the parole system. Within the first year of its adoption thirty-eight prisoners were released on parole, and not one has relapsed or been brought back.

This, then, is the method which is being advocated by those who are specially interested in prison reform,—that kind of social self-protection which attempts to turn social enemies into friends, to turn foes into allies, to protect society, and at the same time save the man, who, perhaps, has never in all his life had half so much a chance to be a man as since he committed his crime and has been in prison. The finest type of civilization that many of these men have ever seen has been within prison walls, the first contact they have ever had with any influence that is inspiring or uplifting.

At the end there is only time to suggest that, as we go back down the pathway of human history, we reach a point where, when a man broke any one of the social laws, he was put to death with every method of cruelty and barbarity that could be imagined. We have reached a time to-day when there is an attempt to redeem and save. As you go back towards that time of most cruel treatment, you reach the point of most crime and the deepest seated and most wide-spread social barbarism. As you come to the present time, you reach a period of the largest hope, the highest civilization, the highest attainment in reform, as well as of sympathy and mutual help. I think one cannot study the course of human history without being persuaded that not only are these reformers interested in reaching that which will illustrate the deepest, the divinest sympathy, mercy, and help, but they

are working, also, towards the most practical and the most real political economy.

Father, in the words of the old Persian, we pray Thee, the All-merciful, to bless the wicked; for the good Thou hast already blessed in making them good. Let us in the spirit that was in Jesus attempt to do what we can to seek and to save, not those who are found, but those who are lost. Amen.

NOV 9 '91

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 NOVEMBER 6, 1891 No. 4

ALL-HALLOWS' DAY

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1891

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow.	
Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton.	
Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

ALL-HALLOWS' DAY.*

"Called to be saints."— 1 COR. i. 2.

ALL-HALLOWS' DAY was set apart by Pope Boniface IV. in the seventh century, on the occasion of his rededicating the heathen Pantheon at Rome and turning it into a Christian temple. It was dedicated at that time to the Virgin Mary and all the martyrs. Out of that has come this day, the first day of November, which is dedicated in the Roman and Anglican churches to All Saints. There were those during the Middle Ages in such ignorance concerning the real meaning of the day that they thought "All-hallows" was the name of a saint instead of the name of a day, and in some places in Europe they had some of the bones and relics of the saint on exhibition. These as relics were quite as authentic, although there never was such a saint, as a good many others that you will find in your travels up and down the old countries.

All saints! What is the significance of the day to us? If a man to-day dares to assume the name "saint," we look upon him with contempt as conceited and presumptuous. It is supposed to carry with it the idea of sanctity or holiness; and, when the Mormons call themselves the "Latter Day Saints," the Gentiles all over the land curl the lip in scorn. But, originally, the use of the word "saint" did not at all conflict with modesty on the part of the person who dared to assume it. I presume to-day, in the case of the Latter Day Saints, it may not be taken quite so modestly. I judge so because the other day, when I was in the tabernacle in Salt

* Phonographically reported.

Lake City, George Q. Cannon made what seemed to me an extravagant claim. Said he, "Point me out a saint, and I will point you out a man who is honest, who is true, who is pure in life, who is noble in all his social relations, and devoted to the highest and best things." It seems, then, that they do make some special claim on the part of those that they consider worthy to take the name of saint.

But nothing of that sort was implied in the use of it in New Testament times. We need to get back, as our starting-point, to the Biblical thought which underlies the use of this word. Paul addresses those in Rome and in Corinth and in Ephesus who are "called to be saints"; and by that term he includes simply the whole membership of the Church, without any regard to their character or special attainments in holiness. For he goes on in the course of his letter to point out in no uncertain words their faults, and to castigate them severely for their shortcomings, for their derelictions, for the evil conduct of their lives. Paul did not mean that all the people who were saints were wise, holy, good people. What did he mean? He was using the word in a sense that we have almost forgotten to-day, in the sense in which it is used universally,— it and its equivalents, both in the New Testament and the Old. If we go back to the Old Testament and read the account of the fitting up of the tabernacle or the furnishing of the temple, we shall find that a pair of tongs or snuffers, a candlestick, all the utensils which were used in ceremony or sacrifice in their daily services, were sainted. What did that mean? Not that any change had been wrought in the material of which they were composed. The brass or the bronze or whatever they were made of was simply brass or bronze, common material such as would be found anywhere else; yet they were sainted. That is, they were separated from the common uses,— they were set apart, consecrated to some peculiar purpose, some religious end. The altar was sainted. It might be made of common stone, common materials such as might be used for the construction of their houses or anywhere else. Days were sainted.

The Sabbath was thus set apart. There was no difference in the day itself between that day and any other. I suppose even now the strictest Sabbatarian, if he should lose his reckoning on a Sunday morning, could not distinguish any difference between that day and any other. It is like any other day, only it is set apart for a particular use, for a particular purpose. So the temple was sainted or consecrated, dedicated to the highest aspirations, the noblest ideals, the best service which the people at that time could render their fellow-men or the Supreme. The materials of the temple were the same as before. There was no change in them: they were only set apart.

Now, that is the idea which underlies sainthood both in the Old Testament and the New. Of course, when we come to deal with men, we find this difference; and it is a difference so great as to lead us over the threshold into really another world. We find that, when you set apart a man for some special service, when you consecrate him to some special idea, when you dedicate him body and mind and soul to the carrying out of some great purpose, though at the moment of the consecration he may be just like his fellows,—through this ensues a change in the man himself. We become like those things to which we consecrate ourselves. We are transformed into the image of our ideals, so that we are in another world when we come into the presence of a man who is consecrated or sainted,— another world than that of which I was speaking when talking of the consecrated days or places or things.

And yet there need be no immodest assumption on the part of the man or the woman who calls himself or herself a saint. Indeed, that man is no true man, in the largest, broadest, deepest, highest sense of the word, who is not a saint. These individual lives of ours are little affairs. We come, and are here for a little while: we go, and are forgotten. We are like the bird which in the feasting hall of old King Edward flew out of the darkness, hovered over their heads in the light of the banquet hall for a little, and

then disappeared in the darkness again. Our lives seem of very small account. How are they to become great? How are they to become significant? How are we to become of importance to the world? Only in so far as we become saints, in the true sense of the word; that is, in so far as we consecrate ourselves to some truth, to some purpose, to some way of life, to some ideal end, only as we link ourselves with some divine movement. We take on then the character of that to which we have consecrated ourselves, and our little lives become a part of God's great plan of human development.

As we look over those whom the people of any particular time have come to regard as saints, we cannot to-day have any special respect for large numbers of them. There is a lesson here, however, that it is worth while for us to note. I study the life of a Hindu saint; and what do I find him doing? I find him withdrawing from his fellow-men. He has no family life, no social life. He forsakes his duty as citizen. He goes into some cave or sacred forest; and there he lives a life of contemplation week after week, month after month, year after year. His hair grows long, his nails become like eagle's claws, he does not wash himself or change his garments for months or years. He is a saint. He has consecrated himself to that which is his ideal, to that which will please the gods or what will give him power over the gods. And here is a point to note. He is of no sort of use to his fellow-men. To this I make one exception; and it is an important exception. The men in the past, however mistaken their ideals, if they earnestly and sincerely consecrated themselves to those ideals, cultivated that quality of consecration, created and helped to transmit down the ages an inheritance, a tradition, a tendency towards consecration. However mistaken they may have been, the fact that they could, that they did, consecrate themselves, helped to develop, to lift the type of manhood, to make it easier for men and women to-day to consecrate themselves to that which they believe to be noble and true. With that excep-

tion, however, those lives seem to us to have been utterly wasted.

Take the case of another, this time a Christian, saint,—Saint Simeon Stylites,—upon a pillar for years and years and years, surrounded by a body of worshipping disciples, or pilgrims, wondering at his endurance, at his power of consecration, eating barely enough to sustain life,—simply an example of what a wrong ideal can lead a man to do, of absolutely no use to the world, rendering no service either to his country or his friends, rendering absolutely no service to the world except, as I said, in developing this quality of human nature which is able to consecrate itself to an ideal, however false that ideal may be in a particular instance.

On the other hand, the Catholic Church has I know not how large a number of saints who are worthy of all praise as saints. Take, for example, one who appeals perhaps more than any other Catholic saint to the practical instincts of this nineteenth century, Saint Christopher. He is represented as a giant, so far as his physical life was concerned. Born a heathen, he consecrated himself, says the tradition, now to one king, now to another, ever seeking to find the mightiest king, that he might devote himself to his service. And in those naïve old days of the Middle Ages they said that he discovered and came into conversation with the devil, and, finding him mightier than any king, gave himself into his service, following him and devoting himself in every way to him. One day, as they came to a cross, he saw that the devil deviated from his course, and did not dare to pass it; and, when Saint Christopher inquired as to the source of this fear, he learned that the devil thought there was some one mightier than he was. Saint Christopher therefore forsakes his service, and tries to find this great God of whom all others seem to be in fear; and, when he had found him, as the tradition tells in the poetical story of Saint Christopher and the Christ-child, he devoted himself to his service ever after. Therefore, his whole life long was devoted to the practical service of his fellow-believers, knowing that,

in serving them thus, he was serving him who is the Father of all men. The Catholic Church, then, has a large number that are worthy of our respect as ideals of consecrated manhood and womanhood.

I suppose to-day, as in the Catholic Church they celebrate All Saints, this word "all" with them is a limited word. They mean the Catholic saints. But here is one grand advantage of our freer and broader thought. I suppose the Catholic Church would find no place in its calendar for many and many a man that we should place even highest on the roll. We cannot expect the Catholic Church to broaden its sympathies enough to include our saints, but we can broaden ourselves enough to include their saints. We recognize only the one definition and limitation which Jesus has given us in the lesson which I read to you this morning. As two of his disciples were seeking the opportunity of being placed one on his right hand and one on his left in his kingdom, to be his prime ministers when he came to set up his earthly kingdom, he rebuked them and all the disciples by saying: In my kingdom,—how the history of Christianity has belied his words!—in my kingdom he who will be great among you shall be your minister, your servant. When he who serves shall reach to the height of this, he shall deserve the name of great. As, then, we look over the world, we are glad that in every religion, under every sky, in all ages even from the first, we can find those worthy of the aureole of sainthood, tested by the words of Jesus himself, those who have consecrated themselves to the service of their fellow-men in some department of life, those who have made this world a healthier and easier place to live in, those who have broadened its opportunities, who have taught the ignorant, have comforted those who are in sorrow, who have cultivated the spiritual life in themselves and in their fellow-men, so that they made men better, happier, freer, nobler. These belong to our calendar of saints; and, when we remember "all saints" to-day, our "all" sweeps around the globe taking no account of differences of religion, of nationality, of

stages of human growth. It includes all the consecrated helpers of the world.

We are glad, for example, that we can revere as a saint that old Indian prince Gautama, the Buddha, who loved his fellow-men so much, as the tradition tells us, as to give up the right to his father's throne, turn his back upon all pleasure, upon all delight, and be so touched at the sight of human sorrow and human grief as to consecrate his life to trying to find out the secret of the world's suffering, and to discover some way by which it might be healed. No matter whether we can agree with him as to his solution of the age-long problem or not, we bow to him as one of the world's saints, worthy of a place in any calendar that dares to be true to the record of men.

And so, as we come down the ages, in China, in Persia, in Greece, in Rome, in every country and under every sky, we pick out here one and there another of those noble men who have devoted themselves to their highest ideal of what is true and right, and so have helped the world.

You will note one thing which, being evolutionists, is just what we should expect to find,—that the ideal of sainthood rises from age to age. Men can do no more than consecrate themselves to the highest and noblest ideal which they have caught a vision of. If we to-day are as true to our ideals as the old Hindu saint of whom I have just spoken was to his ideal, we need not cast any word of contempt upon him, but grasp his hand frankly as a brother, only being grateful to God to have been permitted to live in an age when our highest ideals are so much nobler than are those of which he could dream. The idea of sainthood, then, grows age after age; and we need only to be true to that which we can dream as high and pure and holy.

I wish now to note some of the stages in the growth of this sainthood. That man is a saint, in the truest sense of the word, the real sense of the word, who consecrates himself to the service of God through the service of his fellow-men. So far as his own character and intent are concerned,

he may be as true a saint on one level of human life as on another; and yet the one who renders the largest, noblest service of course tends to a higher rank than he who serves in some lower range of life.

In every direction, as we look over the world, we see men and women who need help in the physical range of their being. Blessed are they who consecrate themselves faithfully here. Who are they? It is not easy to draw a line that shall mark off all those who serve the physical, and serve no higher part of men. None of these distinctions are clear-cut. You cannot mark them off any more than you can draw a line between the day and the night; for all grades overrun and interpenetrate each other. Take the traders, the discoverers, the inventors, all those who work in things that pertain to the physical life of the world. Take the true faithful physician whom I should place in the first rank, the physician who devotes himself to the conquest of pain and the suppression of disease. These men, if they are true, if they serve mankind with a single eye and with a lofty purpose, deserve, as they win, the name of saints,—men and women whose calling is a holy and a sacred one because they are rendering service to their fellow-men.

Next above the physical comes the intellectual, the men who are teachers, the men who help the bewildered to find the way, the men who help solve the problems of the world, the men who cast light into the dark places, the men who penetrate the wildernesses of superstition, who open them up and clear the way for sunshine to make them fit for the habitation of vital thoughts and noble ideas. These men are saints, rendering service unto God through service to their fellow-men.

Then next above these I would place the men who help the world to be better morally, who alleviate the sorrows and distresses of mankind, who make vice and crime less and less, who strengthen weak wills, who clarify the soul's vision, and help to deliver the world from the great burden of its crime and its wrongs.

Then above these still are those who deal with man as a spiritual being, as a child of God, who help to make men over into the likeness of him who is perfect. You cannot draw a hard and fast line separating one of these from the other. Many and many a time the physician who ministers to the physical suffering ministers also to the intellectual need and to the moral and spiritual hunger of his patient. Many a time the only way by which you can approach the solution of the intellectual and moral problem is through help on the physical plane. And, if you can only set people right in the spiritual and the moral realms, you have done more than in any other conceivable way to solve the industrial and commercial, the political and practical problems of human life, so that the one who serves man in any one direction is rendering service in all.

Who, then, can be saints in this modern world? Who *cannot?* The servant in your kitchen, the day laborer on the street, he who is serving in the humblest, commonest fashion, filled with a vision of something higher and better over his head, and is faithful and true in these commonest duties of life. He need not wait for other opportunity. Sainthood is consecration of all that is highest and best in manhood and womanhood to the noblest doing of the very next duty that lies at hand.

The mother in the care of her children, worn and weary and discouraged, may not think that she is winning to-day the title of saint. But when, by and by, she has faded into the invisible and remains only a dream, a picture, an inspiration in the hearts of her children, to them she will always wear the aureole that she deserved to win all the more because she did not think about it.

Take the business man, the man who has no opportunity or time for religion, no time to devote to moral problems, who says, "I am nearly driven to death merely with the management of my business affairs,"—is there room or opportunity for a man like that to be a saint? I hold that, if it be really true, if a man is so situated that he has not time to

devote especially to the consideration of any moral or social problem, if he absolutely *must* devote himself exclusively to the management of his business, there is the same opportunity for him to be a saint even there that there ever was for a martyr. A man is not asked to be what he cannot be, to do that which is impossible, to reach beyond the limits of the place assigned him. Only be a man, true, honest, faithful, noble, right through. There is no one thing needed to-day in America more than that a business man should be a man all over and all through, right in his business. It is needed more than any profession of religion, more than any lectures on ethics; and the man who consecrates himself to the true and manly conduct of his business affairs wins and deserves the name of sainthood as much as if he should devote himself in other realms that are recognized as moral and religious.

I will now take the liberty of speaking of another department of human life where it seems to me there is urgent call for this quality of sainthood. There is to be an election on Tuesday. None of the men have forgotten that, even if they have allowed the women to do so. I have never conceived it a part of my duty to tell my friends, even in private, for whom they should vote. I have never preached what by any stretch of imagination could be called politics in my pulpit. I claim the right, however, always and everywhere, in public and in private, to insist upon the principles of right and wrong which touch manhood in the political sphere as well as in any other. People would smile, I suppose, if on the hustings or in the newspapers I should speak of political saints. It is not supposed that there is any room for sainthood there. If a man uses the word "politics," he is supposed to be talking about a department of human life in which the questions of right and wrong are generally subordinate to the expedient, and men might say, Here is no field for abstract discussion: here is the practical question of winning. And men come to believe that their party, on the whole and in the long run, is so much nearer right than the other that they

frequently feel themselves justified in any underhand or crooked measure which seems necessary to party success. But, whether there is a field for sainthood in politics to-day or not, we have our political saints in the past; and they are the memories that overhang us to-day and challenge our lives to noble courses. They are the salt that saves us as a people. And who are they? They are not the men who sacrificed truth and right and character — all for an immediate political success. They are not the men who said, "My party, right or wrong," or even "My country, right or wrong." They are the men who dared stem opposition in their day in the interest of what they believed to be right, and what they believed to be for the welfare of their country and their whole country. These are the political saints of the past; and there is no place to-day in American life where this grand, manly ideal is so much demanded as in our political action. We need men who shall be brave enough to disregard the opinions of their party and their intimate friends even, if they are convinced that they are right. We need men who shall look not merely after the political interests of Boston or Massachusetts, but who shall regard the welfare of the whole land, who shall not care so much for sweeping the next election as for turning the face of the people towards true and high ideals, towards the attainment of the noblest welfare of all.

There is, then, a field for this kind of sainthood. Ah! if there were not, then the doom of our country would already be sealed. I challenge you, then, to consider these questions in the light of your own consciences. I challenge you, if you find a true and noble man, to stand by him. If you find a man who is recreant, who changes his principles in the light of a majority vote of his district, never trust him again. The only thing that is safe in politics, as anywhere else, is this sainthood, this consecration of the intellect and the heart and the hand to the service of truth and right; for only through truth and right can the welfare of any nation or of the world be ultimately attained.

Let us, then, on this All-hallows' Day, when we can afford to be broader than any other church, to take into account those lives that have consecrated themselves to the service of men under every sky and in every age,—let us, looking over the whole range of our lives and their duties, consecrate ourselves to God, which means, simply, consecrate ourselves to the right; which means again, simply, consecrate ourselves to such thought, such study, such effort, such action, as shall make the world nobler and better.

Father, we give ourselves this morning unto Thee. We ask that we may be able to dedicate ourselves in deed and in truth to the faithful following of Thy way until Thy kingdom is established on earth. Amen.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 NOVEMBER 13, 1891 No. 5

SERIES ON

EVERY-DAY RELIGION

I. RELIGION A LIFE

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1891

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

RELIGION A LIFE.*

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."— MATT. vii. 21.

ANY one who looks carefully over the world will note very many instances, instances occurring so frequently as almost to make it a common fact, of the practical divorce between religion and life. Said a man to a little boy one day, "Johnny, is your father a Christian?" And the boy replied, "Yes, I suppose he is; but he is not doing much at it at the present time." There are large numbers of people who would not like to be regarded as entirely irreligious who are not doing a great deal at it. It is for them a purely side issue, a matter of time, of occasion, of ceremonies, of circumstances. They have not as yet seemed at all to apprehend the fact that religion, if it is anything, is life itself,— not separate from life, not something one side of life, not an ornament of life, not an attachment to life, not an occupation of a particular part of the life. If it is anything, it is life.

It is not at all infrequent in my experience to note this practical divorce. People frequently say to me, when they come for me to attend a funeral: "Mr. So-and-so was not a regular attendant at any church. He was not a religious man, but he was a good man. Ask his business associates, if you wish to know what they thought of him. Ask his neighbors what kind of a man he was. He was one of the kindest, truest, noblest men in his family that I ever saw; but he was not a Christian, he was not a religious man."

* Phonographically reported.

On the other hand, it is not a very uncommon thing to find one who is deeply and apparently earnestly engaged in religious matters, a church member, a regular Sunday attendant, possibly a worker in the Sunday-school, maybe an officer of the church, a person actively engaged in all these external manifestations of the religious life, and yet the people who know him would hesitate a good while before pronouncing him a very good man. There are extreme cases, like one that I have in mind this moment,—of a man who was apparently most earnest in his religious life, a church member, a superintendent of the Sunday-school, always at the prayer-meeting, always taking part in prayer-meeting, and active in every department of church life, apparently thinking of it all the time, doing everything that he could to help on the success of the Church in its work. This man, I say, was utterly, through and through from his head to his feet, unsound and untrustworthy. I do not believe he was a conscious hypocrite. It has never seemed to me so. I never detected any lack of earnestness or sincerity in this religious activity. But he did not seem to put the two together, someway. There was a practical divorce between them,—a divorce such as, curiously enough, Faraday, one of the greatest scientific men of the world, established between his scientific and his religious life. He was a member of one of the narrowest, most superstitious and petty of all the religious sects. He used to say frankly: "I keep my science and my religion apart. When I go into my laboratory, I close the door of my closet; and, when I go into my closet, I lock the door of my laboratory." He recognized the fact that the two did not go together; but he had not taken the trouble to find out why.

I do not wish the Unitarians that I am addressing this morning to think that I am putting them all in a class by themselves as good, practical, religious people, and that, if I say anything to the discredit, or the apparent discredit, of professors of any other faith, that I am giving them any ground for self-complacency. This is not a matter dividing

Unitarians and the orthodox. It is a line of cleavage that runs right through all the churches. I say this because I wish to use as an illustration one or two points that otherwise might be misunderstood.

Not a great while ago I was talking with a gentleman in the city, and he said: "I am not a church member, but my partner is. Our experience in business has been such that we have established this as a rule of our house, by my partner's urgency as well as consent: if any man comes to us and asks of us any business favor or to be trusted, on the ground of his being a Christian or a church member, he is always refused." In other words, he had learned, as a result of his business experience, that being a Christian and professing Christianity are not the same thing as paying bills. A divorce, again, you see between the religion and the life.

During my recent trip in the West and on the Pacific Coast, in one of the cities I came across a case like this. The president of a certain bank was a Unitarian. He said: I put the matter this way one day in talking with a Presbyterian who always does business at my bank. I said to him, "According to your creed, if your creed is true, then there is no reason in the world why I, who reject it utterly, should be an honest man and behave myself in any way. How does it happen, then, that you trust all your money and all your business to me, that you do business at all with my bank?" He had nothing to say, for the sufficient reason that there was nothing to say. Here was divorce again between business life and the religion, or creed.

These are enough instances at the outset to make clear just what I mean; and now I wish to turn for a moment, and, as is my habit, go away back to the sources of things, that we may get a background for a comprehension of this state of things.

I have spoken before concerning the significance of the act of sacrifice as a religious act. I wish to speak of it again, because it is the oldest of all religious services with which we are familiar. Only within the last few years have scholars

unearthed the real significance of it. Animals were not sacrificed to God because he liked to have something killed, nor because he demanded blood. That is not the original idea of sacrifices. It was not even because God wanted the people to give him something very dear, very expensive, some perfect thing. It was not this. What was it? We shall find the root of my whole theme right here.

People believed that they shared the same life as their god. The god, perhaps, before he disappeared into the invisible, was a member of their tribe, some great chieftain, may be. The animal that they used as a tribal totem was believed also to share the same life that the gods shared, and that they themselves shared. If they used a human being as a sacrifice, the sacrifice must be something that shared the life of the god and the life of the people. What, then, was the significance of it? You know what it means in Arabia or the East to-day to eat bread or salt with you. It means an inviolable bond. So, when the people put to death this man or this animal which shared the same life which they did and which the gods shared, the god being supposed to be present, and he and his people partook of this common meal together, it established an inviolable bond between the people and their god. They were bound to him, and he was bound to them. At that time, under those circumstances, religion and morality, or conduct, were identical. The god was anxious that the people should conduct themselves only in such a way as was for the well-being, the prosperity, of the tribe. If any man broke any of these laws on which the well-being of the tribe was supposed to depend, he not only injured the tribe, but he insulted the god. Religion, then, and conduct, so far as their ideas of conduct went, were the same.

But now note how the cleavage between them comes in, and how natural it is. As the tribe grew in civilization, as it became a city, a nation, as it came in contact with other tribes, other peoples, the whole conception of conduct, of morality, changed, broadened, deepened, heightened. Moral-

ity grew. The ideas of character and conduct enlarged and became more. But this method of conducting the sacrifice, this matter of binding the god to the tribe and the tribe to the god, which had been, as they supposed, miraculously, supernaturally revealed, became sacred. It was not to be touched, not to be changed. So morality grew, and religion was stationary; and the two were separated. The people went on, then, developing their ideas of conduct out of their experiences. It became something different from this religious ceremony of sacrifice. So was established the secular life, the life of every day, the life of business, the life of the family, the life of social intercourse. This was one thing; but at certain stated times, on certain days, under the guidance of a certain class of people called priests, the people were expected to perform their religious acts. This became something entirely other than the ordinary acts of their every-day behavior; and, as we trace the history, the growth, of nations from that far-off time to to-day we see the disastrous results of this divorce at every turn. Not that it has never been recognized. The prophets, the great leaders and reformers, have always been calling the people back or calling them forward, whichever way you choose to call it, to this higher idea. The lesson I read this morning is a cry in this direction. Isaiah, the great prophet, addressing the people in their hardened ceremonial life, represents their God as telling them he was utterly wearied and worn out with all their sacrifices. He wants no more of it. What he wants is that they should behave themselves. What he wants is goodness, a true heart, lips that speak the truth, kindliness to the neighbor. He wants them to undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free. He wants them, in other words, to live rightly. That is what the prophet is calling for. The priests have always stood for the ceremonial, for formalism, for the keeping of these religious traditions safe and unbroken. But the prophets have always been leaders of the spiritual life, trying to get the people up to a higher plane, to a nobler and loftier conception of religion. And so nearly

all the world's persecutions have been the result of the clash between the prophet who represented the free spirit, the growing ideals of right, and the priest who represented the fixed and hardened traditions of formalism of the olden time.

Look at the life of Jesus. There is hardly a word about belief said by him, hardly a word said about any formalism. He disregards the law of the Sabbath. He is charged with speaking insulting words against the temple. On the other hand, he charges the Pharisees with this one fault; that, while they are very scrupulous in paying their tithes of mint and anise and cumin, they neglect the weightier matters of judgment and justice and truth. He takes up, for example, one case which illustrates that well. He says: You have arranged your life in such a way that a young man whose father and mother are dependent on him and in need can shirk this filial duty, this highest of all moral obligations. How? All he has to do is to take his property and carry it to the priests and have it declared corban, a gift, dedicated to religious uses, and he goes free, under no more obligation to take care of his father and mother.

And so it had come to pass at this time that the heart of the people and of the leadership of the priesthood was fixed on the minuteness of the ceremonial law. This was the great thing. A man was outside the pale of the law, of the temple and the church, if he did not attend to these minute matters of the ceremonial.

This is the occasion of that wonderful parable of the Good Samaritan. The Samaritans were looked upon as outcasts, and treated with contempt. The Jews would not speak with them, and would pass on the other side of the way, not to come in contact with them. The Samaritan woman at the well is represented as being surprised that Jesus, even when he was thirsty, should ask drink of her. Jesus tells the story of the Good Samaritan, who helped the man whom he found waylaid and bleeding by the side of the road, showing that he is the one that we are to follow, not the priest or the

Levite. No matter how perfect their ceremonial, they went by on the other side, and did not help their brother.

You find the same thing outside of the range of Christian tradition. What was Socrates put to death for? He was the grandest man in many ways of all the heathen world, the noblest citizen of Athens; and yet he was put to death for being irreligious, for insulting the gods, for being an atheist, for teaching the young people not to care so much for the old ceremonial religion, but to care for justice, for goodness, for truth, for noble human living. The old religion could not abide a character like that.

So, as you come down the history of the world, it makes no difference under what sky, under what religious name, among what people, there is this same divorce, and this same conflict between religion and life, all the way. Creed is put above character. After the great Catholic creed had been formulated in all its petty minuteness, teaching things that no one knew anything about in heaven above or in the underworld, it was declared at the end that, if any man did not believe this creed in every part, he would no doubt perish everlastingly,— creed the one thing.

And to-day is it not apparent to every thoughtful student of the tendencies of the time,— that some of the great churches are not as careful over the honesty, the kindliness, the general conduct, of their members, as they are over the question whether the Rev. Howard MacQueary dares doubt whether Jesus was born without a human father, whether Dr. Briggs believes that all the writers in the Old Testament and in the New were perfectly accurate in every statement which they made? It is these little matters of belief which are shaking the churches like an earthquake; and yet bitterness and quarrels and slanders and backbiting and dishonesty in business and unkindness in the homes and cruelties to children, and ten thousand things which exist by the hundred and the thousand, go on, and the Church is not disturbed in its sleep.

It is curious how such ideas as these come to be embodied

even in the dictionary. To-day they tell us that a man is immoral if he is guilty of a certain definite thing. If a man lies, that is not spoken of as immoral; if he cheats his neighbor, that is not spoken of as immoral; if he is cruel to his wife, that is not spoken of as immoral; if he is a brute towards his children, that is not called a breach of morals. A man can do almost anything, if he keeps within sight of certain technical definitions, and escape any outward penalty. We need to revise our use of language as well as to modify our ideas of the relation of conduct to the religious life. Forms, creeds, institutions,— religion has come to be popularly, chiefly, these. Mark you, and do not misunderstand; and let no one misreport me. I do not mean that the churches do not preach that one should do right, that they do not preach morality and good conduct. I only say that, practically, these other things are regarded as of more importance. They attract chief attention. They disturb presbyteries and synods; and these other things do not. These are placed at the front and the top; and the other things are relegated to a place of comparatively less importance.

Let us see what it has come to. Note a few illustrations of this division in our way of thinking. We talk about certain books as sacred books. When you read the Bible, you expect to find God there. If you find a truth there, it is God's truth. You read Shakspere, and come across some brilliant statement of an eternal truth; and no one ever thinks of calling it God's truth. That is human truth: a distinction is made. Days are set apart. One day out of seven — not a very large proportion — is given to God: the rest we keep for ourselves. It is God's day. If you do certain things on that day, God is going to be angry with you. You can do the same things the day before or the day after, and God is not supposed to pay any attention to it: this is his time. There is a certain sort of truth that God is supposed to regard, another kind he is not. That is established in all our courts. If a man holds up his hand and takes the oath, he expects God is going to do something to him if he does

not tell the truth. But he goes out of the court-room, and in five minutes tells any number of lies without thinking apparently that God is listening. He feels bound to tell the truth if he swears in the name of God that he will; but he does not feel any obligation to tell the truth before or afterward. So God is in a certain place. We talk about holy places where God abides. Hymns talk about God coming,—"Come, holy Spirit, come,"—as though he were not here, as though he were off somewhere, as though he were not in contact with the daily life. So they make a distinction between this world and the next world. God is in heaven: things in this world are worldly, God is not here. And people, if it were not for the fact that they know they are going to die, and suppose that they have got to go into God's presence, would not think it worth while to pay any attention to him at all. That is the logical result of the old teaching about him as to where he is and what he has to do with human life. Said a man to me in the West, one day, "In my judgment, if there was no devil, there would not be many Christians." His idea was that being a Christian was simply a method of escaping the devil and getting ready for the next world. If it were not for that, men would not trouble themselves to become Christians.

When I was a boy, I was always taught not that religion was a method of life, but it was something that you were expected *to get.* They always talked about "getting" religion, having religion. If you got religion before you died, you went to heaven: if you did not, you went somewhere else. Religion was something outside, something to attach yourself to,—not a part of you, not a method of thinking and feeling and acting.

Let me call your attention to two or three further illustrations of what this has come to. Take it in our life of pleasure, the joys of life. God is not supposed to be there, he is not in sympathy with them. God does not look upon us with complacency when we are enjoying ourselves. This is supposed to be frivolous, worldly, dangerous to the spiritual life. I was always taught this in my boyhood until I do not

wonder that a certain little boy should express himself as follows: He saw a sign posted up, forbidding the doing of certain things that he wanted to do. He asked what they would do if he should disobey that law. His father replied, "If we should do that, the policeman would arrest us." After a moment's thought the little fellow said, "What a fine time we might have in this world if it were not for God and the policemen!" Does this exaggerate the popular conception? Take Shakspere, and see how he gives it. Dance along the "primrose path" to where? If you walk the "primrose path," it is to the "everlasting bonfire," in Shakspere. In all literature pleasure is something separate from God. We will get all we can by stealth; and then we will get religion soon enough, so that we may escape the consequence when we get into the next world. It does not make much difference in this world.

So, in business life, do you not know, gentlemen, that there are business rules, business methods, business ways, that are not right, but which are supposed to be necessary in order to success in business? Is it not true that there are people who say, "That is all beautiful, that is all ideal, that is clean, that is pure, that is true, but it is not business"? If you will pardon me for telling another story that will make you smile,— I do not often do it,— I will tell an incident that illustrates this point. I was in Tennessee in the fall of 1863, and they told me the story of one of the army wagon-drivers. When the mules and the wagon got stuck in the mud, he was in the habit of indulging in a good deal of profanity. One day, when the chaplain remonstrated, he turned on him with all seriousness, and said, voicing the popular conception, "That is all right, chaplain; but there's no use talking, it's just impossible to drive a mule team and be a Christian." Is it not true that in the thought of a great many, "It is impossible to drive my business and be a Christian"?

Then take it in our political life. During the war the idea of mixing religion and politics was spoken of with supreme contempt, as though it were an utterly impossible and unrea-

sonable thing. I remember how Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, used to refer to that. He said that, as religion and politics went, it would cause a great deal of trouble; but, if they were both what they ought to be, it might be a very good thing, indeed. Men are apt to say they must follow certain methods, in order *to win. But must we win?* There is the fallacy. When some one pursuing a scoundrelly course of conduct said to old Dr. Johnson once, as an excuse, "But I must live," he bluntly replied that he did not see the necessity for it at all. There is no necessity that overtops the necessity for obedience to the laws of God; for these laws are the laws of life,— of life in this world and in all worlds.

Let me turn now to speak of what seems to me to be the root of all this difficulty, the one thing we must learn in order to cure it. We have divorced religion from life. We have put God off into another world, and that a future world. We have made religion largely a matter of form, of cereony, of creed, of institution, of services; and we have lived a life without God. Now, let us see if it is not this conception which lies at the root of our trouble. Bishop Brooks was reported as having once said, two or three years ago,— I do not know how accurate the report was,— that "Christianity is supernatural or it is nothing." I would challenge that assertion, and rather say, Christianity is natural if it is anything. Religion is natural if it is anything. We have made it supernatural, we have put it off from ourselves into another sphere; and so we lead our lives according to certain ideas and canons of conduct. We conduct our religion at certain times and hours and places under entirely other canons.

Where is God? It is well, I think, that modern science has abolished both the old heaven and the old hell. You remember in the Eastern apologue one said, he found a woman one day with a pail of water in one hand and a lighted torch in the other, and they asked what she was going to do. She said she was going to burn up heaven with the torch and put out hell with the water, that people might do right because it was right, and not from hope of the one or

fear of the other. This strikes at the truth. We need to bring God into the realm of our daily life, and understand that he is not away from the world. The thing that religion has always been after is to arrange things with God, so that we can get on right terms with him, get into right relations with him. That does not change. That is what we are here for now.

But where is God? Let us see. God is the infinite spirit, the life of all things, of all worlds, of all epochs, of all religions, of all places. When we discover a truth, whether in science or in philosophy, in the Bible or elsewhere, it is God's truth. God is in every department of life. When the farmer studies the conditions of the soil, the conditions under which he can plant his crops successfully and raise harvests, he is dealing with the laws, the presence, the power, the work, of God. When the inventor discovers a new method of accomplishing some grand result; when Mr. Edison in experimenting, as he says he does, a thousand or two thousand times, following clews until he gets the right one,— when he gets the right one, he has found God's way of doing it. Build a mill on the bank of a stream, adopt your machinery to the flow and power of the water, and you are arranging things so that God's force turns your wheel for you. In every department of human activity, if you find a force, you have found God. If you find a condition by which that force will serve you, you have found God's law of the activity of that force.

And, when you go into business, as you do, there is no reputable business on earth that, rightly conducted, is not a mutual service and a general help. Business, then, rightly conducted, is finding God's laws as they deal with the mutual interchange and service that man can render to man. Now and then we see people trying to outwit the universe, trying to get rid of God's methods in the business world; but they do not meet with encouraging success. Look over the world and find those who year by year and in the long run are the men who have conducted their business honorably and faithfully and truly, and you find those who, in the long run, are

the successful men. The right method of doing business is God's way of doing business.

And so in political life we can now and then by crooked methods win a temporary success for our party; but here, again, the principles that underlie social and governmental relations are God's laws that bind people together. The conditions of human growth are of God. We have been told sometimes that this or that particular method would undoubtedly be for the benefit of the world, but not, at present, for the benefit of our people. In other words, we can grab more and get more than our share. Any thief can do that. But in the long run, not being God's method, not being nature's method, not being the human method, it cannot win. This universe is a moral universe, ethical from zenith to nadir, because God is in it, from the farthest reach of the utmost star to the dust under our feet; and the laws of this universe are the laws of life, and they are God's laws.

Let a man obey the laws of his body, and he is well. Let him obey the laws of his mind, let him make his intellect an instrument for the discovery of truth, let him be a truth-seeker; let him make his affections over in such a way that they love all that is lovely and of good report; let him train his spiritual nature until his aspirations reach out after the highest and noblest things; in other words, let him become a rounded out and complete man,— and is there anything beyond that that religion can do for him? Can any religion add anything to him? He is the embodiment of religion. For, instinctively,— the race has felt it from the first,— the object of religion is to get into right relations with God. And when we remember that God is everywhere, that he presses on every faculty of our being as the atmosphere presses upon our bodies, then being just right, being a man, true and noble in every department of one's being, is being in right relation to God; and that is religion.

Father, we thank Thee that we may find Thee everywhere, and that the only thing Thou desirest at our hands is that we shall find Thy way and walk in it; and this way is the way of life and peace and joy. Amen.

NOV 23 1891

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 NOVEMBER 20, 1891 No. 6

SERIES ON

EVERY-DAY RELIGION

II. THE HEAD AND THE HEART

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1891

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, ... 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " . . . . 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.*

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." — PROV. iv. 23.

THE progress of the world, looked at in one way, has been a sort of uneven balance between feeling and thought, between emotion and the intellect. Sometimes the emotional side preponderates in the case of the individual or in the management of a cause, and we see the natural results. Sometimes it is the intellect, the head, that preponderates; and here also, in the case of the individual or in the case of a cause, we see the natural results; and in neither case are the results always desirable, always what we should wish.

Take as a most familiar illustration the case of a father or mother in the training of the children. You will readily call to mind cases where the emotional side, the tenderness, the love, the feeling, has everything its own way. Father and mother cannot bear to thwart or cross the child. The child is indulged, its fancies, its whims, its temporary wishes, are allowed to have their scope.

On the other hand there are cases now and then — there were many such cases in the Puritan old New England — where the affectional side was constantly repressed, where the head and its dictations as to what ought to be were constantly to the front, where the child's yearnings for love, for the expression of affection, were neither called out nor met. My own childhood, and I speak of it in no disparagment of my father or my mother, will illustrate this. I do not remember in all my childhood ever being petted, ever

* Phonographically reported.

having a loving hand placed upon my head as an expression of love. I do not remember any occasion in all my childhood when by either my father or my mother I was kissed at night or morning, or on any other occasion. And yet there was no lack of love on their part. Either one of them would have worked himself or herself ill for my sake, or sacrificed any pleasure, if persuaded that it would be good for me. I only speak of this as one illustration of the extreme in the direction of repression of the heart.

Take it also in matters of practical charity. Here again there is conflict between the head and the heart at every turn. The impulse of the heart is to be touched by the simple fact that here is pain; and, if the impulse is to have its own way, the first thing to be done is to relieve that pain by the nearest and speediest of methods. And yet any one who has studied the history of the world's charities will know that this heart impulse immediately to relieve suffering has caused more suffering than all the careful, calculating thought of the head. Time and time again this impulse to indiscriminate charity and the immediate relief of suffering has proved itself the creator of more beggary, therefore more suffering, more social degradation, than almost anything else.

On the other hand, it is quite possible to carry this calculation too far, to deny the impulse of the heart, to treat it as a luxury not to be indulged in, to treat it as a misguided impulse not to be followed, and so to become hard, to become cruel, to neglect cases of real need. There is possibility of danger in either direction.

As another illustration of this conflict, it is frequently said that a woman's instinct, a woman's feeling, is wiser than the reason of man. In many cases, this is true. There is no sort of question that there are hundreds and thousands of cases where, if one should stop for the conscious deliberation of reason, it would be too late, the mischief would be done.

Let us note one or two of the most familiar illustrations,

that you may see what I mean. Take a bird or a domestic fowl, when a hawk is in the air. At the first glimpse of the shadow of a wing there is immediate flight to some place of shelter, of safety. If the bird or the hen were capable of stopping to reason it out and say, This shadow on the ground means a hawk, and the hawk is an enemy to our race, it is dangerous to remain,— if they were to stop to go through this reasoning, the hawk would have its way before the reasoning was complete. Take it when we shrink from some threat of danger, and spring aside at the suggestion that something is falling, is liable to do us an injury. If we should stop to reason about it and say, Heavy bodies falling from a distance in the air and coming in contact with the human body will of necessity produce harm, the harm would be done before we had reached the end of our logical chain. We instinctively shrink from impending danger.

But stop a moment. When people say that instinct is wiser than reason, there is frequently a false inference,— an inference I have frequently heard drawn,— that instinct is all heart, that instinct is simply feeling. But what is instinct? If you study carefully the development of instinct in regard to any of the lower forms of life or in man, it matters not which, you find that it is the inherited result of a thousand experiences, of a thousand courses of reasoning that have been gone through in the past. A thousand times, a million times, has the hawk hung in air; and experience has proved that that means danger. Thousands of times have falling bodies crushed or broken or injured persons; and the reasoning process has been gone through a million times, until now instinct is not only organized feeling, it is an organized process of reasoning. And, when a woman's instinct is more trustworthy than the deliberate, logical argument of the man, it means that she leaps to a logical and a correct conclusion with such rapidity as leaves out of sight the steps from the beginning to the end. It is the inherited result of both feeling and reason.

Let us now take note of our text. I do not know who

was the author of it; but, so far as the value of the truth it contains is concerned, it does not matter who was the author. It contains a very profound truth. I do not know that it can be better expressed. "Keep thy heart with all diligence." Why? "For out of it are the issues of life." In other words, letting the heart here, as in popular parlance it does, represent the love, the feeling, the impulse, the emotional nature, it is true that this is the deepest thing in life. It is the highest thing in life. A man's conduct, a man's character, in the long run, is determined by his supreme love. That person, that thing, that ideal, that cause, that course of conduct which a man loves supremely,—it is this that determines his life. But is that all the text? No. It does not say: "Follow the impulse of your heart, whichever way it leads. Do not stop to think about it, do not be governed by the intellect, do not let this cold, calculating reason come in to have anything to do with it." It says, Just *because* the issues of life are from the heart, keep that heart, keep it as a sentinel watches on his post,—keep it, guard it, guide it with all diligence, above everything. Here, then, this old writer, this old proverb-maker, long before Christianity was known, had evolved out of the experience of the ages that preceded him this profound conception of the profoundest truth of life. The emotional, the impulse, the heart, then, it is which determines your character: therefore, keep it, watch it, guard it, guide it with diligence.

We are ready now to look a little more closely at the heart and the head as contrasted together, and note some of their very prominent characteristics.

I notice that a good many people, when they are talking about the heart, mix up with the activity of the feeling, the emotion, a good deal of thought, while they call it all heart, all emotion, all feeling. And yet their method of speaking of it implies that the head is playing a large part. If we wish to be clear in our thought, that is not fair. On the other hand, a great many people, when speaking of the head, the intellect, do not draw a clear line of distinction between

thought and feeling; and so they err on the other side. I wish you to note, therefore, that in what I am going to say to you about the heart and the head I shall try, as far as possible, to keep them separate from each other.

I note, therefore, in the first place that the heart, if it has its own way, places comfort supreme above everything else. It must do it. It cannot help it. Feeling is the deepest thing in life; and, if we are free and can have our own way, it is only a truism to say that we choose a pleasant feeling, and not an unpleasant one. We cannot choose something freely that we do not wish. I may wish, indeed, to choose a present pain for the sake of an after satisfaction. But, if the present pain is looked at simply for its own sake, then I cannot choose it, because that is a contradiction in terms. The heart, then, first and foremost and always, if it has its own way, seeks immediate comfort and satisfaction.

Yet the history of this world has proved over and over again that this may not by any means be the best thing to seek. Immediate comfort may mean disappointment and pain, immediate satisfaction may mean years of regret. The heart, then, with its home instincts has learned to find comfort in its home, and would not change even for a better. The heart never impels the emigrant to seek out another country, a larger opportunity, a grander future. The heart never leaves the thoughts and feelings it has become accustomed to and has learned to love, for the sake of going out as a pioneer in search of the new, the unaccustomed, which cannot bring immediate comfort.

Then, again, the heart is always conservative. It loves that to which it has been adjusted. It loves the old home, the old ideas, the old places. It loves those things where it has made itself an easy nest. Take it in the lower forms of life. If that mouse which Burns so beautifully and pathetically celebrates in one of his poems had had head enough, brain enough, thought enough, its nest need not have been overturned by the plough of the farmer poet. He would have planted his nest somewhere out of reach of the plough. The

heart, then, is not to be trusted as a guide in these matters.

Once more, the heart is the great impelling, motive force of all action. Thought alone never moved a man. Thought alone never was the inspiration of a cause. Thought alone never led a reform. It is the heart, the heart always, which is the motive force, the power that lifts and impels the world. And yet, if you take out the head and leave simply impulse, simply feeling, then this power frequently becomes a grotesque, wasteful, unnatural thing.

What does it do in religion? Take the head out of religion, and let simply the feeling remain. On that basis you could never convert a man or a woman from a lower religion to a higher. Religion under the control of emotion runs into excesses, into all the antinomianisms. All the excesses that history has shown in the manifestation of the religious life have come from this exuberance of the heart, the impulse, the feeling, unguided by the light of intelligence and experience.

Go down South, if you wish to see what this comes to. Some years ago I attended a colored revival meeting in Nashville. It seemed to me a wild riot, impulse let loose. Impulse taken without reason was considered the movement of the Holy Spirit, until people were practically insane, rolling on the floor, indulging in all sorts of physical contortions and wild outcries. I make no discrimination against the colored race. I have seen just as wild and unreasoning actions among the white people in the West and South-west. I remember being in a white revival meeting where the men and the women were lying fainting on the floor, where the altar rail was torn to pieces, and men hardly conscious of what they were doing were dancing wildly about the aisles with the rails in their hands. They had got the "power," they had got the "Spirit," as they supposed. It was a wild carnival of the heart, of the impulse, the passional side of the being.

Go down to the South-west,— for I do not know that it has been found anywhere else,— and you will see sects called

the jumpers, or jerkers,— persons so swayed by their feelings that they suppose for the time they are under the Divine influence. Their hands and arms become aimless, and their movements are beyond their control; and the struggle goes on until the system is exhausted, and they fall into a faint which they take to be a religious trance. These are rough illustrations as to what may be seen in a religious way if people leave brains out.

Let us note one or two characteristics of the head if left to itself.

The head is the organ for the discovery of truth; and, when the head is engaged in the discovery of truth, the heart has no business to meddle. To show a preference is an impertinence. When you are trying to discover what is God's truth, what right have you to impose your wish, your bias, your desire? What you need to see is God's truth clearly in the white light of intelligence, and the brain ought to be as unbiassed as a pair of scales. This is the business of the brain,— to find out what is truth. But, if the heart is entirely left out of account, the brain becomes merely the maker of formulas, the inventor of creeds. It becomes an engine of cruelty and of oppression. A man who fancies that he has found out God's truth, in almost all the ages of the past, has assumed that he had a right to force that on other people. It is only within a very modern time, only within a hundred years or so, even in this country, that it has been supposed to be right to leave people free to follow their own convictions. You will find that the leaders of thought in this country, both North and South, immediately before the Revolutionary War, all scouted the idea as being not only irrational, but wicked. The idea that people should be left free, that there should be toleration, was an abhorrence to them. So the head has been a persecutor. The head built the Inquisition. The head burned Servetus. It was a technical definition that people fought over when the old creeds were framed. It is a technical definition, an intellectual distinction, the speculations concerning the interior struct-

ure of the heart of God, that have made people cruel, that have led to persecution and to the stake. The head, then, alone is no more to be trusted than the heart. But the head, let us never forget, is the only organ of knowledge. The head, therefore, is the only guide as to what is true. It is the head always that must decide as to whether a thing is true or false, therefore as to whether this is the right way or that.

We are ready now to see how this ought to work in certain practical directions.

I hinted a moment ago, although I did not make the point clear, that the heart, the feeling, is the deepest thing in life. When life first appeared on this planet, if there had been an observer present to see, he would have noted that the first manifestation of life was sentiency, feeling, movement. This precedes anything that can properly be called intelligence. Intelligence comes afterwards. Feeling, then, is the deepest thing and the highest thing, the first thing and the last. The motive force is feeling; and therefore it is constantly to be watched, to be guarded, and to be guided aright.

Suppose, for example, a man has to choose between some form of Paganism and Christianity. Suppose a man belonging to neither of them should raise the question whether he would be a Mohammedan or a Christian: how would he decide? Would he decide by his feeling? You find just as passionate and earnest feeling among the Mohammedans as among Christians. We should find people there as ready to die for their feelings as we should be. How should he decide? Why, of course, the only rational way would be to study the two systems of religion, mark their origin, their methods, their development, and see what are their results on human civilization; see which more nearly matches the demonstrated truth of things; see which has in it the power of lifting and leading civilization and of making men higher and better. And the deciding of that problem must be laid upon the intellect. It is thought,— clear, unprejudiced, un-

biassed thought, taking into account all the facts,—thought only that is capable of deciding. See how our unconscious use of language expresses the situation. The moment you leave reason out of account, then there is *no reason left* why you should be one any more than another.

Suppose you have decided to become a Christian, then another question faces you: To what section of the Christian Church shall I belong? Shall I be a Romanist or a Protestant? And, if a Protestant, to which one of the sects shall I attach myself? Have you a right, in a matter of this sort, to be governed by your feelings and let your heart have its way? No, never. The problem may be ever so intricate; but, if the problem can be solved, some one set of people are nearer right in their thought of God, of the universe, of man's origin and destiny, than any of the others. And by as much as you wish to be on God's side and help on the speedy triumph of righteousness and truth, by so much you are under the highest of all obligations to try at least, to the best of your ability, to settle this question, and cast your influence with the light and the truth and the hope of the world. You have no right, then, to join this church or that from impulse, merely because you feel like it, merely because you find comfort and peace and social advantage or any mere satisfaction in that particular church. By as much as you are an intelligent being, by so much it is your highest duty to try to find out which way the race is moving most rapidly towards God and its own deliverance; and then it is your duty to cast in your influence in that direction.

Suppose your little child comes to you and asks you, What must I do in this case or that? Is it enough to say, My son, you must do right? He may say, What is right? Can you settle that question or any practical problem of life by your heart, by your feeling? Can you even settle it by your conscience? No. During our Civil War Stonewall Jackson was just as conscientious as General Grant. Mohammedans are just as conscientious as Christians. The mother who casts her child into the Ganges is as conscientious as

the mother who gives her life in watching over her child who is suffering from a contagious disease. Conscientiousness may be only a bias or a prejudice. What is right in this or that direction is a matter for intellect to determine. What course of conduct in the past history of the world has proved itself to be helpful, what has lifted up the level of human society, what has conduced to human welfare, what has made the world nobler and better,— these are questions for study. Our hearts not only, but our consciences, need constantly to be supervised, to be watched over, to be guided, to be kept, by the intellect.

Take any one of the great reforms of the world,— touching matters of crime, touching the social problem, the status of labor, questions of wages or temperance,— take any of these, and, as I have said to you before let me say it in this connection again, one of the saddest things to a careful student is to see how much of impulse, how much of heart, how much of emotion, how much of enthusiasm, has been wasted, thrown away, merely for lack of intellectual guidance. How many people there are to-day, in regard to social problems, who are throwing themselves away,— beating their lives out against the eternal laws of the universe, attempting the impossible, attempting that which is proved by human experience a hundred times over to be impossible! Why? Because they are ignorant,— because they have not studied human history and learned its lessons, because they have not found out that the same thing has been tried over and over again and could not be accomplished. Men have wasted half their lives in trying to invent perpetual motion,— something in the nature of things utterly absurd,— simply because of the lack of a little intellectual guidance. When any reform is to the front, it is not enough to have emotion, enthusiasm,— to have people feel so much that they will travel round the world. It is not enough that their hearts are on fire. If they wish to succeed, they must study carefully the conditions of the problem in the light of modern history and experience, and find out which way to act.

It is because men allow their hearts to have too much to say, from prejudice, from impulse, that you find reformers at cross-purposes in almost every direction, hindering each other instead of helping on the common cause in which they are all presumably equally interested.

So it does not make any difference which way you turn, you must have heart *and* head in judicious combination.

Suppose you go down to the wharf with me, and point out to me two ships equally well built. In the hold of one there is a magnificent engine and the possibility of tremendous power. The amount of steam that you can get up is enough to drive it with a greater rapidity than that by which any steamer has ever crossed the sea. But there is no chart, it has no rudder, and there is no intelligent man placed in charge of it. The other ship has no boiler and no engine in the hold. It has no power and no means of propulsion; but it has the finest chart of the Atlantic ever constructed, an admirable rudder, and the most intelligent and experienced captain that you could demand. Suppose you wish to go to Europe, which steamer would you take? Of course, you would not take either. Power in the hold, enough to drive a ship or a cause anywhere, means folly and destruction, if that is all. The heart, mighty in its impulses, with power enough to revolutionize the world, means only mischief, if that is all. On the other hand, your chart, your rudder, your intelligence at the helm, are utterly powerless, if they be all. What it needs, then, if any cause is to get anywhere, if a church, if reform, if any human institution, is to succeed and be of service to the world, is the impulse, the emotion, the magnificent heart-power, and then the keenest, clearest intelligence of the mind, educated in all the results of past human experience. It needs these as a guide.

I am not, then, an advocate of the heart nor of the head. I am an advocate of the heart *and* the head, the heart kept in its place and the head kept in its place,—one power, the other guidance.

A true man is a man of sentiment. A man is worth noth-

ing for this world if sentiment be not the deepest and highest thing in all his nature. Do not despise as weakness that which places untold value on a bit of ribbon, a leaf, a faded flower. I have two books in my library. They are printed on poor paper. I presume I could replace them for a dollar a volume; but a hundred dollars or five hundred would not buy them. Why? Because, when I take those books in my hand or read them, I am not reading merely the words of the author. My brother, whose voice I have not heard for many years, is by my side, looking over my shoulder. His finger-prints are on the leaves, his voice is in my ear, his heart beats close to mine; and the book has round it the fragrance of a love that is deeper than life. This is sentiment. Such a sentiment binds a man to his regiment, to his flag, to his cause, to his church, to his people, to his home. This is the grandest and deepest thing in man; but, unless reason dominates it, it becomes sentimentality, which is a shame to manhood. It is a weakness then; and, if it controls, it leads astray, leads to folly and destruction.

Let us, then, cherish the heart, and know that he only is a man who has learned to love the highest, the truest, the most beautiful, the best things; and that, if he has learned to love these, he has learned them, he has been taught by his intellect in the light of the experience of the past.

Father, Thou art love, and the deepest thing in Thee is love. And Thou art also infinite wisdom, and the wisdom guides and controls the love. In this, as in all things, let us be perfect, even as our Father in heaven is perfect. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy,	. . . .	*20 cents.*
" " " *Doz.*	. . . .	*$1.50*
" *Cloth,* " *Copy,*	. . . .	*30 cents.*
" " " *Doz.*	. . . .	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 NOVEMBER 27, 1891 No. 7

SERIES ON

EVERY-DAY RELIGION

III. MAN THE WAY TO GOD

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1891

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

NOV 30 1891

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

MAN THE WAY TO GOD.*

"Oh that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat!"— JOB xxiii. 3.

"If, therefore, thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."—MATT. v. 23, 24.

IF, indeed, it be true that God is the soul, the life, of the universe; if nothing is without him; if the stars are guided in their courses by his wisdom and held in their places by his power; if the tiniest grains of dust as they move through their orbits are equally moved and upheld by his power; if what we call natural laws are only the methods of the divine working,— then, indeed, it must be true that the secret of all things that we can desire is in finding God. If, on the physical plane, I find him and obey him, it means bodily life and health. If, on the mental plane, I find him and obey him, it means the discovery of truth and beauty. If, on the affectional plane, I find him and obey him, it means the love and the adoration of all things true and beautiful and good. If on the still higher spiritual plane, though we may not be able to separate it from either of the others, though we as spirits may comprehend all that is beneath spirit, on this plane finding and obeying him means recognizing our divine sonship, living lives in this world as sons and daughters of God. And God is all that I have hinted, or he is nothing. I believe with my whole soul that the universe is saturated with the divine; that it is divine in all its parts, all its laws, all its forces and tendencies.

* Phonographically reported.

To find God, therefore, consciously or unconsciously on the part of man, has been the one age-long search of the race; and all the religions, all the sects, all the philosophies, all the schemes of human invention, all the dreams and ideals, have been only different attempts on the part of humanity to find the true, the beautiful, the good, the divine, which means to find God. It is the peculiarity, necessarily so, of each religion, each sect, each philosophy, each school, to think that it has the way, that it knows the path, that it can guide the inquiring soul as none other can. Necessarily so, I say, because, if a Mohammedan, for example, believed that the Christian knew better the way to find God than he did, he would become converted and would be a Christian. If an Episcopalian believed that a Unitarian knew better the pathway to God, he would cease to be an Episcopalian and would become a Unitarian. That is, if men are in earnest, if men think, if men care, they must occupy that position which they believe to be most favorable to the discovery of the divine secret of the universe and of life.

I propose this morning to ask you to review with me some of the methods that men have devised for finding God, to note what degree of success has attended their search; and then I want to ask you to note with me what Jesus says about his way of finding God, and to see whether he appears to have touched the divine secret, so that we may give ourselves heartily to his method, confident that the result shall be the revelation to us of the beatific vision.

One of the commonest ways, represented in more denominations than one, represented in more sects than one, most marked in the antique world and not yet outgrown, has been and is the belief that we could find God by going to some place, by going on some sort of pilgrimage, that men could come to his seat by a journey through space. Study the condition of the thought and the practical life of the Hebrews before the coming of Jesus, and you find it was in Jerusalem and not in all of that, it was in the temple and not in all the temple, it was in the holy place, the holy of

holies, where God could be found. His presence was manifested above the ark of the covenant, and the people once a year, or twice, or thrice, as often as they might, came up from all the distant parts of the country on a pilgrimage to the holy city, that they might find God, that they might hear his word spoken to them, that they might make confession of their sins and hear the priest echo the divine forgiveness and send them home at peace, unburdened and free.

Go to Mohammedan countries, and there, from the most distant quarters, the pilgrims throng the ways that lead to Mecca, and, when they have reached Mecca and the temple, the Caaba, that special part of the temple which is peculiarly so named, it was supposed to contain a black stone which an angel had given to Abraham, and which had been preserved there all these centuries; and it had about it, in some peculiar way, a manifestation of the divine presence. To make this pilgrimage, to kiss this sacred stone, was to have come into the very presence of God, to have had one's sins taken away and one's soul made clean.

In the ancient classic world, among the Greeks and Romans, and in many older than they, it was believed that the gods were so attached to the soil, to special places, that, when they migrated and colonized some other part of the world or founded another city, they must take some of the sacred soil with them, because the gods were linked to that, and only thus could they keep their deities with them.

Among the Hebrews, as we know, God was supposed in earlier times to be carried about in a box called the ark; and he was so attached to it that, when the Philistines captured the ark, their God had departed from them, and they were weak and helpless. And they thought the gods of their enemies were confined to special territories; and, when the Hebrews were on those territories where these gods resided, they could not conquer their enemies. They must get them on to a foreign soil. There they would be without their deities' help, and so would easily become victims.

We hold still, in Christendom, so far as the majority

thought is concerned, substantially the same ideas. Within the last year the pilgrims by the thousand, so eager to find God that they have trampled on each other to their hurt, have crowded the temple at Trèves to get a look at the tattered rags of a garment supposed to have been worn by Jesus, thinking that, if they could get there,— told this by the chief of Christendom,— and could offer so many prayers as they passed through the cathedral, their sins would be taken away.

To find God in special places, by journeys, by travelling, by pilgrimages, this has been a popular conception in almost every age. God was located at some particular place. If they could only get there, they could get to his seat and might receive pardon and aid.

There is a truth here; and that is the reason that the pernicious error so abides. There are places on earth that are more sacred on account of associations, memories, hopes, than other places; and in these it is easier for us to cultivate certain moods of mind, of heart, of spirit, and this is the soul of truth that is in this huge error that has so misled the world.

Let us note another way in which people have supposed they could find God, could come to him,— the way that Jesus refers to in that passage of Scripture which is part of my text. They have believed that God could be bought, that there was some special gift that he wanted, and, if you came with it in your hands, you were sure of his favor. Among the Greeks and Romans this was a very common thought. The gods were angry, and would send a pestilence, a disease, drought, disaster of some kind, would neglect their people, would give them, in the time of war, into the hands of their enemies. Why? Because their altars had been neglected, because the usually furnished gifts had not been brought. Now and again people entered, or supposed they entered, into a divine compact. They would say to Jupiter or Juno, or Venus or Mars, I will bring so many animals, I will bring such gifts to your altar on condition that you give me so much help in this expedition which I am about to undertake.

This is not confined to Paganism. It was a Hebrew idea. Jesus found the people coming to the temple and bringing their gifts without any regard to the condition of their hearts or the impassable barriers which they had set up between themselves and the divine. Coming with their gifts, when the altars were red and running with blood, they supposed that God would become suddenly their friend, their helper, their light. What is the condition of Christendom to-day in almost every part of the world concerning this? It is taught from nine-tenths of the pulpits of Christendom to-day that God is a Being who can be bought, who has been bought, who must be bought: only, instead of thinking that we can buy him with bulls and goats, and turtle-doves and pigeons, men hold that there must be an infinite price paid, even the divine Man; that this one sacrifice offered up once for all obviates the necessity of any more. The principle is utterly unchanged, God purchasable, his favor purchasable, no mercy, no help, no love, unless the price has been paid.

This was a very good time, as I shall note, for Jesus to have announced this principle if he had ever heard of it or if he had believed it.

Then people have supposed that God was to be found at certain epochs in the world's history. There are certain periods of human life that are looked upon as divine periods. God was on earth, and was dealing with man in a peculiarly religious manner; and, by conning over the records of these periods, studying them, we are supposed to get close to God, close to God's ways.

God has been supposed to manifest himself in a miraculous and unusual way. This is another way by which people have sought to find God. If they could be touched, directed, lifted, thrilled, by some magic of miracle, they supposed they were to be in the presence of the Divine. Do you remember the beautiful lesson which the poet Lowell teaches us in that regard? In one of his parables he represents a man as starting out in search of God, going to a supposed holy hill and praying that some sign might be granted him that God

was there and he was accepted; and, as he watched, a rock breaks open at his feet and a beautiful little flower suddenly appears and unfolds its fragrance, and, as he plucks it, the thought sweeps over him that precisely this same flower his only little child had brought to him as he started on his pilgrimage, plucked by his very doorway. People are perpetually seeking for God in the unusual, and forgetting that it is just in the usual that we shall find him. I was asked the other night, during the eclipse, as I sat hour after hour watching it, How is it that astronomers know so certainly the hour and the second, even the fragment of a second, when an eclipse is to begin and when it is to end? They know precisely because of the perfect order of the universe. Should there be the variation of the fraction of a minute, every intelligent man on earth would stand appalled; for it would mean that the Almighty Energy was losing somehow its grip on the eternal order of the world. It is just in this common, in this perfect order, in the usual, and not in the unusual that we are to look for the perfection of the Divine.

Then men have looked for God in intellectual statements of supposed truths called creeds. I am sometimes accused of making too much of the head, of the intellectual side of religion and of life. I am glad therefore of this opportunity to say that a man conceivably might map out the universe with perfect accuracy in every part, and might be able to give us a complete and true statement of the nature and character of God from eternity to eternity, without its bringing him a fraction of a step nearer to the Divine. In those epochs in the world's history when men have been fighting over creeds, over intellectual statements, they have generally been much further from God than when they have forgotten them, and have been absorbed in some humble kind of human service.

Take the picture of that great convention, that ecumenical council, that settled the dispute between Arius and Athanasius. Anything but divine were the means used,

anything but divine were the passions aroused. Never was there a bitterer, meaner, more contemptible, less human political convention than was that meeting when these supposed servants of God wrangled over their definitions of the divine nature. And, no matter which side had won, no victory won by unhuman and undivine passions and forces can ever bring us nearer to God.

So there are books, literatures, that they tell us are full of God. By reading, by saturating ourselves with these, we can find him. But, if you have studied carefully the history of the world, you will have noted that men will go through religious literatures, and generally come out having discovered that which they were seeking. If they have gone into the study with a purpose, if they have had a theory, if they have been attempting to establish such and such ideas as true, they have generally found weapons enough with which to carry on their warfare, and have forgotten the divine spirit that they were supposed to be looking for. None of these ways can with any certainty bring us to God, because none of these paths can be trusted to take us to his seat.

How, then? Turn with me to see what it is that Jesus has to say on this subject. He says, If thou art bringing thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. Then you may find the way open. The way, then, is not through the gift, but through the brother.

Here let me note in passing a point at which I hinted a moment ago. If Jesus had heard anything of his being the second person in the trinity, of his being the Almighty God, of its being necessary for people to believe it and to know it in order to find God; if he had ever heard anything about the doctrine of the atonement, of blood, of the way to purchase God's favor, and the bridging over the separation between man and God; if he had ever heard anything about the necessity for believing a certain number of articles, of

believing a certain statement of truth,— if, I say, he had ever heard of any of these things as being so necessary that they are indispensable, as we are taught, and as it has been taught throughout Christendom for the last nineteen hundred years nearly,— here would have been a very good place for him to have said something about it. But no hint, nor word. In fact, there is no hint, no word anywhere, that Jesus ever said anything about any of these things. Whenever he has put himself on record at all, it has been as he has put himself on record here. In the 25th of Matthew, as he represents the great judgment scene, there is not one single thing even suggested as the reason for going to the right hand or the left but human service. But here, if you wish to find God, stop and think, Have any of your brethren anything against you? I wish you to notice the searching quality of these words. He does not say, If you have anything against any of your brethren, but Has any man or any woman on earth anything against you? He does not go so far as to say that there must necessarily be good ground for it, either. Has anybody on earth anything against you? Suppose it is a misconstruction, suppose it is a misconception of something you have said or done: no matter. Jesus says there is an obstacle. Now, see how just and true and far-reaching these words are. Here is a brother or a sister who finds something that you have done, or that they think you have done or said, making them bitter, making them hard, turning them away from the divine love, making a hindrance, a stumbling-block, something that keeps them from finding God, something that keeps them from being in loving relation with their fellow-men, and you can remove it. Suppose there is no real ground, suppose you have not done anything, as you say, to justify it, why, then, all the easier can you remove the difficulty. Do not stand on your pride, and say, I have said nothing, I have done nothing; and he may do as he pleases or help himself, if he can. That is human; but it is not the divine way, not the tender, the true, the loving way. Here is a soul in difficulty, a soul in a snare, a

soul stumbling, a soul not finding the path. Go help that soul, or dare not come into the presence of God. So long as there is a plain, simple, human, helpful duty undone, you cannot find the way to God,— so long as there is a barrier like that between you and him.

Much more is this true, when you turn it round, and say, Here is a man that I have injured, here is somebody that I have wronged; and you do not take the trouble to put it right. If there is a man or woman that you have wronged, not only in this world, but in any other world, until you set it right so far as you are able, there will be an obstacle between you and perfect communion with the Divine that no prayers, no sacraments, no blood, no creeds, no Bible reading, no church attendance, no religious duty of any kind can touch. It is you that must touch it: God himself cannot get that difficulty out of the way.

But suppose you are free in all these directions. Suppose you can say, I have never knowingly injured man, woman, or child. Suppose you can say, I do not know of any case where a person is bitter or unhappy or whose life is shadowed even by what they think I have said or done. Suppose you can say that. Is that enough? I think not. Here are men ignorant, here are men vicious, here are men criminal, here are women struggling against legal and social obstacles that stand in the way of their earning an honest living. Here are people beating their lives out against social barriers which they did not erect. Here are industrial snarls and tangles that hinder the growth of true and noble manhood on the part of those who are enmeshed in them,— men and women fighting every waking hour for a bit of bread, with no leisure, no time to cultivate anything higher than the animal in them. Here are people in the toils of all sorts of temptations and evils, and you suppose you are negatively blameless! Is there nothing yet remaining for you to do as pertaining to the relation in which you stand to your brother? Is there nothing in the words *noblesse oblige?* Is there nothing that calls for help, for thought,

for kindliness, for generosity, for sympathy, on your part? The only way by which coming to God is to be brought about here on earth is by each one of us doing all we can to help to lift, to lighten, the lives of others. And this is the highest and divinest obligation resting on every human soul. Try to be just; try to be generous; learn to be sympathetic towards the weaknesses and frailties and follies of the world. That is, try to understand men and women, so that you can do something to help, to lift, to lead them into better ways.

Now, suppose a man does this. Suppose a man loses himself in this effort to make the world better. Suppose he gives money and time, and thought and leisure and effort, so far as he is able. Suppose he counts himself as one of the helpers of his race. Do you see where he is going? Do you not see how he is illustrating the teaching of Jesus? Suppose a man becomes like Jesus,— merciful, loving, helpful towards his fellow-men,— do you not see that he is becoming divine? That is what being divine means. As you read the history of the world, is it not apparent that Jesus touched the deepest things? When asked what it is to be great, he answered that it was becoming a servant. Read the names on the roll of human greatness, those who are really great, and they are only those men who have somehow served their fellows, who have made the world better, lighter, sweeter, easier. Greatness is not getting: it is not domination. Jesus said, The princes of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them, but it shall not be so among you. In so far as those who have called themselves Christian popes and fathers have exercised lordship, by just so much have they gone away from God. Those that most completely have forgotten selfishness and domination in serving their fellows, by so much have they approached the presence and the likeness of the Divine. You remember that often-told anecdote of Wilberforce. When some petty, zealous, soul-saver came to him while he was engaged in his great philanthropic work, and asked if his soul was saved, he stopped a moment in amazement, half-puzzled to find what the foolish

man was talking about, and then said, "Why, I have been so busy about these other matters, trying to help my fellow-men, that really I had forgotten whether I had any soul." That is the way to save your soul; and, if you have any kind of soul, which can be saved in any other way, it is not worth the trouble.

Developing your character, then, along these lines of sympathy and help of your fellow-men is the only way to God, because that is the way of God-likeness and the only way by which you can approach to man or God. The only way by which you can approach a soul is along the pathway of sympathy, of likeness.

Let me hint an illustration. We think, perhaps, that we would have liked to have been in London in the days of the old Globe Theatre, when Shakspere and his friends were walking the streets like common men. Do you suppose that the men that walked the streets with him, perhaps called him "Will" in their familiarity, got very near to Shakspere? Probably there was not one soul in London at that time,—unless he had the sympathetic power of entering into the secrets of his life and responding to his thoughts and emotions,—though he may have brushed his clothes as he passed him on the street every day, who got a thousandth part as near to Shakspere as Mr. Rolfe of Cambridge comes every day. Here is sympathy of soul, a student that enters into his life, comes close to his spirit, feels his very heart throb, responds to the very movements of the molecules of his brain: he knows Shakspere.

They tell the story of that clod, that peasant, in Stratford on Avon, whom some visitor asked about Shakspere. "Shakspere was born here?" the visitor asked. "I believe he was," he answered. He was asked if he knew the house. He said he had known of such a house being pointed out. He was asked if he knew what Shakspere had written. He replied that he did not know much about it, but he had heard he had written some very famous thing, perhaps it might be the Prayer Book or the Bible. Because the same

sun shone on him, because he breathed the same air, trod the same soil, where Shakspere lived and breathed, did that bring him near to Shakspere? It is sympathy, and sympathy only, that brings us near to another spirit and another mind. Take the hoards of sight-seers that every year tread the galleries of Europe because it is the proper thing to do. How near do they get to Rubens, to the great painters, to the great sculptors, to the great artists of the world? There are leagues of impassable obstacles between them, though they may be staring upon their faces. There is nothing in these masterpieces that can find in them anything to touch. Travelling through space, reading books about them, and walking over places made sacred and hallowed by their feet do not bring them into their presence.

This principle applies in religion precisely as it applies anywhere else. The loving, tender, tolerant, faithful, patient, persistent service of man brings us to God precisely because it develops the justice, the love, the tenderness, the sympathy, the patience, the toleration, the helpfulness, which are divine.

Father, we are glad that we can be sure of finding Thee along the common pathways of life; that we need not leave our present duty, the simplest service, in search of Thee, but that Thou art all round us if only we will listen, if only we can see, if only we become sensitive and can feel. So let us seek for Thee by utter faithfulness, in trying to serve our fellow-men, and we will thank Thee now and always. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
"	*Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 DECEMBER 4, 1891 No. 8

THINGS THAT HINDER THANKFULNESS

C
BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1891

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

DEC 7 1891

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow.	
Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton.	
Price, Paper, per copy, ... 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " . . . . 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

THINGS THAT HINDER THANKFULNESS.*

My subject this morning is some things that hinder thankfulness. As my text, I have chosen the words from the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel according to Luke, seventeenth and eighteenth verses: "And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger."

I was talking the other day with an intimate friend whose heart is weighed down by the heaviest loss that can innocently come to any true heart. He had lost the one great year long love of his life. I expected to find him utterly crushed and broken; and, indeed, there was no lack of sorrow. But he said to me, "I am astonished at myself to find the moods of exaltation into which I am lifted in this hour of my great trouble." And he said further, "I am simply overwhelmed with a sense of gratitude, when I think how rich a possession I have had for so many long, long years." And then he went on to add that it seemed to him that none of us could appreciate the things which we really have, quite understand how rich we are, quite comprehend how well off, until some such stroke comes, and we are alone in the midst of the wreck, our life rich only in memories. It seemed to me, then, that perhaps I could hardly do better this morning than to try to suggest some of the things that stand in the way of the expression of this gratitude to which he alluded.

Note the expression of surprise in the words that I have taken as my text. I need not go into any critical discussion

* Phonographically reported.

before this audience as to the story of the cleansing of the ten lepers. Let us take it as a story, no matter how much of it be historical and how much not. The story stands that, as Jesus was on one of his journeys through the country, he saw ten lepers standing afar off, because the custom, the law was such that they were not allowed to come nigh to any one who was not a leper, lest the contagious disease should be spread. He saw these ten lepers standing afar off; and, having heard of the wonderful works that he had performed, they cried out, and begged that they might be healed. He simply says to them, "Go and show yourselves to the priest." This was the custom among the people. They departed. In a little while one of them returns, and, falling on his knees, gives God glory for the wonderful work that had been wrought upon him by the hands of the Nazarene. But Jesus, looking upon him, turned to his disciples and said, Is he, this stranger, this Samaritan, the only one who appreciates the gift that has been bestowed upon him sufficiently to lead him to come and offer his thanks? One out of ten among the lepers was grateful, appreciated that which had been bestowed upon him. One out of ten thankful! Are there as many as that in this congregation? Are there as many as that on the average throughout the city of Boston who during the past week have not merely been glad or satisfied, but who have been lifted even a little on some wave of thankful emotion? So many of us are not thankful, or so many of us do not appear to be. Let us note a few of the things that stand in the way, a few of the things that hinder.

In the first place, I shall put something very plainly indeed. It seems to me that one of the principal things right on the threshold that stands in the way and hinders hearty, earnest, glad expression of thanksgiving is human conceit. For one person who feels thankful, and who expresses thankfulness for what he has, you find large numbers of people who are fault-finding, who are not satisfied, who seem to feel that somehow or other they have been wronged by some-

body, because they are not what they are not, because they do not possess certain things. Here is some person whose life is imbittered because he is not rich. Why should he be rich? On whom or what has he any claim for riches? If we are going to be dissatisfied and fault-finding because we are not this or that, and have not this or that, then we ought to be able to bring home to the cause of our condition the righteousness of our complaint.

On whom or what have we a claim for anything? Let me point out what seems to me the extent of our rightful claims. I think we have just claims on our fathers and our mothers, if they are still living, for the utmost they can do for our welfare,— not necessarily for our immediate happiness, but for our ultimate welfare. The parents bring children into the world without the children's petition or consent. They are responsible for their being launched on the sea of life. They, then, are under the highest conceivable obligation to do their very utmost to see to it that the life of the child shall be a blessed life. When we turn away from that, on whom have we any further claim? Have we any claim upon society? I think not. Have we any claim on God? Yes, a claim similar to that which I have already spoken of. God, let me say it as reverently and tenderly as I may, has brought us into being,— this world into being, our souls into being, without their petition or consent. God, then, it seems to me, is under the highest conceivable obligation to see to it that, on the whole and in the long run, taking into account the next world as well as this, taking into account the spiritual as well as the material, this life shall be to us a good and not an evil. But, in order to the attainment of that end, it is not at all essential that we be beautiful, that we be rich, that we attain this or that particular social position, that we attain the office we desire, that our fortune reaches certain figures, and that we be able to occupy a particular kind of house on a special street. None of these things on which so often we firmly think our happiness depends, or on which perhaps we make our happiness depend, may be essential to the carrying

out of that infinite obligation of which I have spoken. Yet is it not true that thousands of people are sad, are burdened, are miserable, unhappy, unthankful, and make those that are about them unhappy and unthankful, because they are not beautiful, because they are not intellectually brilliant, because they are not able to write a book, because they are not able to paint a picture, or are not able to win social distinction or political power, because they are not able to attain fame among their fellows? They assume, it seems to me, without one particle of righteous basis for it, that they have somehow a claim on something or somebody for the possession of these special things that they desire. So they have no time and no place for thankfulness, because they, in their fancied greatness or importance, have not been ministered to in a way that it seems to them they deserve.

There is another thing that stands in the way of the feeling and the expression of gratitude; and that is the underestimate which we constantly put upon the things that we have. A man feels that he ought to have something more than he possesses, something different from that which is his; and so he turns away from that which has become familiar to him as a daily possession week by week and year by year, and does not understand what it means. Do you know, friends, that if, for the first time in your lives, you could be put into possession of some one of the commonest things of every day, it would seem to you what it really is,—a marvel and wonder? The illustration I am about to give may seem a commonplace one; but I am talking to you about very commonplace things, looked at in one way, miraculous when looked at in another way. I was told the other day of a man who, having lost his sight when he was three or four years of age, lived, as it was supposed, without possibility of recovery, utterly blind, until he was sixty or seventy years old. Then, going to a famous surgeon in Europe, an operation was performed; and suddenly the green earth, the trees, the dancing brooks, the ocean, the blue sky, and the stars were given back to him. Suppose we were to go through an experience like that, should

we not find something to be thankful for in this commonplace power of sight? Did you ever stop to think how miraculous a thing it is, how it borders close on miracle? A sun-ray,—what is it? We do not know, except that it is a wave-like movement, starting in the far-off sun. It strikes upon the atmosphere of this planet, it strikes upon the eye, an influence reaches up into the brain, and the picture is spread out before us. Some mist hangs in the air; the sun-rays glance over this mist, touch the eye, the brain, and all the magnificence of the summer sunset is ours. There is no seeing without eyes, no seeing without the brain, no seeing without conscious mind behind the brain. Here is the working of miracle, of marvel,—every moment of our waking lives, year after year, the translation of this movement into beauty and glory. Did you ever stop to think that there is no sound where there is no ear, where there is no brain to translate motion into music? Think of the marvel that is going on every moment of our lives; these ears of ours, through which come trooping these wondrous movements which the magic of the brain translates into symphony, into harmonies of every conceivable order! We live, the most commonplace of us, in a world of miracle, of wonder. Only, because these things are commonplace, we lose the sense of their being anything very great, very remarkable, anything calling for mention, for gratitude.

A young man has health. Forgetting this magnificent possession, he finds fault with the universe because he has not been richly born, because he has not been endowed with this or that or some other advantage which he thinks the world sometime or somehow owes him. I remember some years ago I mentioned to you a saying of Lord Derby. Let me recall it again, because it illustrates this point so well. Lord Derby, when he was old, was filled with honor and fame. Belonging to one of the longest and noblest lines of the English nobility, having been Prime Minister of England for years, having won literary fame as had few of his time, every social honor heaped upon him, surrounded by wealth, with all that heart could desire, he said, "I would give all

this gladly if I could be a healthy young man of twenty-one." But there are plenty of healthy young men of twenty-one who think they have no cause in all the world to be grateful to anybody, though they have that which the famous and rich Prime Minister of England considered to outweigh all his possessions. I have seen rich people wandering up and down Europe, lonely and homesick, in art galleries, in palaces, in parks, in streets, in hotels, merely because they were exiles, seeking for that which the most of us have and never think about,— health. This will hint to you what I mean. Turn in any direction you please, and the poorest of us is dowered with gifts, with possessions, which, if they were taken away from us, we would buy with the largest fortune that any man on earth possesses. Yet we underestimate these things perpetually, and think we have nothing, think we have been neglected, think we have been forgotten, think there is no one to whom we owe even a word of thanks.

And, then, the counterpart of this is worth a moment's notice. Not only do we underestimate the things we have, but we perpetually overestimate the importance of that thing which we have not, but which we so earnestly desire. I have seen a little child, and so have you,— if not your own, the child of some one else,— sitting in the midst of playthings, and yet in a tempest of tears because one toy out of twelve is broken, or because there is a toy which has been desired and asked for, but up to the present time has not been supplied. And so I have seen men and women as irrational and ungrateful, overlooking all the things that are theirs, only striving with broken heart and disappointed, bitter lives for something that is not yet attained and perhaps is not attainable. We always overestimate the beauty or worth of the thing which we have not yet attained. No matter what we have, somehow the glory has departed by the simple fact that we have possessed it and handled it. We pluck a peach from the tree; and the mere fact of possession leads us to rub off the beauty and the glow of its freshness, and it seems commonplace to us. If a man has written a book, by the

time he has published it every idea in it is commonplace to him, or he could not have written it. So it does not seem wonderful in his eyes. A man has striven for years to gain a certain social position; but by the time he is there he finds that the people who occupy that position and to whom he used to look up as surrounded with such glory are, after all, very commonplace people, and very much the same kind of people as those he had associated with before, and the wonder of it has departed. Campbell, you know, wrote those two beautiful lines, very familiar because so beautiful,—

> "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
> And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

The mountain seems a mystery at a distance. Down here in the valley it is so commonplace, just the common grass, sun-scorched, the ordinary trees, and the shrubs we have seen every day. We dream about that far-off peak, and would like to climb there, and perhaps by and by we do. We struggle on hour after hour, and, when we have reached the summit, the grass, if there is any there at all, is sun-scorched, just as it was down there below in the valley, there, perhaps, is the same kind of shrub, commonplace and dust-laden, the same common rock. We turn and look back; and all the poetry, the beauty, mystery, and wonder, the blue of the distance we saw on the mountain top are down there in the valley, around the very place we have left. It is the distance that clothed it with mystery. When we have climbed any height, our being there makes it seem commonplace to us; and yet we wear our hearts out in longing and striving for things we have not, thinking we shall be happy when we have gained them, forgetting to be happy with the material of happiness all around our feet. I was speaking a few days ago with a friend who is making money very rapidly, who said: "I have set my figure at a million. When I get a million, I am going to give away every dollar which I may make beyond that." But meantime what? No rest, no peace, no stopping to enjoy the present, no liberal benefac-

tions while the money is in his grasp, the world waiting and the gratitude of his heart pent up and lacking utterance until he grasps the million. And, if the experience of humanity is worth anything, when he gets that million, he will see some man doing business at the next door who is worth twelve hundred thousand; and there will be no happiness for him until he is ahead of him. Friends, let us not be cheated by this everlasting hinging of our happiness upon a future condition. As I have told you many a time, there never was any such thing in this world as a to-morrow; and, if you wait until to-morrow before you express your gratitude, it never will be uttered. If you wait until to-morrow before you begin to be happy, you never will be happy. If you wait until to-morrow until you begin to be generous, you never will be generous. What is money? What is position? What is power? What are any of these things worth except for the happiness they can bring you and the power they can confer for doing good? But you have the materials for happiness already. And you have the power for doing good. Why, then, wait for that age-long lie of to-morrow that never came and never will come? Do not, then, either underestimate what you have nor overestimate what you have not.

Then there is another thing that stands in the way of our being grateful. This point I have had occasion to speak of from this platform before. Very likely I may have occasion to speak of it again. I am not repeating myself through forgetfulness; but there are some things that need to be repeated over and over. This thing is that we find it hard to be grateful because we do not appreciate that there is anybody to whom we owe anything. A great many of us have a feeling, I think, that, whatever we have done, we have done ourselves; and perhaps, if we could, we would get outside of ourselves and kneel down at our own feet and thank our own brilliancy, our own smartness, our own cunning, our own achievements. That was a picture of common human nature when the ancient king Nebuchadnezzar, walking upon the walls of his palace and overlooking the city, said, in his lordly

way, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" And yet there was not a beggar in the streets a truer pauper than was he. Not one thing — from the sandals on his feet, past the robe in which he wrapped himself, to the crown upon his head — that had not been given him by his thousands of subjects or his slaves, not one thing that he had not received as an outright gift. Paul, in his letter to the Corinthians, rebukes this tendency when he says, "What hast thou that thou didst not receive? and now, if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it?" What is there that any of us have that is not a gift? Health,— if we have not thrown it away, since it was conferred upon us,— did we create that? Brain power,— if we possess it,— did we make it? Comeliness of physical feature and form,— if they are ours, have we had much to do with them? The country in which you are born, whether Central Africa or Boston,— did we decide that matter? Whether we should have a Christian inheritance or a pagan one,— who chose that? Whether we should be born into a family that appreciated the advantages of education, and so we should become educated ourselves,— did we decide? If we have been able to attain wealth, look over the world, look back to the past history of humanity, and see thousands of years of struggle and effort that have created the political, social, and industrial conditions, in the midst of which there is a field that we did not create for the use of faculties which we did not create. You possess a house situated on land worth so many dollars a square foot. What gives the land its value? Did you do it? Let all the people of Boston suddenly move away, and where would the value of your land go, except to disappear in the air? So what is there that you possess that is not an outright gift? A gift from what, from whom? Let me just glance one moment in that direction. A gift from our fellow-men? Where did they get it to give to us? They say the life of this world all comes from the sun. Where did the sun get the life that it transmits? Start with any one thing you please, from the tiniest to the grand-

est, analyze it, trace it to its source, and it all comes back to Him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift, our Father. If you know a river flowing through green and fertile banks, will you thank the river, or will you thank the distant mountain from which come the streams that create it, or will you thank the sun, or will you thank Him who is back of all the affairs and mysteries and marvels of life, and is the fountain of all? Friends, let us get rid of this idea that anything we have, anything we are, we owe to any person except the one who is the Life and the Father of us all.

One other point I wish to touch upon for a moment, small in one way, perhaps as important as any of the others in another way. One reason why we do not feel gratitude, do not express gratitude more freely than we do, is that we do not make any channels through which these emotions can run. If you wish to be grateful for that which you have, go out into the world and find some one whom you can help,—some one who is in sorrow, some one who is falling that you might lift up, somebody in whose life you can play the part of a tending and delivering providence; and, as you hear the words of gratitude from these lips, your gratitude, frozen up and sealed, will burst out like a fountain that has been covered, and will gladden and beautify your lives.

There is one last point now that I must speak of a little more at length. It may seem to you a little strange at first that I should speak of it as a cause of thankfulness; but I question whether by and by, when from some height or outlook we survey the scene of our present struggle, we shall not find that herein lies the cause for the truest, deepest gratefulness of all. I speak of our troubles, I speak of our burdens, our disappointments, what we call our losses. Many of you have children of your own. You have had occasion to train these children, to study the unfolding of their minds, the growth of their characters. Have you found that the things which they ought to be most grateful to you for have always been the indulgences they have received, the ready granting of every wish? You know that

sometimes, when the children have misapprehended and misinterpreted your action, you have been loving as never before,— loving when it cost you something. It is a great deal easier to say "Yes" to the child than it is to say "No." It is a great deal easier, if you are able, to grant everything a child wishes than it is to refuse it, just as it is pleasanter to see the child glad than it is to see it disappointed and unhappy. Many a time a child is poring over a lesson, and it sees no meaning in it. It seems as though the lesson were invented for its discomfort. How can a child, six, eight, or ten years of age, study grammar, Latin, or mathematics, and see any connection between this problem that puzzles and baffles it and any future success or happiness in life? There seems to be no sort of connection; and the child perhaps vents its vexation and disappointment in tears? Yet the father or mother, if wise, does not relent, does not let the child off, does not say: "Do not learn the lesson. Follow your own bent, do whatever you please, be happy now and happy forever." For every wise father or mother knows that this is not the way to provide for the child's happiness and success. And ought we not to be wise enough to learn that we stand in substantially the same relation to the heavenly Father? Have we not learned the lesson already in our own past? Have there not been times when we have fought against some bitter cup, as did Jesus in the garden, saying, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me"? But a loving and wiser hand still pressed it to the shrinking lip; and it must be drunk. By and by has not this bitterness turned to sweetness, and we thanked God, even with tears, for the sorrow? Is it not true that we have striven for things with longing desire, and found them bitter disappointment? So let us learn, wisely, it seems to me, to thank God, though the lips quiver and the eyes grow dim, for the troubles and the sorrows. A friend in the South sent me, as though on purpose for this morning, the little slip of paper I hold in my hand, which I received last night, containing just two verses, written by Mr. Howells, that put into beautiful expression some of these thoughts: —

"Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

"For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude."

If it be true that this life is only the porch, and the temple is beyond; if it be true that this is only preparation, and we can only partially guess preparation for what; if it be true that we are spirits, souls, children of God, and so children of immortality,— then may it not well be that this is not simply a place for joy, for everything we desire? It is rather a training place; and he who comes out of it at last an athlete in his soul, with all those faculties and powers cultivated and winged that fit him for that higher life and make him at home in that more spiritual air, no matter through what process it may be,— will he not, the moment he has passed the lifted curtain and sees the meaning of it all, find that the discords of life were only preparing for the sweetest harmony of all? Will he not then, perhaps, as he passes just over the threshold, fall upon his knees and say, Father, for the sorrow, the disappointment, for the tears, I thank Thee?

And now, our God, we try as well as we may this morning to thank Thee; and we will try to remove these hindrances from our path, that our souls may run the pathway of trust, and so the pathway of service, to-day and forevermore. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
"	*Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

VOL. 13 DECEMBER 11, 1891 No. 9

SALVATION:

MYTHOLOGICAL AND PRACTICAL

BY

REV. RUSH R. SHIPPEN

Of Washington, D.C.

BOSTON

GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET

1891

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

SALVATION: MYTHOLOGICAL AND PRACTICAL.

"What shall I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."—ACTS xvi. 30, 31.

FROM what do you desire to be saved? That question is the key that unlocks the problems of church and creed. The jailer, his prisoners having escaped, fears the Romans. Paul, concerned for his soul, turns his question to one of spiritual import, bidding him accept the new gospel.

Salvation,— what is it? and how shall we attain it? These are questions of infinite concern, plainly answered by conscience and Bible: "Cease to do evil, and learn to do well." Yet, losing sight of this simple answer, bewildered by theology, the American people forget, or have never clearly learned, what the true salvation is. Churches and preachers have much to say of "saving souls." What are they saving them from? How gladly would I welcome to my pulpit leading preachers of the prominent churches, each in his own way, for himself and people, to tell us the one thing infinitely to be dreaded in this universe, from which they are trying to save souls! Surely, it would clear up much cloudy debate. In the interest of church fellowship, perhaps it would show us to be nearer together than is commonly imagined.

Salvation is commonly made an external deliverance from doom. "Getting out of hell" and "getting into heaven" is the chief concern. Church controversies and theologic debates discuss our fate in the next world, what God will do with us when we are dead. Christianity becomes only a safe

ticket for the glories of the world to come. This let us call mythologic salvation.

Spiritual health, the attainment of superior manhood and womanhood, the supreme success of destiny, let us call practical salvation. I desire to emphasize the sentiment,— there is no place in the universe where a false soul is saved: there is no place in all the divine dominions where a true soul can be lost.

Mythological salvation is rescue from imaginary terrors of the next world, of which we know so little. It is part of a theologic scheme, wrought out in darker days by Saint Augustine and Calvin in the retirement of their closet, like spider-web spun from the bowels of their own inner consciousness. The scheme is familiar: Adam's fall, his posterity totally depraved, incapable of good, born to a predestined doom, God alienated in wrath, man under penalty of a debt which he is unable to pay, the blood of Christ pays the debt, placates the angry Deity, lets humanity go free. This is mythological salvation.

Whither go our departed friends? has been an eager query from the dawn of time. The Greek and Roman answered it with their Hades and Tartarus, the inferior regions, the underworld. Men there got their deserts of evil and good. One rolled a stone up hill, forever falling back to crush him. Another up to his lips in water was dying of thirst and unable to drink. Here also were the Elysian fields, the abodes of the blessed. Corresponding substantially to the Greek Hades was the Hebrew Sheol, not necessarily involving punishment, but simply the underworld abode of the dead, like the Roman Catholic purgatory, a place of detention till some final judgment. A few times used in the Bible, the word was translated into our English *Hell.* In the 139th Psalm we read, "If I make my bed in hell, thou art there." The Revised Version restores the word "sheol." It might better have been translated "underworld." "If I make my bed in the underworld, thou art there." In darker days, when the earth was supposed to be flat, it is not surprising

that dwelling in a land where Ætna and Vesuvius vomited forth their sulphurous flames, as time went on, people naturally came to suppose that this underworld was a vast burning brimstone lake, a jail for the damned. However modern thought may spiritualize its interpretation of future punishment, the popular theology substantially keeps as part of its system the old *Hell.*

When Jesus was crucified, his followers naturally wondered what became of him before the resurrection morning. There were a day and two nights to account for. Naturally came the answer that he had visited the departed in the underworld. So Peter speaks of him as having been "preaching to the spirits in prison." And in the early centuries the question was warmly debated whether he had rescued only God's favorite children, the Jews, or whether he had preached there to the Gentiles, and given them also his blessing. In these early days a doctrinal statement took shape, now popularly called "The Apostles' Creed." Of it there is no hint in the New Testament. The apostles never saw or heard of it: it took form centuries after they were all dead and buried. In it are the words, "He descended into hell." When people to day speak of hell, they mean a place of eternal torment, a condition into which, in the nature of things, a pure soul like Jesus could not possibly go. Yet by a singular conservatism sensible people continue to use words from which all meaning has vanished; and thus our cultivated friends of Trinity Church, who have no idea that Jesus ever suffered the torments of the damned, every Sunday morning stand up and soberly say of him that "he descended into hell."

If one wonders how such pagan mythology ever became engrafted upon the simple teaching of Jesus Christ or took possession of the Christian Church, let him remember that the missionary to the South Sea Islands to-day does not at once obliterate all old superstitions. Even in genuine conversion the old thought still clings and lingers. Let one go to Rome. Upon the piazza in front of St. Peter's he sees

an Egyptian obelisk, from the banks of the Nile, inscribed with hieroglyphs of Paganism, placed upon a pedestal with inscriptions of the pope who brought it there. Or let him enter St. Peter's on an Easter Sunday. As he sees the pope, in his gorgeous vestments of white satin and gold, borne aloft on his costly throne upon the shoulders of attendants, while others in rich robes are fanning him with gorgeous fans, and contrasts all this with the simple ways of Jesus of Nazareth, who had not where to lay his head; he sees at once the unmistakable mingling of heathenism and Christianity. It requires the evolution of centuries to come up to the simplicity of Christ.

Practical salvation is rescue from the deviltries of wrong-doing that here, as in all worlds, hurt and ruin the soul. Hell, in its perverted meaning, may well have been dropped from the Revised Version of the Bible. But the terrible reality, alas! has not vanished. The real hell is not some far-away penalty of sin. It is the wretchedness of wrong-doing, whose black shadow of misery accompanies sin to-day and forever. The lost soul is the soul wandering from the right path,—wandering in the wilderness of unbelief and iniquity, wandering away from the home of purity and peace. The soul's loss is to lose honor and integrity, truth and love.

> "When from the eyes the light has fled,
> When truth departs and honor dies,
> The man is dead! The *man* is dead!"

Salvation, the supreme success of destiny, is spiritual health, the attainment of divine manhood and womanhood.

As in bodily affairs, man's normal condition is health. Disease is destruction. We need saving from bad air and bad food, from unwholesome influences that bring chill, fever, and pneumonia, from foul habits and ruinous dissipation. Of the strong, stalwart, well-trained gymnast, in perfect health, we do not say he is going to be saved. He is saved! What more can doctors do for him?

So in the spiritual realm the soul's normal condition is health. It needs to be saved from evil influences and hurtful thoughts and habits, from lying and stealing in every form, from all things false and mean, from social wrongs that trample the brother, from church strifes and bigotries and prejudices that divide good men,— a very practical saving needed to day. To the church bigot we may well say, Brother, you are out of health: may the good Lord save you! Of large-hearted, pure-hearted souls, shall we not rejoice to say, They *are* saved?

The two phases of salvation, thus contrasted, run their lines through the creeds, separating dogmatic from practical theology. Jesus Christ is called Saviour of Men. His very name, Jesus, or Joshua, means that. But in what sense Saviour? Dogmatic theology explains that his blood, poured out upon the cross, placated the wrath of an angry God, paid the penalty of the infinite debt entailed by Adam's sin which humanity could not otherwise cancel, and purchased the deliverance of souls from their predestined doom. In the early centuries the belief was that Satan held mankind bound in the underworld; and for deliverance the atonement was supposed to be a debt paid to Satan. For a thousand years this view prevailed. Under Anselm the doctrine changed to a debt paid to Deity. In later days the atonement is refined into an expression of divine love and fidelity to truth and right. Thus preached by Bushnell, Robertson, and Beecher, it loses its offensiveness to morality, and becomes a doctrine we all accept. But in the old mythological interest are the speculations that deify Jesus. Why must we believe he was a person of the Trinity? Theology calls Jesus God, yet fails to show the Father to be Christ-like. It deifies Jesus, yet fails to teach people to obey him. It sings the hymn, "Nothing more for me to do." It is all in the interest of mythological salvation.

Practical salvation, seeking to make men better, shows Jesus to be a very practical Saviour as he inspires the life more abundantly. As the Great Physician of souls, he heals

men by no magical nostrums, but by leading them to pure ways of living. His whole gospel is an appeal to our better nature to arise and assert itself, to trample under foot the evils that harm us. Arise and take up your bed and walk, is his word. He helps the blind soul to see, the deaf to hear, and the cripple to stand erect. His parables and precepts, and the whole spirit of his teaching and life, are the re-enforcement of spiritual life. Not for wealth or power or luxury, his kingdom was indeed not of this world; yet, for the present time, it surely was a kingdom of divine life and splendid manhood.

Our contrast runs its line through the creeds, bringing them to judgment with the sharp, swift test: How are you saving souls? Creed important? Of course it is; but important for what? Is your creed only a speculation about our fate beyond death? or does it save you from the devilties that destroy purity and truth? By this test try your several dogmas. My neighbor deems faith in the Trinity very essential, and comes at me with eager inquiry: Do you believe in the Trinity? Why? Does this belief make one more careful in telling the truth, or render one any more generous and loving in neighborly dealings? Would it be counted on the exchange a fair test of a man's character? A man asks you to loan him $1,000. In order to know whether his word is good as a bond, do you ask him, Do you believe in the Trinity? A witness is summoned to court, and before judge and jury sworn to testify the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Do we begin by asking, Do you believe in the Trinity? These very questions show how utterly foreign the dogma is from any practical import. At what point does it in any way touch character and life? Are the people who believe it necessarily any better than the people who do not believe it? Ah! we see at once that it is essential only as part of the right ticket for the mythological salvation.

Practical salvation, on the other hand, deems a true creed supremely important for right living. Let the creed be a

chart of righteousness. Belief important? Of course it is. What nonsense is this loose liberalism, declaring it matters not what a man believes. As absurd is this as if, desiring to go to New York, one should say, It matters not whether you take the train north or south. True belief is the theory and substance of right practice. Yet this very test calls for a practical faith. Believe as you please of the North Pole, whether open sea, or granite rock, or everlasting ice. My guess about it is as good as yours, and neither one of any practical consequence. But, if we desire to go to Liverpool or Bremen, surely it is of utmost import that we have correct chart and right knowledge of navigation. As for sailing the sea and cultivating the garden, so infinitely more important is truth for the right conduct of life. Think what you please of the arctic realms of thought, the speculative realm of fog and ice and cloud and darkness, where the creeds mostly dwell. But for right living let pulpit and creed set forth those spiritual realities and righteous laws and principles that build up noble manhood and womanhood, and bring forth right character, which, like good gold, will pass current in all the divine dominions.

Ah! exclaims some one: you expect, then, to be saved by your merits! Surely not, we respond, by the merits of any one else. Christ and the saints can no more impute to me their merits than they can eat for me my bread and impute to me their health. Nay, truly we are all saved, if at all, by the grace of God. We do not purchase the favor of him to whom belong earth and all things therein. But the divine favor, however unmerited, expects and demands of us gratitude, obedience, and love to the brother. Would the Church but drop its speculative dogmas that divide good men and unite on the deep things of the spirit, all would come together in unity, in essential Christianity and practical salvation.

Our contrast runs its lines through the churches, not setting them against each other,— some on this side and some on that,— but rather cleaving every church in twain, as show-

ing in itself the twofold phases of mythological and practical salvation.

No salvation outside the true Church, is the word we hear from Rome. Does any one mean to say that outside of the Romish communion there is no truth, honor, or loving kindness? Nay, that could hardly be claimed by any one. But, to unlock the gates of the next world's hell and heaven, we must have the right keys, wielded only by the pope. So come the authority of pope and sanctity of the priesthood, granting pardon and indulgence for wrong-doing. Cruel men, like Cæsar Borgia, Duke of Alva, and Philip II., come to the front, not as servants of brotherly love, but as having the right passport for kingdom come. Some years since Mr. Brownson, in his *Review*, boldly argued that New England's free schools, prosperity, and culture count nothing for the next world; while the squalid beggary and ignorance of Italy and Ireland, in their loyalty to the Church, have superior promise of eternity. To the death-bed of some sick patient comes the priest, saying, Unless you join the true Church, you will go straight to hell. Does he mean she will take to thieving and lying, and fall into the present hell of wrong-doing? Of that he has no thought. He is not thinking of any practical saving whatever; but only offering the right ticket for the glories of the world to come. Such is the Romish mythology.

Meanwhile, in every century we see in the Romish Church some elements of Christianity's saving power. Some of her saints shine on the world's calendar with a glory that brightens history. We have all known her humble people, perhaps unable to read or write, out of their scanty earnings give with such generous devotion to the religion they believe in, that they become an inspiration to us all. Doubtless we have known true-hearted, consecrated priests, who stand for temperance, purity, charity, and all best things, devoting life in faithful endeavors to bring their people to God. And there is Rome's practical salvation.

In the Episcopal Church we recognize both elements.

Some years since, Dr. Randall of Boston, in the Pitts Street Chapel lectures, argued that John Wesley never having been ordained a bishop, and hence the preachers he sent forth not being in the line of true succession, were without apostolic authority, the whole Methodist Church was illegitimate and destitute of saving power. Did he mean to say that John Wesley and his followers had never rescued anybody from licentiousness and crime and the deviltries that destroy? Plainly, in sight of God and man, the Methodist Church has been a magnificent power of righteousness. He must have meant that they had not the right ticket to escape from his mythological hell.

At the funeral of a lovely girl of thirteen summers I once knew of an Episcopal minister saying that, as she had not been baptized into the church, he had no assurance of her salvation. The pure-hearted child had never fallen into evil ways. What did she need to be saved from? Old Socrates, taught only by birds and flowers, would surely have had some comforting word for the broken-hearted mother. But this modern minister, of less faith than a good pagan, forgets Jesus' word, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and dishonors death with his heathen mythology.

When Mr. MacQueary was tried for heresy, no charge was made against his character nor his fidelity or power in preaching righteousness. But he is condemned and excommunicated upon a speculative tenet on which good men differ, and whose only importance is as part of the scheme of mythological salvation.

An Episcopalian once asked me, What is Unitarianism? My reply was, It is practical Christianity. "Do we not all preach that?" said he. "Do we not preach it as well as you do?" Yes, but with a qualification. You say right character is important; but you are forever putting something else at the front of it as more essential. Edward Everett once said the difference between a German farmer and a Kansas farmer is that the German carries a soldier on his back, while the Western farmer has an open field and his

free manhood. You carry a heavy load of dogmas on your back. The liberal cares supremely and only for character, with an open field and free manhood.

Meanwhile, in the Episcopal Church of course we cannot fail to recognize a goodly list of noble and saintly men and women. Her latest bishop almost forgets or ignores the ecclesiastical fictions and mythology of the Prayer Book and the Thirty-nine Articles in his clear sight of spiritual realities and splendid leadership up the spiritual heights. At the front in charities and philanthropies of help and healing, the Episcopal Church, in spite of her lingering Middle Age mythology, is a mighty power of spiritual Christianity and practical salvation.

Our brotherly sympathies go forth to our Presbyterian friends, with their trials and troubles and spiritual wrestlings over missionaries to the heathen, about Dr. Briggs and his higher Bible criticism, and about the revision of the Westminster Confession. Their creed, which was to bind them in union of brotherly fellowship, has only become a topic of hot contention. A leading preacher of Washington sorrowfully announces that among them "are radical differences upon fundamental doctrines." So that the creed affords no advantage over the rich varieties of personal thought in which liberals rejoice. In a recent meeting in Washington, also, a leading preacher, desiring that in place of the word "some" saved should be substituted an "innumerable multitude," announced that, according to latest and most learned theologians, the number of the lost in proportion to the "saved" is only as those in penitentiary to those outside. We rejoice to learn that the old *hell* has grown exceedingly small. Yet we do not believe that in the universe is any prison-house of hopeless torture. The new theology changes the old penitentiary into a reform school, where penalty is reformative; and the success of the Almighty in the government of his universe, reverently be it said, is in graduating all the children, reformed and redeemed.

Do you not see how the whole Presbyterian debate is upon

old lines of mythological salvation? Listen to the Westminster Confession, Article 4, over which they are debating: "By the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men thus predestined and foreordained are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

One is moved to say, as did the old Scotch woman on hearing Chalmers, "How can one have the presumption to understand it?" Contrast with this the word of Jesus, "Ye are my friends if ye love one another." "Not every one that cries, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but they that do the will of my Father who is in heaven."

If only our friends could drop the metaphysical Calvin and come to the simplicity of Jesus Christ, they would find a very plain road to travel. If the time and energy spent upon dogma and heresy were devoted to fighting the saloon and the lottery, and all that degrades and damages society and the soul, they would fall into line with the advancing church, militant and triumphant. More and more the prayer of Jesus would be fulfilled, as the broken church would become one.

On these practical lines we recognize our Presbyterian brethren as in the front rank. Their theology baffles us. In trying to say that man is desperately wicked, they blunder in saying his nature is totally depraved, thus excusing the sinner from guilt that he could not avoid, laying all blame upon Adam, our ancestor, or upon God, our Creator. They say man is incapable of good; yet they toil terribly, they give generously, and they live grandly. Perhaps they can explain the inconsistency which we fail to understand. Nevertheless, we gladly see them in the front ranks of schools, colleges, and churches that bless the land; in the front rank of the late great war for freedom, nationality, and human brotherhood; in the front rank of the perpetual fight

against sin. If only they would allow Calvin to sleep in his grave of three hundred years ago, and follow the risen and living Christ, forget their mythological hell and redeem men from iniquity, more than ever they would prove mighty leaders in the new civilization.

Our contrast is illustrated in the preaching of Mr. Moody, the noted revivalist. To the masses of people Mr. Moody is a powerful practical preacher of righteousness. He was born of a good Unitarian mother, who started him on that line. When the father died, and poverty and struggle threatened to break up the family, encouraged and aided by her pastor, Rev. Oliver Everett, of the Unitarian church in Northfield, Mass., the mother held her little ones together; and around the family table, or in summer-time under the old oak-tree in the yard, she held her Bible class, taught them true religion, and gave them that devout start in life which Mr. Moody never has outgrown or forgotten. When to-day he says: "Sinners, turn ye, for why will ye die? If you are going the wrong road, turn round, and go the other way. If you are going down hill, turn around, and go up!" he is preaching his mother's religion; and we all second and applaud him in such practical salvation.

But, as Mr. Moody came to manhood, and went to Boston and Chicago, somehow he picked up something of the mythology of the creeds of the Middle Ages. He has what he calls his "blood sermons." He rakes up the superstitions of heathendom, with its bloody sacrifices, and makes the ghastly picture a basis for his appeal that on the cross Jesus poured out his blood to appease the wrath of an angry God, to pay the penalty of mankind's infinite debt, and purchase deliverance from the doom of an everlasting hell. That is Mr. Moody's mythology.

Our contrast emphatically comes to a focus in an incident told of Father Taylor, the famous sailor preacher of Boston. A loyal Methodist in professed creed, yet with a heart large as all the world, and a dear lover of his friend Ralph Waldo Emerson, he was once asked of Mr. Emerson's fate in the

next world. "Ah!" replied Father Taylor: "excellent man that he is, dear, blessed soul, I fear he has not a *saving faith*. Yet I cannot imagine what Satan can do with him."

The prayer of the old theology is, "Finally save us, O Lord!" Why thus imply that it is just as well for the Lord to wait a while? It is not the danger of sin to-day, but the doom beyond death that the old theology thinks of. The happenings of the present time count nothing compared with the eternal fate. In this belief, in other days the rite of baptism was sometimes postponed to the last hours of life, that a man might recklessly sin to the last, and then have all washed away. But the new theology cries: "Heaven save us from all damaging thoughts and deeds, from all perils that endanger purity and honor! No moment is to be lost! Gok save us this day!"

We must beware lest our thought of salvation becomes a merely selfish anxiety. Religious zeal is too often only an eager springing for the life-boat, deserting the sinking ship with a despairing cry, "Save himself who can!" What utter selfishness is the common idea of "getting into heaven"! If our chief concern is that our souls find no torment beyond the grave, if our religion is only a mean anxiety to secure a reserved seat in the never-ending concert of the upper mansions, if we are not moved by a larger love and loftier purpose, we are not saved! We certainly have not found the kingdom of God, which is not meat and drink, but is joy and peace in the Holy Spirit. Yea, the salvation which means spiritual culture and fidelity, devotion to the truth and the right, gratitude and obedience toward God, and self-sacrificing service of mankind, is the only salvation worthy of so much debate and concern, the only salvation God requires and Jesus Christ came to preach and to offer.

Our Calvinist brother sometimes coolly asks, "Can a Unitarian be saved?" If you mean saved from this world's deviltries, pollutions, and meanness, we think some Unitatarian people are so saved. In the Unitarian faith a great

company of such people as Channing, Longfellow, Peter Cooper, Dorothea Dix, and Florence Nightingale have found spiritual health and splendid manhood and womanhood. If you mean saved for the next world, we reply, God is good; and for true souls eternity has no terror. Character is the good gold that will pass current in all the divine dominions.

In response, may we not fairly turn and ask, "My brother Calvinist, *are* you saved?" Not yet, certainly, from superstitious fear of an angry God! Not yet from pagan traditions that fill the grave with haunting horrors! Not yet, in all cases, from a heresy-hunting bigotry that splits the church, and separates you with unbrotherly prejudice from many good men! In your dread of freedom in the fresh air and sunshine, we fear you are out of health. From timidity, distrust, and the traditions of darker days may the Lord save you! God is good, and the next world offers fresh chance to all. And, if you cannot escape your limitations in this world, we cherish hope that in the next world you will find the full and glorious salvation.

Mythologic salvation, anxiously concerned about rescue from a predestined doom, is fast vanishing before the light of advancing intelligence. With other dogmas of darker days, it belongs to the night, and with the owls and bats is retreating before the dawn. Fast coming to the front in all sects is the practical religion whose supreme aim is to help the brother and to do God's will. The old superstition, with its bribes to mental indolence and its death-bed menaces, may for a time hold captive weak men and women. But humanity is escaping the old dogmatic thraldom. The conscience of the race is rising to higher levels. The growth of brighter ideals and inspiration of nobler purpose are leaving further and further behind the childish terror and dream. "Paradise Lost and Regained" was Milton's epic of two centuries ago. Rescue from the old hell no longer inspires the Whittiers and Brownings of our day,—singers rather of the immortal hope. The old dogma has

become an empty shell, out of which all life has escaped. As the naturalist classifies old fossils, so history is shelving this dead relic. The new science dissects and analyzes it. From having been a living conviction it is now a curiosity. Like witchcraft and astrology, it has become a ghost of the past. If the Church stands for this, men will turn their backs, and prefer to stay outside in the fresh air and sunshine. It can be the Church of the Future only as it proclaims practical Christianity, levelling the hills, bridging the valleys, and turning the wilderness of human life into a garden of our God.

Friends, let us at once and forever cast away all superstitious dread of the future world. There is nothing in the universe to harm or terrify a good man. Let us try our churches and creeds by the searching test, What manhood and womanhood are you producing? Let us see that practical religion is the one thing needful to live by and to die by. Let us so live that with every rising and setting sun we shall hear the august judgment sounding from the heavens, "Well done, good and faithful: enter into the joy of thy Lord." Forever be assured, there is no place in the universe where a false soul is saved; and no place in all the divine dominions where a true soul is lost.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 DECEMBER 18, 1891 NO. 10

THE DAWN OF CHRISTMAS

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1891

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow.	
Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton.	
Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

THE DAWN OF CHRISTMAS.*

"Let love of the brethren continue."— HEB. xiii. 1.

ALREADY, though Christmas is still somewhat in the distance, there are in all the air the signs of its coming, just as in the morning, long before the sun is up, there are in the east tremblings of the daylight and indications of dawn. And not only are we approaching the dawn of this year's Christmas-tide, but the world, I trust, is approaching the dawn of a larger Christmas,— a Christmas of the spirit, of the soul, that shall enter into and take possession of human civilization, that shall work over and transform our human life, shaping it after the likeness of something diviner than we have yet attained.

While the human intellect was controlled by the old conception of the origin and history of the world, it was natural that we should get it into our minds that the earth was growing old, that human civilization had perhaps reached its culmination or even was on the downhill slope towards disintegration and decay. Songs have been sung by the poets full of the old-age weariness of human life, indicating that the world was getting old, getting worn, getting weary. But with our new conception of the origin of things, of the world, of man, and the course of human destiny, all this passes away. The world is not old. We are not sinking down towards the sunset of human civilization. We are not yet even in sight of noon. It is almost true to say that the sun is scarcely up: it is only dawn as yet. No matter how many thousands of years the human race may have been on earth, we are only beginning here and there, in spots and on the

* Phonographically reported.

surface, to be even partially civilized. The human has hardly dawned as yet above the horizon of the animal. We are only beginning to learn what is the meaning of human life, what is the secret of human happiness. So, as I name my theme this morning "The Dawn of Christmas," I have this twofold idea in mind,— the dawn of that Christmas week which is so near to us and the dawn of that period and condition of human civilization that shall illustrate the Christmas spirit and attain, in some measure at least, the Christmas ideal.

Note, then, at the outset that the dominant note of Christmas is joy. The one thing we look forward to during the Christmas week, on Christmas eve and Christmas morning, is happiness, happiness unalloyed so far as may be. Human life, so to speak, pauses; activities are in abeyance. The crowding and worrying of our business are forgotten for a little while. Our self-seeking and occupations are put one side; and we stop for a little to be simply happy, and to be happy in the happiness of those who are round us. This, then, is the dominant note of Christmas,— joy, happiness.

This brings us face to face with a curious contradiction in our human life. We forget for a little and find ourselves simply glad; and being glad does not trouble our conscience. We look forward to it with anticipation. And yet the ethics, the religion, and nearly all the great systems of human thought that have ruled the past have ruled out happiness as being a right and legitimate object of human search. We are told that we must not seek to be happy; that we must seek something else, which is supposed to be higher and better than happiness.

To illustrate what I mean, take the system and the teachings of Epicurus. He was one of the first philosophers of the world who frankly taught that the one great object and end of human life was happiness, and in consequence he has borne a stigma almost from that day to this. For to call a man an epicure stigmatizes him as something else than human,— something selfish, something sensual, something

evil. Epicurianism has come to stand in popular thought for a scheme of life which snatches at the first pleasure which comes to hand, the first sensual indulgence. And yet never was a finer, higher, cleaner system of ethics taught since the foundation of the world than Epicurus taught. He did not teach anything of the sort that is popularly attributed to him. What does this mean? It means a contradiction of the old idea as to the object of human search, as to whether it is legitimate to seek happiness, and, if it be, as to what is the true way to seek it and wherein it lies. If we tell an ordinary man that it is legitimate for him to seek happiness, he is apt to suppose that what we are teaching is that he may indulge himself in sensual gratification. And yet you may mean and may know that this is not the way to seek happiness at all. Take our New England religion, in the experience of our forefathers, since the coming to this country of the Pilgrim and the Puritan: the teaching, as they believed it, left almost everything sunny and sweet and happy out of their lives. Amusement of every kind was frowned upon. It is within the memory of people here who are younger than I that the admission to our colleges or theological seminaries or institutions of learning of any kind of anything that savored of amusement or entertainment was not allowed. In my own boyhood the atmosphere of the life around me was such that I was accustomed to think there was a taint of wickedness in simply being happy, in being amused, in being entertained. There was an element of frivolity in it, something not worthy of a child of God. And, as you go back from our own day to a hundred years ago, it is almost true to say that, if you wished to do anything, that was sufficient reason for not doing it. The ideal of life was that you must repress and trample down every natural impulse and desire; that you must postpone from this world to some other all thought of ease, all thought of joy. This was legitimate in the light of the theory of the universe and the condition of men that was then held. However amusing a game of checkers or of cards might be,

however innocent, you would hardly call it innocent for a man to sit and play cards on a ship that was leaking and was nearly sinking, when the strength of every man was needed at the pumps to keep it afloat or to prepare the boats for an escape to some place of safety. So it was natural and legitimate enough.

If you study nearly all the old religions of the past, you will find substantially the same thing true. It was taught that the great thing in human life was to repress the desire, to trample down the lower nature, to put it under foot. That has been taught in other religions. If you go to the Hindu and ask his ideal of religion, you will find it is self-repression: it is starving every natural faculty, the suppression of every natural desire. He wishes to escape from life in order that he may attain the perfection of that pleasant calm which awaits those who have overcome the impulses and desires of life here below. This is his ideal of life. Ask the Mohammedan what is his ideal of life. His saint is one who, without thinking of self, rushes on his enemies' spear or sword or gun in utter sacrifice of himself. Under Christianity, in the old days, the ideal saint was the monk, the nun, denying every natural impulse, every upspringing of the heart, every human desire, living a life of self-sacrifice and self-repression. And yet, curiously enough, in every one of these cases they do not escape the fact that man desires to be happy, and cannot help desiring to be happy. They do not escape the fact that the one eternal, necessary, unescapable goal of human ambition and endeavor is happiness, is joy. For the Mohammedan expects, as the price of this present self-sacrifice, to find himself in eternal and inexpressible felicity all the sooner. He is ready to make sacrifices in the present time to be sure of a lasting joy.

And the Hindu, when he is carrying a burden that is hard for him to bear, is only paying the price of entering into a felicity that is unexpressible in words. So the monk and the nun, so our Puritan forefathers, so Christendom, from first to last, has thought that we must sacrifice our-

selves in this world, we must not do anything that we wish to do; for in this way we shall attain to unexpressible joy in some other world. If you study the various schemes of philosophy and ethics, you find substantially the same fact. The Stoics believed that the limitation of human life that was imposed on men in this world was such that it was impossible for men to attain the object of their desire. They taught that the way to be happy, the way to contentment, was to lop off one after the other of these troublesome desires. You cannot have this thing that you desire: cease, then, to wish for it, and so earn content. Your life will be dwarfed, thwarted in every direction: train yourself, then, so that, when disappointment comes, you will not care. Arm yourself in this way against the assaults of adversity. And yet the Stoics taught a continued existence that accorded with the Christian idea; and their doctrine was that, although happiness was not to be attained in this world, it was in the next, and so the object was happiness just the same.

It seems to me, then, that we are face to face with the deepest truth of human nature and human life. There never was a man on the face of the earth who did not seek, as the one end and aim of his existence, happiness. This is true for the simple reason that human nature is so constituted that anything else is impossible. We have no choice in the matter. We must make happiness the end and object of human life.

Let us see. If we go down to the beginning of life on this planet to find out what was the first thing that manifested itself, we shall not find any moral idea, we shall not find any intellectual development, any thought. We shall find as the first manifestation of life on this planet sentiency, feeling, the capacity for sensation. That is the first and most distinguishing feature of life. Life, then, is that which feels; and this is the deepest thing in life. This is the heart, the soul, of life. Brain is of much later development, and is comparatively of much less importance. Brain is of use only as a guide, only as a help, only as a compass or a chart

on shipboard. It is, and it ought to be forever, only the servant of feeling; for feeling is life.

Now, then, the next step. Since the deepest thing in life is feeling, since feeling is the motive force, the impulse of activity, note the next thing.

We can divide feeling into only two classes, those which are agreeable and those which are disagreeable: the former we desire, the latter we seek to avoid. There are, then, only two classes of feeling; and to say that a man ever did or ever can voluntarily choose that which is disagreeable is a contradiction in terms, and an absurdity in its very nature. A man, if free, is under an absolute necessity of choosing that which he wants, that which he prefers; that is, that which, on the whole and in the long run, will be agreeable, that which for him, in the circumstances, will constitute the highest source and the largest source of happiness. You may, if you choose, suppose that there are a thousand exceptions to this rule; but you will not find one. They are *apparent* exceptions. Take one as an illustration. I have referred to him a great many times, and I fear I shall a great many times again, because there is hardly any figure in English history that attracts me as he does. I speak of Sir Thomas More, the old Catholic hero and noble, who, under the reign of Henry VIII., chose the lip of the axe, chose the scaffold, rather than be false to his ideal. Is he an exception to the rule that man always chooses the larger happiness? Suppose Sir Thomas More, when his wife and children came to him in the Tower and labored with him, and begged him to recant his opinions, to say only a word and save his life,— suppose he had done it? He would have gone out carrying with him a crushing, insupportable life of self-contempt, which would have been to him a lifelong misery. Situated, then, as he was, in his circumstances, with only those two choices open to him, he chose to enter that which to him was felicity, happiness, self-respect, the triumph of his soul,— to enter with these through the gateway of death rather than live to hate and despise himself for being less than Sir Thomas More.

So you can take any case you choose. The man who chooses to give up his life, to sacrifice himself utterly for a principle or for some object of love, really chooses that which, in the circumstances, he *prefers*, as does the man who chooses dissipation and the gutter. He chooses that which to him is preferable at the time. He chooses, in other words, happiness; and he cannot help choosing happiness.

Happiness, then, as I have said, is the one age-long object of human search; and there is not a system of ethics nor a religion that does not point to ultimate felicity as the end of human life.

There is a distinction that is sometimes drawn which seems to me a purely verbal quibble, one advocated by one of our leading Unitarian thinkers. He said it was impossible for man to attain happiness; but he might attain something better, and that is blessedness. But, if blessedness is something higher than happiness, that only means that it is a stronger object of human desire, a higher kind of happiness, and not the negation of happiness at all. I dwell on this because so many people are afraid frankly to say that the object of life is happiness, so many people are fearful of being misunderstood, so many people suppose it is a derogation of human dignity to confess it. And yet it is the one age-long object of all free human search.

But note one or two things, lest I be misunderstood. The acceptance of this principle does not mean that any man is at liberty to do whatever he pleases, whatever he finds agreeable at the time. For he is not at liberty to satisfy the first impulse that rises in his nature: that may be the negation of happiness. He may be grasping at something at the sacrifice of something unspeakably larger and finer that might be found farther on. And, then, I have no right to seek my own happiness at the expense of my neighbor or my friend. And this is no contradiction of the principle because, in the long run and on the whole, the attempts that men have made to be happy at the expense of others have always resulted in wrecking their own; for God has so

bound us together in families, in neighborhoods, in communities, in societies, in nations, that it is simply impossible for man to be selfishly happy alone.

I must pass now to the next step, and point out some discords in this dominant note of the Christmas joy. I said that, the one thing we are looking forward to at Christmas is happiness. But there are certain things that take away from that, which we must eliminate if we would make the happiness more complete and general. To put it all in one word, — for everything I wish to say is only a variation of that one theme,— the one thing we need to eliminate from the Christmas spirit, as we face the day, is the commercial way of looking at it. Do you know there is danger in our American life that Christmas, instead of being a joy, shall come to be a burden; and, if it does, it will mean the dominance of this commercial spirit. I know of those who are already looking forward to Christmas as anything but a joy. They will be glad to have it over, provided they can get through it satisfactorily. In the first place, there are those who are not willing to be under an obligation to anybody, who are positively afraid that some friend will give them something that they will feel to be a burden, something a little more valuable than the one they have provided in exchange. That is the commercial way of measuring it. Do you know, if you analyze it, that this dread of being under an obligation to a friend is only the result of pride and selfishness? If you are not willing to receive anything from a friend, how do you expect that friend is going to be willing to receive anything from you? Are you to assume that that friend's sensibilities are less sensitive than your own,—that you can put your friend under an obligation that he will like, but that you cannot take the obligation yourself? That is only pride and selfishness. Turn it round. There are certain other people who are so constituted that they are not going to be happy unless they get as many things as they want and all that they want. I saw in a newspaper the other day something that had a humorous touch to it which was based on reality.

Some one said that the one thing he looked forward to with dread at Christmas was that he had got to pretend to be satisfied with what he got, whether it suited him or not.

The thing that we need to do to make the Christmas spirit what it ought to be is to dismiss completely this whole idea of measuring the value of gifts. The Christmas dream is of the soul, the heart. It ought to be above the spirit of calculation. If it is anything, it is simply the natural, sympathetic, loving expression of friendship, of care, the mutual relation of people who love each other and wish each other's good. I should be, burdened, indeed, if I received a gift from anybody in the world, if it cost no more than five cents, if I supposed that the estimate of its cost had entered into the calculation of my friend. It is the expression of friendship. If we can only eliminate all this,— this worry and burden, this thinking I must give a present worth so much to this friend and worth so much to that friend,— we might enter into the soul of this Christmas joy.

I wish to note what it is that constitutes the essence of Christmas. Then you will see what I had in mind in announcing my subject, and the outcome that I am looking forward to as the end. What is it which makes the Christmas joy?

It is, in the first place, the calling into activity of those faculties which relate us to our fellow-men above the range of the commercial spirit, relating us to them as brothers and friends.

The next thing I will note, though these three things are really only one different aspect of the same thing, is that it is learning to take comfort in the reflected joy of other people. It is to enter into the Christmas spirit in an earnest and sincere way by delighting to see other people happy. It is catching the reflected joy of other faces and other eyes.

And now the heart of this, that which lies at the basis of the whole, is the principle of giving,— not the principle of self-sacrifice,— that is something else,— not the principle of self-surrender, of self-forgetfulness even, but the spirit of

giving. That is the divinest thing there is on earth. For the one secret of joy will be found, when you analyze it, right here, in the act of giving,— the act of using those functions in us that are the divinest, things that constitute us what we are. How fundamental this principle is! There is nothing in this universe that exists except in the act of giving. Leave the element of giving out, that which brings it into relation of helpfulness towards others, and, if it did not cease to be, it would pass beyond the limits of your consciousness; and you would not know that it existed. The Bible teaches the deepest thought of human life when it says that God is love. What does that mean? God is the eternal, beneficent giver. All the phenomenal manifestations of the visible and invisible universe are the outflowing of this eternal source and fount. God *is*, because forever he overflows and gives himself to everything that lives. A sun is a sun because it shines. If it should withdraw its beams, it would cease to be a sun. A perfume is a perfume because it gives. If it ceased to give, you would cease to know it. It would lose its name and nature. A flower is fragrant as it gives to our senses. It is beautiful because it gives to us of its beauty. If it ceases to give, it ceases to be.

And so, as you run over the list of all the great and noble men of the world, you note that that which makes them great and noble and true is the simple fact that they have given something to the world. It is true in art, literature, science, everywhere. A man writes a book; but nobody knows he has written it, if he keeps it to himself. He becomes recognized only as he gives truth, stimulus, delight, to other people. A man makes a beautiful statue or paints a fine picture. If he hides them away and never lets any one see them, no one ever thinks of him as an artist. You become an artist when you bestow beauty on the world. A student may sit quietly for years, and discover some new great natural law, as Darwin or Newton did; but they are not recognized as scientists until they become benefactors to the world by giving to the world. Then they become great,—

great not only, but the joy to them is in this act of giving, relating themselves as benefactors and helpers to their fellow-men.

This, then, is the heart of the Christmas time. You will find that the Christmas joy is the joy of giving, relating yourselves in this way to those that are about you.

This is the dawn of the Christmas time. I wish to close by a practical suggestion. Christmas week is a happy week to most of us; it ought to be to all. Why do men choose when they know that the one thing they desire most on earth is to be happy and to have their friends happy, why do they choose to postpone the exercise of the Christmas spirit and the blossoming out of the Christmas joy until Christmas week comes? And why, the minute that the holidays are over, do they postpone the Christmas joy and gladness until another year? Why not, in the spirit of the text with which I began, let the love of the brethren continue? Why not have Christmas all the year? Why not frankly recognize this great end and aim of human life, and work for it every month, and not merely in the month of December, and every day, not merely on the 25th of December? This is not contradictory to that principle that I have been speaking of, that it is perfectly right as individuals to seek happiness: it is a confirmation of it. As a matter of fact, is it not true,— I bring no charge, I only ask a question,— is it not true that most people postpone the happiness that might be enjoyed because they are misled by their aims, their choice in life, because they allow themselves to be shaped by the thought that they may not be happy in other ways? Suppose a man starts out with the ambition of being the greatest man of his time: he will not be happy unless he can rule and dominate his age. With the most of us that would be a thoroughly impracticable, unattainable ambition. And, if he could, it would be only to look back to some past age and see others greater than he; and that would be a root of envy, and the discontent would still remain. Or suppose a man could be the greatest man of the world: it would be very lonely up

there. Rather than stand as a cold, far-off mountain peak, separated from my fellows, I would nestle in the little group of loved ones among the foot-hills, and in the sunshiny valleys of human fellowship and of peace. Happiness does not lie that way.

And the world should have learned by this time — it does not seem to — that happiness does not lie in the search for money as an end and object. Yet in every direction you will find men denying themselves the luxury of happiness, that which they really thirst for, in the foolish and always disastrous chase for happiness along this road. No man ever attained it since the world began: it does not lie that way.

So take almost all the selfish objects of human search, and human happiness is not there. Seek money, seek place, seek power, become an artist if you can, write a book if you can, but let all these things become of service and help, bestowing light and joy upon your fellow-men. When the world learns enough to know that this way lies the attainment of every desire, then we may have Christmas all the year, and brotherly love will not manifest itself now and again, and then cease, but will continue.

Father, we consecrate ourselves to Thee, and ask that we may understand that in which lies likeness to God, and that in which lies, therefore, the joy and blessedness of God, that we may give ourselves to these things day by day and week by week, and so make sunshine and peace along our way. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy,	. . . .	*20 cents.*
" " " *Doz.*	. . . .	*$1.50*
" *Cloth,* " *Copy,*	. . . .	*30 cents.*
" " " *Doz.*	. . . .	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 DECEMBER 25, 1891 NO. 11

THE NATURALNESS OF THE SUPERNATURAL

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1891

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

The Naturalness of the Supernatural.*

If there is any person in my congregation who thinks that I have sufficiently explained any of these perplexities already, such a one ought to see my correspondence or listen to the conversation of those who call on me. Only yesterday one came in deep trouble of thought and heart and soul, seeking the way and yet hindered by just such obstructions as I propose to try to remove this morning.

A question comes up like this: Here is this whole cycle of wonder-stories connected with the birth, the life, and the death of the Nazarene; the appearance of angels, the annunciation before his birth, the appearance of the star in the heavens to the shepherds and the wise men; the supernatural knowledge on the part of the wise men that this child was to be born, the virgin birth, the miraculous revelation of the intention of Herod, the flight into Egypt, the massacre of the innocents; then the miracles attending his life and his death, the bursting open of the tombs and the appearance of the dead in the streets of Jerusalem at the time of his resurrection, his descent into the underworld, the resurrection of his body after it had been dead three days, the ascent of his physical body through the air into heaven — here is this whole cycle of stories of marvel, of wonder, that cuts across what we have come to think of as the laws of nature, the laws of the possible at every turn.

If we look over the ancient world, we find that these wonder-stories are only like dozens and scores and hundreds of others that were commonly believed in that far-off time.

Now, as the question was put to me yesterday in this con-

* Phonographically reported.

versation: "If these stories are not true, how does it happen that thousands and thousands of intelligent, educated people still believe them? If they are not true, why does not everybody feel and think about them as you do?" A perfectly natural and perfectly fair question.

Or put it another way. If they are not true, were the writers unusually ignorant? Were they not as intelligent as the ordinary people of that time? If they are not true, must we hold that the writers were untruthful?

I wish, therefore, in order to assist those minds in which these are still difficulties, to remove the misconceptions connected with questions like these. I wish to show this morning the naturalness of the supernatural. Paradoxical as that statement may seem, I think it will convey to you my meaning. I wish, in other words, to show that stories like these grew in the ancient world as a pine to-day grows in Maine or a palm in Florida. They grew out of the mental conditions, out of the conception of the universe, out of such knowledge as they had of natural forces, such ideas as they had concerning the government of the world.

Right here we are face to face with our prime difficulty. It is immensely difficult for a man to get out of his peculiar habits of thought, to get into the brain and behind the eyes of another man and look at the world as he looks at it. Take it in so simple and commonplace a matter as this. An American goes abroad. He visits France or Germany or Italy; and he finds himself in a state of wonder all the time at the customs, habits, manners, of the people round him. He wonders how people can live as they do,— how they can eat and drink, and rise and sleep, and go to their customary affairs in such a strange fashion, forgetting completely that he is just as much a wonder to them. Even in regard to this commonplace matter, you see how difficult it is to put ourselves in the place of another, and to look at the world from his point of view. How much more difficult for us to leave behind us the present century and live for a while in the world of two or three thousand years ago! And yet we need

to try to do this, in order that we may comprehend the answer to the question I have raised.

One other point. The majority of the ages during which the world has existed is entirely against our way of looking at things. Our conception of the universe, of natural law, natural forces, natural order, the Copernican theory of sun, moon, earth, stars,—all these are very modern; while all through the ancient world, for one or two hundred thousand years, there has existed a state of mind out of which these beliefs grew as naturally as the grass grows in spring.

Come with me while I suggest to you two or three ideas that were held in different parts of the earth at different times. Then I will try to show to you where the change comes in and how.

One of the ancient peoples believed that, in some mysterious fashion, a miraculous divine egg came into existence. I need not stop to trace its genesis. This egg one of the gods cuts in two. The upper half becomes the sky, the yolk of the egg becomes the earth, and the all-surrounding ocean is created out of the clear part,—the white of the egg, as we call it. This is one of the creation stories that lies at the basis of one of the great world religions.

There are others still more grotesque. The old Babylonians spoke of there having come into existence a goddess who was the mother of all created things up to that time. The god Belus cuts her in two, and of half of her creates the heaven, and of the other half the earth. Then he cuts off his own head, which is a simple thing, of course, for a god to do; and out of the blood which mingles with the sand on the earth he creates men, and this is the explanation of the fact that they are part human, part divine.

Even during the Middle Ages what kind of a universe did people live in? You will find a picture of the universe, as it was believed to exist by one philosopher, with the earth in the centre. The earth was in the centre, anchored, fastened in the water, the ocean flowing around it on all sides. It has roots running clear down, no one knows how far, but to

the bottom of everything supposable. Plato supposed that the earth must be a cube. Why? Not because he had investigated it, but because the cube was a perfect figure; and, according to his philosophy, the earth ought to be perfect, and therefore was a cube. During the Middle Ages you find an attempt to explain the sunrise and the sunset. The earth was perfectly flat. They could not think of the sun moving around the earth, or of the earth turning itself over and so presenting one side to the sun after the other. They had nothing to suggest this to them. It was therefore perfectly natural that the childhood thought of the world led people to believe that the earth was a flat plane. How could they have thought otherwise? They invented the story that towards the north was a mountain, and that at night the sun disappeared behind that mountain and it became dark; and when he came again, and it was light, then it was morning. Conceptions of the earth like this or similar to this were generally held until — how long ago do you suppose? — only two or three hundred years ago.

Kepler was a contemporary of Shakspere. Kepler knew nothing of any force of gravity. He knew nothing of any power by which the star, the sun, the moon, could be kept in their orbits. So, even so late as his death in 1630, he believed that an angel resided in each one of the planets and stars, guiding it, controlling its movements, a sort of sub-deity. You see that is hardly a step away from the old notions of the Greeks of the sun being a golden chariot that the god drives across the sky; and this as late as the time of Shakspere. It was not until the time of Newton that the human mind discovered any adequate natural explanation of the movements of the heavenly bodies. So you can see how very modern our modern age is. You can see how natural it was for people in those old times to hold their crude and childish thoughts concerning all sorts of natural happenings and events. They had no other way of explaining them. They were not ignorant in the ordinary sense of the word. They were not possessors of infantile

brains. Only they had not made the discoveries that have come to us in the modern world, revealing all this marvellous scene of law and order.

For, note, the whole thing turned on the word I have just used. We have come at last to discover that the universe is a scene of order, of law. The ancient world had no thought of anything of the kind. Whatever happened was supposed to be the direct and wilful work of some being, some god, some angel, some devil, some invisible spirit. They had no conceptions of any natural order. Do you not, then, see they had no standard of probability? There was nothing improbable to a man in that state of mind in any thing's happening. If a man should come to us to-day, and say that he had seen a stream flowing down from a mountain, and that at its mouth the water rose higher than the source, we should know it was not true. Such a statement never troubled a man who knew nothing about the pressure of the atmosphere or that natural law which makes us perfectly certain that water cannot rise higher than its source.

So the people of the antique world dwelt in the midst of conditions where there was no order, no law, therefore no standard of probability; and under those conditions, of course, it would be impossible that there should have arisen any critical condition of mind. For, if a person who is accustomed to tell the truth should go to another person in that sort of a world and say that such and such a thing had happened in such a place, he would have in his mind no standards of probability, no idea of natural law, that would make him pause before accepting the statement. But we are living in a universe pervaded by this conception of law and order. When any one tells us of something that has happened that counteracts, that cuts across, this ideal of law and order, we must tell him to his face that it is utterly impossible; and, if we are wise, we certainly do not believe him. We demand at any rate an amount of proof such as it would have never occurred to a man in the ancient world to ask for.

Now, I want to talk with you about the supernatural, mythical stories of the ancient world in general before I come to touch upon that cycle of stories that we find connected with the birth, life, and death of Jesus. I want you to see how these misunderstandings spring up. How did people come to believe in Hercules? How did they come to believe in the myths of sun and moon and stream and cloud and lightning? Were the people unreasonable? Were they not fairly intelligent? How, then, did they come to believe such stories? I want you to see how perfectly natural it was for these stories to spring up concerning other things in other parts of the world. Then you can more easily see how they could spring up concerning so new and wonderful a thing as a new religion.

Take some specimens of myths, and see where they come from. At the outset, note that an abstract statement, an abstract idea, is a very modern thing. Language, in the beginning, is always figurative. Everything is personified. Everything is either "he" or "she": there is no "it." Every word that is now embalmed, cold enough and dead enough, in the dictionary, was once alive. The policeman still "apprehends" the prisoner, reaches out his hand and grasps him. We still "apprehend" an idea. We talk about our mind as though it had arms and hands and fingers, as though it could grasp things. It was a figure of speech in the beginning. All such words were alive in this way, and everything was personified. Then, as the people told themselves stories of the sunrise and the sunset, of the dawn, the evening, the moon, the stars, you see how soon the universe was all alive with these personifications of the activities of nature.

Let me give you one example. Among the people away at the north, where the winters were long and cold, the moon was spoken of as a man and the sun as a woman. That is true in some languages still. The moon had fallen in love with the sun without knowing that the sun was his sister. When he declared his love, the sun made an attempt to find out who he was. So she took a brand from the fire

and blackened her hand, and in the dark rubbed it on the face of the moon; and then, when they got out into the light, she discovered that it was her own brother, and she fled from him in horror and dismay. And the moon pursued her until they came to the edge of the earth, when they both leaped off and were turned into the sun and moon; and ever since the sun and moon have been pursuing each other in the heavens. And that is the reason the moon has the dark spot on her face that we call "the man in the moon." You see how out of these personifications a story could spring up naturally in the childlike state of mind that we find in the ancient world.

You are familiar with that beautiful fairy story that describes the prince who is in love with a princess,— how he visits her at night, and how the princess begs the prince to let her see his face, and he warns her that she must not, because the moment he is seen he must disappear. But at last, when he is asleep, she lights a candle and looks upon him; and he flees at once, and she never discovers him again. Here is only the ancient world's personified, poetic way of telling the story of the dawn and the sun. The moment the sun looks upon the dawn the dawn flees away, to be discovered again only in the evening twilight. For in the beautiful old story they find each other at the time of death, and are reconciled once more.

There is an old story that says originally there were twice as many stars as now. The stars were spoken of as the children of the moon; but the sun, it was said, had an equal number of children. By and by they agreed to destroy all their children. The sun kept his compact; but the moon hid hers away in the dark, and only brings them out when the sun is out of sight. The moment he appears she hides them again. So you will find a thousand of these beautiful stories that have sprung up from the fact that people in this personified, poetical way tell themselves over and over the stories of natural happenings.

You are familiar with the fact that the story of William

Tell is only one of those nature stories. It is the sun, it is Apollo, who never misses his mark, whose arrows always go straight at that at which they are aimed. William Tell is only a sun myth, thoroughly unhistoric. There is not a trace of him in the history of Switzerland for one or two hundred years after the time he was supposed to have lived there. Here is one way in which these mythical stories grow,—out of the tendencies of language to personify the forces and activities of nature.

Then there is another way that myths grow,—as the attempted rational explanation of observed facts. When an earthquake occurred in the ancient world, how was it explained? The wisest of them had not the slightest inkling of the real cause. They explained it then by saying that the elephants which stood under the earth and held it up were shifting their position, or that one of the pillars under the earth was giving way, or that something of the sort was occurring, just as the ancient Greeks explained the volcanic eruption of mountains by saying that a giant was chained in torment underneath the mountain, and, when he got tired, he shifted his position or turned over, and so produced these disastrous results. You will find, then, in every direction, that these myths sprang up as attempted rational explanations of natural facts.

And you need not go far away to get into the world of myth. One of the old Puritan divines carried the matter so far as to explain the revolution of the earth on its axis by supposing that hell was in the middle of the earth, and that the souls of the damned in their struggles and frantic desire to escape attempted to climb up out of hell, and so produced the revolution of the earth, precisely as a squirrel turns the wheel in its cage. And this was said not as a jest, but in actual earnest. Such was the state of opinion within two or three hundred years. Shall we wonder, then, at the stories of the old world?

Again, people observe some natural fact, and a story springs up to account for it. How could the ancient world

explain an eclipse? The moon was supposed to be very small and only a little way off. I asked a friend the other day how large the moon seemed to him. He said about as large as a plate. The apparent size depends entirely upon the eye of the observer: it seems much larger to me. When one of the wise men of old ventured to say that it might be as large as one of the Grecian promontories, he was laughed at for his folly. It could not seem strange, then, to any one in the ancient world to suppose that some immense creature might be swallowing the moon at the time of the eclipse. They had no possible way of explaining it as we know about it to-day. And our knowledge is very modern; and we cannot pride ourselves on it, as you and I had nothing to do with the discovery. It has been given to us by somebody else.

So take the story of Lot's wife. How naturally it might grow up! Here is this solid pillar discovered in a place where tradition said a town once stood that a lake had overflowed. How natural a thing at a time when people believed in the transformation of animals and birds into persons, or persons into animal forms, to trace a resemblance to a person in this pillar! The whole story of Lot's wife could very easily have sprung up as an attempt to explain the discovery of this pillar.

So, when they discovered the tower of Belus in the plain of Shinar, what more natural than that the story should spring up that the people who built it thought they were going to climb up to heaven, and that God came down and put their plan to confusion by making it impossible for them to understand each other!

Some years ago, when I was in the north of Ireland, I visited the Giants' Causeway. A whole cycle of stories has grown up about that. What is it? Here is a wonderful formation of rock starting from the cliff and running out into the water. It looks like a man-constructed pavement of six-sided blocks, as smooth as a paved street. It looks as though this highway was a road running down into the depths

below. It is easy to see how the story might have sprung up of a giant who had tried to build a pathway across the channel.

Then one more point. There has been a tendency in all ages for all sorts of wonderful stories to spring up. There are plenty of cases in the modern world. Had I time, I could refer to all sorts of things that have been attributed to some one popular favorite that people might spread abroad his power. When a person is lifted up in the reverence and admiration of his fellows, any wonderful thing concerning him is easily believed, and exaltation naturally follows. I have known very respectable myths to grow up in Boston even since I have been here. We are not far enough away to be safe from these things.

Let us now turn and glance at two or three stories concerning Jesus, and see what may probably have been their origin. Take the appearance of the star. In the ancient world there was hardly a man of any eminence whose birth was not supposed to be supernaturally foretold. He was quite a small man, indeed, who was not honored by a distinction like that. The appearance of a meteor, a comet, any wandering body in the heavens, was explained, naturally and necessarily, as having some definite and distinct purpose. It always foretold the birth or death of some noble personage or the happening of some great event. There was a tendency in the gospel writers to show that the prophecies have been fulfilled. They find a prophecy that a star shall rise, and of course it would appear to the shepherds. Shepherds were the first astronomers. They were the only ones likely to pass their time watching the heavens at night.

Then take the three wise men. The moment it came to be believed that Jesus was the Messiah, the king of all the earth, it was the most natural thing that the three divisions of the ancient world, Europe, Asia, and Africa, should have representative men coming to do honor at his cradle. If they had known anything about America, there would have been four wise men instead of three. This sort of story grows up in the most natural way.

Take the virgin birth. There is not the slightest rational ground in the modern world for supposing any such thing ever to have occurred; but in the ancient world there were no physiological difficulties in the minds of the people, and it was the most natural way to honor these great men. There were sixteen, perhaps twenty, great characters of the old world concerning whom it was said that they were born of virgins. It was supposed to be a way of exalting them, making the father a god, and so elevating them above the range of common humanity.

Then there was another reason. There was supposed to be something evil, something wicked, in the flesh, in all natural passions and desires; and so it was supposed to be a way of exalting a person as to his personal purity to say that he came into the world in this exceptional manner. The Old Testament is misconstrued and misunderstood in this matter. The words which are supposed to mean a virgin are only a "young woman"; and she may have been married any number of times, as far as the text is concerned.

Take the descent into Hades. Where should Jesus have been during the three days that he was dead? He had naturally gone down into the underworld, they would argue. And, as his salvation was to extend to all on earth and in all the ages, it was natural that he should preach and proclaim his gospel to those spirits in prison who had died before he came. Dante even said that he discovered the place in the Inferno where the stones in the wall are still dislocated and broken where he burst through and escaped from this underworld, carrying with him a great crowd of captives that he delivered and took with him to Paradise, into which he then entered.

As to the resurrection, there was no physiological difficulty about a divine being raising a dead body and making it live again. None of our modern difficulties existed at that time.

And as to the vision, the apparition that was seen. If Jesus had been seen by some one of his disciples, it would have been quite enough to account for the story starting and running like wildfire over all the ancient world. They believed

that he was not dead, that he was alive and had been seen: This was enough; and their faith sprang up, and made them mighty to look death in the face without a fear.

I refer to these things, that you may see how naturally these things would grow up. There is no difficulty about believing them. It does not mean that the writers told stories which they did not believe or that they were intellectually inferior to their fellows. It means only that in the antique world there were no difficulties concerning an acceptance of stories like these.

One other point, perhaps hardly less important than either of the others. Why do these old beliefs continue so long in this modern world? The scientific spirit is abroad: the conception of law and order in the universe is generally held by everybody who thinks. Why, then, do not these stories die out and disappear more rapidly? I believe that it will not be a great many generations before all this cycle of myth and wonder will be turned into beautiful poetry, and be the shining garment that shall clothe and cover and yet reveal the beautiful spiritual and divine truths; that it will not be long before no intelligent person will think of treating these things as historic verities. Why do they continue so long, then? The reason is perfectly adequate.

In the first place, it takes a very long time for a new idea to sink down from the lofty height of the brain of the discoverer of it, and filter down to the thoughts and minds and habits of thinking of the common people, to become a common possession. Take a scientific truth. It was two hundred years after the discovery of the Copernican theory, perhaps more, before people became quite at home in the new constitution of the universe; and we are all the time now using words that imply the old theory. We have not cut entirely clear from the old conception yet. There is one thing that we are apt to forget: habits of thought, traditions, tendencies, types of feeling, become incorporated in the very fibre and substance of the brain. Why do you remember things that happened when you were a child better than

things that happen now? I will tell you. The older, lower parts of the brain — the first acquisitions of the brain — remain longest. The higher, those that you may have built up by your experience,— the last, newest acquisitions,— are the least stable. They are worn away and disappear first. You remember, when Falstaff was dying, he "babbled of green fields." He had not probably thought of green fields for forty years; but, when he dies, he is a child again, he has gone back to his childhood. So you will find people who have been born in some one of the old strait, hard, cruel religious faiths are not troubled by them in their manhood; but, when they get old and weak, these last and highest acquisitions of the brain have been worn away, and they find that the brain chambers are haunted by the spectres of these old ideas of their childhood.

I had a pitiable, pathetic instance of this not a great while ago. An old man of seventy came to see me. He was born in the strictest doctrines of Calvinism, but through his middle life he had not believed in them. "I thought I was emancipated and free," he said; "but, now that I am old and weak, I find myself haunted with these old fears until it seems to me that they will drive me insane." And he came clear from the Western part of the State on purpose to see me, and find out if I could help him to escape from these fears.

Do you not see, then, in the light of this, how it is that old traditions, old ways of doing, old types of feeling, keep their grip on us? The world is almost ruled by the dead,— dead ideas, dead traditions, dead beliefs and ways of thinking. Only gradually and slowly does it emancipate itself and get free from these inherited ideas of the past.

Then another reason. These beliefs, these ideas, are bound up from childhood with the most sacred religious hopes and trusts. People are made to believe, they are taught necessarily, that, if they lose their hold on any of these external things, that the essence, the soul, of religion itself is going to disappear. They are told that they cannot

believe in God or have hope in the world unless they believe literally all that is written in the Bible. They grow up with these ideas till they become part of their life. Then, not only that, they are taught another thing. They are taught that those things are not only intimately associated with that which is vital in religion, but that they are the very foundation and corner-stone of morality. They are told: If you doubt anything that is written in the Bible, then there is no reason on earth for conduct, for character, for doing right. The foundations of everything are giving way.

Another thing. This person that called upon me yesterday said, "Why do educated people still hold these ideas?" I want to say a word about that. *Are* they educated? Is a man educated so long as he dares not look all over the world with perfect freedom under the impulse to discover simply that which is true? Is he educated so long as there is a whole department of human thought and human life that he dares not question? How are people educated? Little boys are brought up in families with daily and nightly drill as to certain things which they must believe as necessary to religion. They are brought up as I was,—at the age of twelve or thirteen frightened into the church, taught that they must go there in order to be saved. They are allowed to go to no other church or hear anything else preached. Then they go out into life; and, if they keep their interest in religion at all, they read their denominational newspaper, their denominational review, attend their own church and social meetings. They are taught that it is wicked to doubt and investigate the ideas held by anybody else. To me it is no wonder that they continue where they are; but the wonder is that now and then a brave, daring spirit escapes. I do not care how much people know about astronomy, about geography, about mathematics, how much they read the daily papers. If they have not freedom, they are not educated, they are not even intelligent, for the simple reason that there is a part of the world, and that the larger part, that they dare not face, dare not look at, dare not

question. Born in the nineteenth, they are living in the sixteenth century, because the tradition of the sixteenth century is overshadowing them, and still dominating their heart and brain.

Father, we thank Thee for the light that has shined into this modern world, and that we have dared to lift our eyes and greet its coming. We thank Thee for the new thought of the universe, of God, of man, of Jesus, of destiny, that has come to us, and for the light and life and cheer and hope that it brings. Let us live worthily of these great truths, and do what we can to emancipate the world. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
"	*Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 JANUARY 1, 1892 NO. 12

JESUS FOUND AGAIN

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1891

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

JAN 4 1892

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow.	
Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton.	
Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

JESUS FOUND AGAIN.*

"They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."—JOHN xx. 13.

THESE words, you will remember, are those of Mary when, on coming to the sepulchre, she did not find the body of Jesus. So runs the story. I have been accustomed to hear those words repeated, preached upon, from the time when I was a child, as representing the attitude towards Jesus of those who could not hold that he was the second person of the trinity. They have been directed against those who have occupied substantially the position which I myself hold. It has been charged that these people, by their criticism, by the opinions which they have held and have advocated, have taken away the Lord from the hungry hearts that longed for him, the lives that needed his succor. This were indeed a serious charge, were it true: that there had been vouchsafed to the world a manifestation of the infinite and divine mercy and help; that men were in peril, in constant need of this help; and that yet there were found those cold-hearted enough deliberately to take away this help, leaving human need unanswered.

"They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." This has been, as I said, almost the age-long interpretation which has been put upon this text. I propose this morning to take another view of it. I propose to show you that the traditional attitude of the church for ages has taken away from the world our Lord, and has removed him from beyond the reach of our sympathy, and

* Phonographically reported.

has taken away from us the help that he might have been, and that he will be in the future. I propose to show the process by which he has been removed, and thus to discover how in the modern world he is being found again and restored to us as he has not been for nearly nineteen hundred years.

Any one who reads the simple story and the earliest traditions concerning Jesus would never think of him as other than a man like other men. The taking him away from the range and sympathy of our manhood has been a long and gradual process, and accomplished so long ago that, as we look back up the ages, the two or three hundred years occupied in that process seem practically lost; and it seems to us as though the popular conception had always been held from the first.

Let us note the condition of things then, and step by step trace the work of his removal. It was the unanimous belief of the early Church that Jesus was to appear a second time in the clouds of heaven within a very few years, before the people with whom he walked and talked should die,— within twenty-five years at least, say. There was a general belief that he was to come again, that there was to be a close of the old dispensation and an ushering in of an entirely new order of things. My only reason for mentioning this is to let you see that in such a condition of affairs as that it would never occur to any one to make any records, to write any life or biography of Jesus. No biography would be needed. The memories of those living would keep everything fresh so long as the present order of affairs should last. So there was no writing. Nobody thought of stating what Jesus thought or wrought, or with whom he talked. There was no written record of what he said, or how or where he went, or when he returned. But, as the years passed by and the Church vainly looked for the expected second coming, then it occurred to them that perhaps they had misinterpreted his words, that he was not coming so soon. And then, lest the story of that life should become confused or

lost, they set down, this one what he remembered as to what he said, another his recollection of what he did. Some one else set down the facts concerning his journeys; and so all these *memorabilia*, these notes, came into existence. Finally, some one sat down and wrote substantially what we have in the Gospel of Mark, somebody else what we have in the Gospel of Matthew, somebody else what we have in the Gospel of Luke,—all of them probably having access to the same records. Then, somewhere in the first half of the second century, the Gospel that goes by the name of John was written. We are not sure that any one of these Gospels was written by any person who ever saw Jesus, or anybody who ever heard him speak. The oldest of them came into existence forty or fifty or sixty years after his time. I speak of this that you may see how natural it would be in the kind of world in which people were then living for discrepancies, misconceptions, different versions, of the same saying or the same action to spring up in the thoughts of the people. There was no conscious telling of anything that was untrue. Each one wrote as best he could what he remembered of the sayings and doings of the Master whom they had learned to love so well.

Note some of the steps by which the absent Nazarene becomes changed into the Almighty God of all the worlds.

In the first place, the belief sprang up that he was a wonder-worker, that he wrought miracles on every hand. As you study the records, you can trace the stories back, many of them, to the simplest and most natural sources. We can see the process of growth as they sprang up. He is called a worker of miracles. Though to-day you frequently hear persons say that he must have been a divine being in order to raise the dead or change water into wine, no such idea was held when these stories came into existence. The Old Testament is full of stories of the working of miracles. Peter and Paul are supposed to have worked miracles, even to the raising of the dead, so that simple belief in the miraculous does not remove him from common humanity,

although it singles him out as a selected, a divinely appointed and commissioned man.

The next step in his exaltation, or what was supposed to be his exaltation, is the rise of the belief that he was the Messiah. Now, it is a very marked, striking fact that he does not correspond in any single particular to the conception on the part of the Jews as to what the Messiah was to be, so that we cannot wonder that the people of the time did not recognize and hold to him as the Messiah. The belief grew at last that he was the Messiah, the long-expected one who had been prophesied for centuries. But even this does not remove him from the circle of human beings, because it was the belief on the part of the Hebrews that the Messiah, when he came, although divinely selected, divinely anointed, crowned, and made ruler over his people, their leader, and the conqueror of all the earth, was to be simply a man. David had been divinely selected, divinely anointed, and made ruler of his people; but this did not lift him above the level of his fellows except by his divine commission.

But the third step in the course of time is taken. Paul comes to speak of Jesus as the head of the new creation, as Adam was the head of the old. Adam was the father, the first man, of the earthly race. So Jesus was the first man, the type and promise of the new spiritual order that was to distinguish the coming age when the old world should have passed away, and men should have been transformed into the likeness of the divine. The next step, then, was this singling out of Jesus as the second Adam, the new head of the new divine order of mankind.

Soon another step was taken. He becomes exalted in the imagination of the disciples and those who follow the apostolic age into a pre-existent being. They came to believe that this was not his first appearance; that he had been living in the heavens perhaps from the time before the worlds were created; that he was the prince, the leader of all the angels and archangels, the first-born of every creature,—that is, the first-born of the creation, the first being that

God made. That is what that term means. He was then the leader of the angels in heaven before he appeared on earth. But this, you see, stops at an infinite remove from making him God. He is still a created being. This is substantially — let me say right here — Arianism. It is Unitarianism of the old time, the belief that Jesus was pre-existent, but yet a created being, and, so, less than God. This is the doctrine that was held and taught by Milton. If you read his "Paradise Lost" carefully, you will note that on a certain day in heaven Jesus is set forth as newly begotten. He is to be from that time on the leader of the angelic hosts. Nowhere within the limits of the New Testament does Jesus appear to be more than this. If one should read carefully the New Testament, interpreting it faithfully and understanding it clearly, he might, if he believed it infallible and divine, believe that Jesus was a pre-existent being, one selected in heaven before the world was to carry out the work which he wrought here on earth; but he would never hold the belief that he was the equal of the Father.

After the formation of the New Testament canon in the second century, there was speculation and controversy concerning the nature of Jesus; and there was danger in the Church — and it *was* a danger — that Jesus should be left, in the thought and belief of the Church, somewhere midway between God and man, being neither the one nor the other. It was the true instinct of the Church, at the time and in the conditions, which determined at last the acceptance of the doctrine of the trinity; and a worse thing might have happened than even that. This controversy went on until at last the empire was so rent and torn with the division that Constantine called the bishops of the Church together in a great council at Nicæa, or Nice, and ordered them to settle the difficulty. So far as Constantine was concerned, it would not probably have made the slightest difference to him: what he wanted was union and peace. He called the bishops together, and told them to decide as to which doctrine should be held. This was the great controversy be-

tween Arius and Athanasius; and in A.D. 325 the Nicene creed was adopted, and Jesus was declared very God of very God, the creator of the world. But it is possible, according to the terms of the Nicene creed, still to hold that Jesus is subordinate,— the only begotten, the first begotten, the eternally begotten, and yet, perhaps, not quite the equal of the Father.

But the process went on further than that until there came the acceptance of the Athanasian creed, although Athanasius may have had nothing to do with it, in which it was settled once for all and declared, in terms as explicit as human language could frame it, that Jesus was the eternally equal of the Father, and the Holy Spirit the eternally equal of both, the three divine personalities mysteriously linked together in the one God.

But the process of removing Jesus farther and farther away from humanity was not even then complete. You need to trace the feeling and thought of him during the Middle Ages, and find the expression of this belief as it appears in the artistic work of Michel Angelo, to see a little of the gulf that has come between Jesus and his brethren. Look at the picture of the "Last Judgment" on the walls of the Sistine chapel in Rome, and there the peasant Nazarene, lifted to the throne of the universe, is sitting in judgment on his fellows, the tender look of love turned into inexorable justice and hate, his hands wielding the thunderbolts of the divine wrath and casting his fellows mercilessly into everlasting darkness and chains and fire. This is the culmination of that process of taking away from us our Lord, and leaving us bereft of that grandest, tenderest, most loving manifestation of the divine that has ever been vouchsafed to the world. It was this hard, cruel doctrine which ran through that long horror called Puritanism. Let me read you one verse, that you may see what was thought of the possible mercy of Jesus. I hold in my hand a copy of the famous poem of Michael Wigglesworth, "The Day of Doom," the classic of our Puritan forefathers before the

Revolution. Probably more copies of this were printed and sold and read among them than of any other book except the Bible and the Psalm Book. It represents the lost as appearing at the bar after sentence and after hearing their doom. He raises then the question to whom they shall turn for help.

"To Christ, their Judge, he doth adjudge them to the Pit of Sorrow;
Nor will he hear, or cry or tear, nor respite them one morrow.
To Heaven, alas, they cannot pass, it is against them shut;
To enter there (O heavy cheer) they out of hopes are put."

Christ, Jesus, then, has become the inexorable judge to condemn to endless wrath the great majority of his brethren. So far was this carried that the Catholic Church, by way of reaction in answer to the longing human heart, turned to Mary, and lifted her up as an intercessor between them and Jesus himself, who has become the merciless judge and condemner of his fellow-men.

I wish to note now, briefly, two or three things that to me seem exceedingly sad and disastrous results of this taking away from us of our Lord.

In the first place, it means,—if you take the scheme together and interpret it fully,—it means God frustrated, God's kingdom permanently torn and divided, the great majority of his children alienated from him forever. It means a scheme showing God either to be weak, or else to be so cruel that all the cruelty of all the world cannot set forth the sum of it. It is not a gospel of glad tidings: it is a message of despair. It means, as I said, infinite cruelty, or else such weakness on the part of him we style the Almighty as to make it impossible for us to worship him or trust him. This scheme of Christ and salvation, as it has been held up to us, does not manifest mercy, tenderness, love. It makes Jesus a part of a scheme of cruelty, wrong, and infinite injustice, such as no words can adequately utter.

Another point. This taking away of our Lord turns all the wonder of holy week, his passion, his crucifixion, into

something theatrical, spectacular, unreal. I used to hear it preached as something terribly real, as a manifestation of the combined justice and mercy of God. But think for a moment candidly. Here is God himself who has come into the world on purpose for this, who knows he has come for this, who yet is shrinking, wavering, faltering, crying out in the presence of a little brief sorrow. God complains in the presence of pain that has been surpassed a thousand times by hundreds of his own disciples. Many a brave man, without any conscious help from any source save his own manhood, has faced greater physical suffering than did he. And yet in the garden he is represented, in contradictory fashion, as begging his Father to spare him from accomplishing the very work he came here for. On the cross he is represented, being God, knowing he was God, as wondering whether he were not forsaken and left alone in his agony. All one inextricable confusion and contradiction on that theory.

But look at it for one moment the other way. Let him be a man, our brother, the peasant of Nazareth, who becomes convinced that God has whispered to him a message of a higher truth and life for his people, and who goes out God-commissioned, not in any outward fashion, but because he has heard God speaking in his soul and feels conscious of the message of that higher truth that he must deliver to his age. He goes forth telling that truth, and he meets obloquy, he meets opposition, he meets misunderstanding; but though he shrinks, as men must shrink, from pain, unfaltering he follows the path where duty points the way. Then, when the garden scene comes, and, in anticipation of that agony which only fools face without a tremor, he bows himself and prays, saying in effect: I have believed that I was doing Thy will, I have believed I was speaking Thy message, and it has brought me to this. Save me from this cup, if it may be, Father; but, nevertheless, if it must be, let me drink it! And then on the cross, hung between heaven and earth in that faintness of death, who can wonder if a doubt swept over him, and he wondered whether he was flinging his life

away, as a fool flings it, for nothing, wondered if God had really sent him, wondered if there *were* any God to care for him? and he cries out, "My God, my God, why hast *thou* forsaken me?" Everybody else gone, and now God's face clouded! Yet bravely facing it and facing the doubt down! No more magnificent scene has ever been enacted on earth than that, if Jesus be a man! No more spectacular, theatrical scene, speaking of tinsel and show and unreality, was ever acted since the world was made, if he was God!

There is another disastrous result. As you read the New Testament and study the biographies or lives of Jesus, you are constantly met with inextricable confusion and contradiction on the theory that he is God. Take, for example, the lesson I read this morning in Luke. Here were the father and mother of John, and the mother of Jesus, and Anna, the prophetess in the temple, and she had been preaching it to every one in the temple from the time the little baby was presented, all of them knowing that this was a divine child; and yet, when Mary appears in the temple with Jesus at the age of twelve, and he gets lost in the crowd, she seeks everywhere for him, and is anxious, as if she thought that the Almighty God of the universe could not be trusted alone! She marvels that he should go off in this way by himself, and marvels that he should show any unusual precocity or wisdom in talking with the doctors. This is utterly inconceivable, if she knew who he was. And, then, the brethren of Jesus looking askance at him when he first makes his claim to be the Messiah: Who is this that is taking on such airs and making such pretensions? If they knew anything of the angel's annunciation, of the whole cycle of miracles that surrounded his birth, what would they have expected?

Then take it at the crucifixion again. Why is Mary heart-broken, utterly cast down, when God has been committed to her arms for a little while, and has accomplished his work? And after the crucifixion, if the disciples knew that he was a divine being, how does it happen that they lose heart and scatter to the four winds, and go about com-

plaining, as two of them are said to have done,—"We trusted that this was he who should have redeemed Israel"? They have lost all courage. These things, on that theory, are utterly inconceivable!

Then there is another evil that results from this taking away of our Lord. That is the fact that humanity is represented as separate from God and incapable of the production of any fine, high, true, and noble character. Just as I have always claimed—though I have not found many who have agreed with me—that the setting forth of the virginity of Mary as something superior to ordinary womanhood is an affront to all motherhood, so the assertion implied in this taking away of our Lord, that it is impossible for humanity to produce any high, true, noble, character, is an affront to manhood. Dr. Gordon, of the Old South Church, in a speech before the Unitarian Club the other night, gave as the one reason why he felt that Jesus must be something more than human was that, as he read the record, he seemed to be apart, better, higher, than any man that ever lived. That seems to me to be begging the question, putting men down for the sake of creating a gulf between them and the Nazarene.

If you can only believe that God is in this humanity of ours, that he has been in it from the first, lisping before he could speak, stumbling before he could walk, God coming in just as fast as the brain makes place for him, coming in as fast as language can utter his thoughts, coming in just as fast as the sense of justice becomes large and fine enough to hold the divine righteousness; if you can believe that God is in man all the way,—then the sublimity and grandeur of supposing that Jesus may have been only one blossom on the stem of the common tree of human life is yours. This I believe: Jesus not less divine, but Jesus ideal man, and, *because* ideal man, holding, expressing, all that man can hold and express of that which is divine. To take away our Lord, then, as he has been taken away, is to give us a despairing, lost, and hopeless race.

There is one other point of this process of taking him away from us that is so important that I must not omit it. I make the charge very gravely, meaning every word of it. The scholars of the Church, in translating the Bible, have done one thing, either through conscious dishonesty or cowardice,— they can choose which,— which makes it difficult for the common reader of our common Bible to understand what the New Testament has to say concerning the place and rank of the Nazarene. What I mean is this. Throughout the Old Testament one of the Hebrew words for God is universally translated Lord. In the New Testament the common reader has a right to suppose that, when the word Lord — the same word that is used for Jehovah in the Old Testament — is constantly used for Jesus, it has, if not precisely the same, at least substantially the same meaning. That is not true at all. κύριος, the word applied to Jesus in the New Testament, and which is translated Lord, means nothing more nor less than a form of respect. It is sir, or master, or lord, in the sense the Englishman uses it when he speaks of Lord Salisbury or Lord Hartington. In not one single instance is it otherwise. Yet the translators of the Bible are consciously dishonest or cowards, even in the revised version ; for they have not dared to let the common reader know that fact. There ought to be a different word in the New Testament, or else a different word in the Old Testament. In this way Jesus is covered up and hidden away from the common consciousness of men.

I have told you, then, how he has been taken away. I have pointed out a few, only a few, of these disastrous and evil results. I might point to many others, had I time. I will only hint at one,—the fact that, since Jesus has been elevated to the trinity, since he has been taken away from the sympathy of common men in that fashion, since it has been a prime article of religious belief that he is the original and almighty God, his name has become the cause of more bloodshed, of more cruelty among men, than any other name ever spoken in any language. Such, then, are some of the results of taking our Lord away.

We are finding him again in the modern world. We have found the process of his removal, and that helps us to find the way to get him back again. I cannot go over the steps by which this has been brought about; but the result of it is that he is coming more and more to be recognized, even on the part of the holders of the old creeds, as human, as man. In the light of this new revelation that has come to us we see his star, the herald of the new day, shining over the new-found cradle. That cradle is not among the beasts in the manger in Bethlehem: that cradle is in the home of the carpenter of Nazareth. He is born as any child is born, watched over by father-love and mother-love,—a common child of the common people, who yet had in him the possibility of growing up into such a comprehension of the divine, such a sense of the presence and love of the Father, such a tenderness and sense of common brotherhood towards mankind. For that star which shone over his cradle shines still in the front of human leadership, pointing out to us a character so ideal that, when the world, guided by the intelligence of science, informed by his spirit, shall have incorporated that spirit into the common life of the people, we shall have the kingdom of God among men.

Finding him brings back to us God, our Father,—not a partial, cruel God of barbaric hate, but of infinite and eternal love. Finding him brings man back to us, and we feel a sense of universal brotherhood. Finding him brings God and man together,—not as though there were a gulf between them that he bridged, but he illustrates the fact that they are eternally at one, needing no supernatural bond to bring them together. And so we walk in the light of his countenance, in the light of eternal love and hope, and a better world in the future. If we can only realize his ideals here among men, we shall have so much of heaven that the transition will be only like that between the dawn and the morning; and this earth shall be at one with the world which compasses us round that we call heaven, and that prayer will have been answered, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Father, we thank Thee for the light that has come to this modern world, revealing to us a new and yet the old Jesus of Nazareth, thy son, our brother, our friend. Let us learn to walk in the light of his spirit, to cultivate such a temper and emulate such service as was his, and we shall help bring in the day when Thy presence shall be recognized over all the earth. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
"	*Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 JANUARY 8, 1892 NO. 13

THE TRANSMUTATION OF TIME

NEW YEAR'S SERMON

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow.	
Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton.	
Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

THE TRANSMUTATION OF TIME.*

"So teach us to number our days, that we may get us a heart of wisdom."— PSALM XC. 12.

I SUPPOSE that, even were I to make the attempt, it would be an exceedingly difficult thing, after all these years that you have heard me, to bring to you an entirely fresh treatment of a new year's theme. I shall not attempt it. Those things that are startling by their newness are generally not the most important things. The great things of life, the things that touch us most deeply, the things that concern us in the most important way, are the old things, the commonplace things.

Time seems to change its aspect for us as we get on in years. When we were children, when we were young men and women even, time seemed to move very slowly. We had all the time we wanted, much more sometimes than we could use. We found ourselves waiting to get rid of time while we were impatient for the coming of some special event. We found ourselves in a position where it was necessary to kill time, to get rid of it in any way. The horses of the sun seem to move so slowly in the morning, a little more rapidly as they near the zenith, and then how they gallop as they approach the sunset! Or, to change the figure, when we are young, we are like a youth who, for the first time, has his own bank-account and bank-book, no check of which has as yet been drawn. It seems to him as though he could draw checks forever and not reach the end. But, as the first quarter of them is gone, and the second, and we are on the

* Phonographically reported.

last half, how niggardly we grow! We do not like to draw a check, even for a small amount, if we can help it; and we look at it once or twice before risking the indulgence.

I was looking at the calendar in my study this morning. I had torn off two or three slips for the year; but, knowing that there were more than three hundred and sixty left, it seemed to me as though it might be an almost endless time before I got to the last one. But I noticed that during the last of the year just closed they seemed to go very rapidly; and the end came almost before I was aware.

It is a very commonplace thought that time goes rapidly; yet it comes to be a very earnest, serious, sacred thought as we get along in life. The days do go, the weeks do go, the months do go, the years do go. We find our hair getting a little thinner, the gray appears in this place or that, wrinkles are coming on our faces. Perhaps our sight is not quite so strong as it used to be; and we have to confess that, if we are not growing old, we are in sight of the time when we shall be thinking that we are. So the years sweep by, sweeping away so many things that we possess, that we care for, that we love, and, more important than all, sweeping us away, too, with them. It is a commonplace thought, then, that we cannot keep the time.

They say that time is money. No: time is only raw material which can be converted into money if we know how to do it. Time is raw material. That is the point I wish to start with this morning. Though it passes away and we cannot keep a moment even, much less a day or an hour, a week or a month, we can transmute our time, our weeks, our days, our hours, our minutes. We can transmute them into things that will keep. That is the point I have in mind for my sermon this morning.

The things we have must of necessity pass away: the things that we are remain. You remember the trite old story. Some one asked about a man who had just died what people commonly ask, "How much did he leave?" And a wise friend answered, "He did not take a single cent: he

left everything he had." He carried with him over the shadow, beyond the border, only what he became, only those things into which he had transmuted his time.

I wish, then, in the simplest possible way to talk with you for a little while about some of the things that are more golden than gold, into which time can be transmuted. You know there was a period in the history of the world when the alchemists thought they could possibly find out some secret way by which they could change base metal into gold. They did not succeed. It was one of those dreams destined to pass away. But we can discover a better alchemy: we can transmute our time into things that are better than gold

Let me carry that one point farther. Let us see a few of the things into which we can change our time; and then at the end we will sum up and see the value of what we may have accumulated as soul-wealth to take with us when we go.

One of the most difficult things for a child to learn, and for grown up people who may still be children in their impatience, is just this quality of patience, ability to wait. The child is promised some indulgence; and he looks at the clock and sees that it is within half an hour of the time, and the clock seems to him to have stopped. It never moved so slowly before. He watches the hands; and they do not seem to move at all. He wishes he could set them forward, that he could make the sun move more rapidly in the heavens. After years of experience like this, he learns that the universe has its own pace, and that the only thing he can do is to learn to keep step with it. He learns that all his fretting, his fuming, his rebellion, does not change the passage of time a millionth part of a second. He must simply wait in patience. If you were brought up in the country on a farm, as I was, or, if not on a farm, if you had as much as a garden about you, you learned patience perhaps in another way. I can remember some of my first experiences at gardening. I planted something; and then I wondered if the universe had stopped. It seemed as though it would never break the ground, never appear. And I have

gone sometimes and dug the earth away to find out if it had died, or what the matter was. And I have discovered, perhaps, that it was sprouting, that the universe was attending strictly and carefully to its business, that everything was going on normally, and that by my impatience in disturbing the soil I had only put back the process that I was so anxious to have accomplished. So I learned that the only thing for me to do was to measure the rhythm of the universe and learn to keep step with its time.

As we grow older, how impatient we get with the movements of the world! There is some reform, perhaps, that we have set our hearts on that we wish to bring to pass,— a certain social condition, to help on temperance, to better the condition of labor, to accomplish this end or that object by which it seems to us the world would suddenly become so much sweeter and truer and brighter a place to live in. But how slowly all these things move! Our ideas seem to us so palpably clear and correct that we feel the whole world should adopt our method; but, at the very outset, we find that, if we can convey our idea at all, it does not strike the persons we are talking with at all as we expected. They do not see that the world is to be so much better, or, even if they are willing to consent that it would be a good thing to have it brought about, they see a thousand objections that you do not. They do not believe it is practical. And so, again, you have to learn that the world moves slowly, that the development of civilization is a very slow process, that the bringing about of any particular social reform is a thing of *time*, *time*, *time*.

Take it with your religious ideas. I suppose that you who are here this morning are so clearly settled and grounded in your views of God, of man, of destiny, they seem to you so simple, that the very statement of them ought to convince the world. Yet, in the first place, the world will not listen; and, in the next place, if you do get some fraction of the world to listen, you find, when you have done, that you have not persuaded them. Somehow or other, they do not look

at the problem as you do. They have had a different kind of past; and again we have to learn patience. No matter if we are so firmly convinced that we are right that we believe the stars in their courses are fighting for us, that God is on our side, or that we are on the side of God, which is better, we must learn how to wait,— to do what we can, and then wait.

But, after we have transmuted some of our time into that soul-quality of patience, we may take another step; and, recognizing the fact that, though it is very slow indeed, the world does move, we may transmute a little more of our time into the more cheerful quality of hope. The boy learns that the clock does get round from twelve to half past after a while. He learns that the seed that he planted does come up, does grow through the long days and ripen in the fall. So, as we look back over the past history of the world, we learn that all high, fine, sweet, pure, true things do actually grow, and that, though we can do only a little towards helping on the process, we can do something; and so we may work not in discouragement, but in hope. Those who are always talking of the good old times, who see the best things in the past, in the things that are behind us, who think that the world is getting worse and worse, are simply misreaders of human history. We think sometimes that we need to take a very long look down the past, in order to get a point of vantage from which we can really see that progress has been made; but it does not take such a very long look, after all. If you will read merely the history of human civilization for the last few hundred years, you may find ground for hope for the arrival of all the things that are dear to the heart of a noble man.

Let me give you one illustration as we pass. I presume there is hardly a person in the house who will agree at first with what I am going to say. We are accustomed to look back to the days before the war as days of peace, comparatively, of progress, of quiet, of social growth; and we are accustomed to think of war as somehow a disorganizing and

demoralizing thing, and that in this country during the last thirty years there has been such a flood of immigration not always of the finest quality, from the other side that most people would say there is more crime to-day in the country than there was thirty or forty years ago. Yet a careful study of the facts, and of the accumulations of statistics, proves the precise contrary. There is much less crime of the graver kinds according to the population in the United States to-day, with all this excess of its mixed population, with all the results of the war and passion,— very much less than there was thirty or forty years ago. A careful study of the growth of the world gives us, then, a basis for hope. We find that our reforms do grow, that the world grows more temperate, more pure, more honest, more true, less vicious, less criminal. In other words, the efforts of those in the past who have tried to bring in the kingdom of God have not been thrown away. So we can transmute the result of experience, of time, of our lives, into that other quality of hope.

There is another life experience that I suppose I share with all of you. We are not only impatient when we are young, but some of us never get over it. We not only get impatient with the slow growth, the slow improvement, of things, but, oh! we get so impatient with people, with individuals, with those that differ from us. At first each one of us is inclined to set himself up as a standard of what ought to be. This is perfectly natural. I hold, I suppose, correct ideas. If I thought they were not, I should get rid of them. My judgment as to social manners and customs is the right judgment, of course. If I did not think so, I should have another judgment. My idea as to what people ought to do is, of course, the right idea. If I did not think so, I should exchange it for another. So you see how perfectly natural, almost inevitable, it is that we set ourselves up as the standard by which to measure everybody else. If people do not wear the same kind of clothes, they are "odd." If they do not hold the same kind of opinion as we do, they are

"strange," they are unaccountable. If people do not live after the manner of life we do, we wonder what can be the matter with them. So it is that we are apt to be intolerant of other people, people that differ from us. We think we have a right to erect our judgment into a bar, a court, to which we shall summon everybody else in the world for judgment.

This is the first feeling we have; and yet we find that people may not think as we do,—that they differ from us in regard to ten thousand things, things of lesser importance, things of greater importance. But at last, if we are wise, we begin to study this matter, and try to understand it. Here is a man who was born so differently from myself, educated so differently, surrounded by such different influences, that the very fibre and structure of his brain are utterly unlike mine. I utter a thought; but there is nothing in his brain to respond to it. He is not to blame. So I learn to look wisely over the world. I find a man different from me, a man who almost agrees with me, yet does not become a Unitarian. He still clings to one of the other churches, when I think he ought to come out squarely and announce himself as on my platform. But I study him, and I come at last into his secret; and I see that there are reasons that weigh with him, that, though they would not weigh with me, are sufficient to account for the course of action which he has taken without giving me a right to call him names, or me a right to say he is dishonest, or even to charge him with being stupid.

I have been corresponding recently — and it has been a blessed experience to me — with a young Catholic priest in another State. He has been reading some of my books and some other Unitarian books. He has been telling me how things look to him, why he cannot accept the views of a Unitarian, why he feels that he can take refuge in the old historic church of the past. I cannot agree with him. The arguments that he uses are not cogent arguments with me; but I am compelled to feel here is an honest soul, a true man, seeking the

light, as anxious to find it as I am. So, as we get older, if we are wise, we grow tolerant,— not only of different opinions, different methods of life, we grow tolerant of faults, of weaknesses, of those things that seem even to be wrong to us. We learn that judgment is not for us, but only tenderness and sympathy and help.

I think some years ago I told you what I wish to repeat, the remark of an old minister on his death-bed. It has a world of wisdom to me; and I think of it often. He was the father of an intimate friend of mine. He was an old Unitarian minister who had been a very outspoken, hot-headed man,— a man who had offended people by the sharpness of his remarks and by the roughness of his ways of speech, but whose honesty nobody questioned. He was a man faithful and true, but who had not been patient with people who differed from him. As he was lying on his death-bed, as his son told me afterwards, he had a far-away look in his eyes, and the son turned to him and said, "Father, what are you thinking about?" With a sigh, he said, "I am feeling sorry for some things as I look back over my past life." "Why, father, what have you done to regret? I do not know what you should feel sorry for." "Well," he said, and a pathetic, humorous smile came over his face, "for one thing, I am feeling sorry that I have not been more patient with fools." That is the lesson that we learn as we go on, —to have patience with the people we are inclined to call fools. So we turn a part of our time not only into patience and hope, but into tolerance, which is another good quality of the soul for us to cherish.

Then we learn another lesson. One of the things that is hardest for us in life is that, no matter which way we turn, or whatever we try to do, or become, or reach, or attain, we stumble over all sorts of obstacles. We are met with difficulties which must be matched, climbed over, before we can attain our ends. No man ever yet attempted to do anything but he was faced by obstacles. When we get impatient, the universe seems to us constructed on purpose, with almost

infinite ingenuity, to baffle us. It does not make any difference what we are after. If we try to help somebody who is poor, we find ourselves baffled in such a way that we are discouraged and almost ready to give up. No matter what our object is, life is one scene of obstacles, either to be overcome or to be sat down by in despair.

Yet, again, as we study human life and look over the past history of the world, we learn submission — submission to these hard conditions. We learn not only to be content with them, but, if we understand the meaning of life, we learn to be thankful for them, for the growth of the human race. Go back down the past until you come to the point where humanity first began its career. Man is the weakest, the most helpless, of all the animals on the face of the earth. There stands a huge obstacle in the way of his getting anything to eat, anything to wear, anything with which to clothe his nakedness, anything to shelter him from the weather,— obstacles at every turn. And from that day to this not one single thing has been gained except by facing and conquering difficulty. The universe has been in this way one great age-long gymnasium for the training of brain and soul athletes. Everything that man has become he has become as the result of an effort to overcome an obstacle. All inventions, all discoveries, all improvements of every kind, are the result of conquering obstacles. So we transmute the time as it goes by, both as a race and as individuals, into this quality of submission, of content with the difficulties, the obstacles of life, not as put in our way to hinder us, but as necessary means for our mental and spiritual growth.

Then, as the days go by, we learn more accurately to estimate the values of things. We learn wisdom, in other words. We learn to estimate things more correctly, and find out that the way of the world is not so hard, so unjust, so unfair, as many are accustomed to think. Almost all children, almost all young people, and almost all old people who do not grow wise, but still remain childish, are characterized perhaps more than by anything else by the fact that they do

not estimate correctly the values of things. They overestimate that which is of lowest value: they underestimate that which has the most value. The ground for most of the complaints against the universe are right here. People are not able to attain this or that thing that they grasp for; and they have made up their minds that this is the only thing that is worth having, the only thing that is worth living for, and, as they do not get that, they grow bitter, and say the universe is all against them, God does not care, the world is in a conspiracy to do them harm.

As we look over the history of the world, how poor seem the things that at one time were held highest! As an illustration, take the matter of fame, a reputation over the land. I had a strange lesson taught me not a great while ago. I was talking with a young man, an educated young man, as well educated as most young men of his age; and I spoke to him of Lincoln and Douglas. I had a curious lesson as to how old I was getting, remembering that there were thirty years between me and the facts I was speaking of. I learned how transitory, how utterly ephemeral, is world-wide fame! This young man turned to me and said, "But who was Douglas?" I think it would have seemed strange enough to Douglas, when his name thirty years ago was on the lips of every man, woman, and child in America, to know that inside thirty years an educated young man would be asking who he was! And yet it was this that he sold his soul for,—for a name that was of no more duration, no more worth, than a passing cloud. If a man could become the most famous man of all the world and have a permanent fame, like a star that never sets, then he might consider the question as to whether he would sell his soul for it. But to sell his soul for a reputation that does not last thirty years is a pretty poor bargain! Yet this is the estimate that people put upon life values. Take money, take station, take the house you live in, take the society you associate with, take the different things that the world cares the most for, and they are not to be thought of in comparison with a thousand

things that at first we utterly overlook. So, as time goes on, we can transmute a little of it into this life wisdom, a correct estimate of life values.

One thing more we learn,—you will see how naturally this follows after what has been said. Think of the good things of this world that do not belong to any one person or any one class, or any one nation or any one religion. We learn that there is no monopoly in life of the really best things. Land can be monopolized, money can be monopolized, a particular trade can be momopolized, a business can be monopolized, the offices of a country can be monopolized by a party or a clique. A thousand things can be monopolized; but the best things, the things that we will all consent to call the best as we get practical wisdom, are the things that are open and free as the air. Start right there,—free as the air. For what would you sell to-day the privilege of walking out in the air and breathing it freely, the lung capacity healthfully to take it in? Would you sell it for a thousand dollars or ten thousand dollars? A pleasant thing it is, says the old Bible writer, for the eyes to behold the sun. How much would you sell that for,—the ability to rejoice in the light, the blue of the sky, the thousand tints of earth and air, the glory of the sunset and the sunrise? Would you sell it for ten thousand dollars? With those two, if no more, you are worth twenty thousand dollars.

So I might go on and enumerate the things that belong to all of us, and find that there is no monopoly in these things that we all agree are of unspeakably more value than the things that can be monopolized. All the best literature of the world is open and free on condition that we learn to read. If we cannot go into the best society of Boston, we can go into the best society of London a hundred or two hundred or five hundred years ago, we can go into the best society of Rome and of Athens of ages ago. If we are worthy of one, we can find a friend. What would you take for friendship, to have that blotted right out of your life? Would you sell it? So take the commonest things of life

—those things that make up the warp and woof of it, its beauty, its glory, its air,—the things that belong to every worthy, noble, true man, woman, and child on earth belong to all.

We learn, then,—do we not?—trust,—trust in the world-order, in the sanity of things, in the goodness that controls the world; trust that there is some one that does control and care.

Then one more lesson. We stand here this morning facing the darkness, facing the unknown. Not one single instant ahead can we forecast. But we can read the history of the past, study the history of the world's growth, and on the basis of that we can feel some solid rock under our feet: and we can look towards the future, glad that it is an infinite mystery. We feel sometimes as though the universe were playing with us, mystery on every hand insoluble. We cannot understand this problem, we cannot solve that one, and we get impatient with it. If we could only settle some of these great questions, if we could only know God, know the universe, know the future! But it is a magnificent thing, if you will stop to think of it, that these puny little children of the dust can face the universe with a challenge like that. And yet we need to remember that, if we could know it, it would be the unhappiest, the most fatal moment of our lives. There is ground for endless hope, room for endless progress, opportunity to retrieve every mistake, to recover from every fall, to rediscover every lost treasure. There is room for all this, merely because the universe is insoluble and because there is an infinite mystery round us, behind us and before,—infinite time, infinite opportunity to accomplish all our hopes and all our dreams. As we read the meaning of the past, we know there will be another to-morrow, endless opportunity in the millions of ages that reach out before us. And so we stand facing the dark with faith,—a faith that does not fear, that trusts and hopes forever.

We cannot keep our time, then. It is passing. We cannot keep the things that we have; but we can transmute

the time and the things that we have into the things that we are, and we can face these changes conscious that we are growing more and more at one with him who is unchanging, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. And, as we work his divine qualities into our own hearts and minds and souls, and become sure that our lives are linked in with his, we put the universe under our feet, and smile at the darkening of suns, the crumbling of worlds, knowing that there is something in us that is changeless.

Father, we thank Thee for this hope, this trust. We thank Thee for the experiences and the results of time. We would not keep the days: let them go. Only make us wise to number them, so that we may get us a heart of wisdom. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
"	*Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

JAN 28 1892

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 JANUARY 15, 1892 NO. 14

SERIES ON

EVERY-DAY RELIGION

IV. HONESTY

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

HONESTY.*

"Let us walk honestly."— ROMANS xiii. 13.

THOSE of you who are familiar with my ordinary habits of thought need not be told that I am not one of those who believe that the world is constantly tending to grow worse. On the other hand, I believe, whatever exceptions there may be in regard to an individual here, a particular city or State or country there, that the general trend of the world, taken as a whole, is on and up. My selecting this theme of honesty on which to speak this morning, does not mean that I have any special outcry to raise, that I have any special fault to find with any department of individual or social life. It does not mean that I have detected, or think I have detected, that people are any less honest than they used to be. I believe, on the other hand, that the quality of honesty, like all other personal and social virtues, is increasing from age to age. Even when you find a time when there is a special cry raised, when preachers and newspapers are denouncing with loud voices the corruptions of the day,— even then it may not at all be a sight that should discourage us. Generally, I think, where there is a good deal of talk in regard to the existence of any evil, it means not that the evil is more, it means that the standard of judgment is becoming higher. It means a more sensitive conscience; it means the attraction of public attention to this particular evil. So, when you find a great deal of attention directed towards the existence of a special evil, it is not a cause for discouragement, but a sign of hope.

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

But the standard of honesty is not a fixed one: it changes from age to age. It is different in one nation from what it is in another. This does not mean that honesty is a matter of convention. It only means that people's thought about it is different. They are conscientious in this direction: they are one-sided even as to what is the ideal honesty. This changes from age to age. As the world gets higher and better, it becomes more exacting in regard to these ethical standards in every direction. A thousand things which are condemned to-day were allowed, without any question, five hundred, a thousand, ten thousand, years ago. Peoples' consciences were not troubled over a great many things then that would now cast a man out of good society. We find many characters in this old Bible who were represented three or four thousand years ago as being after God's own heart, as being God's favorites even, who would not occupy a very high place in our Boston society to-day. This means that the world is growing in this direction; that it is constantly getting a clearer vision as to what is ideally right, and a more sensitive conscience as to what justice demands.

But there is one curious thing,— not at all unnatural; and that is, you will find people to-day who, in regard to most things, are abreast with all forward movements of society, who, on account of some inherited tendency or defect, — possibly on account of peculiar surroundings in the midst of which they grew up, on account, possibly, of some quality or structure of the brain,— are often behind in regard to this particular matter of conduct or thought,— behind that which is recognized by the highest and best thinkers of the time. We find people in certain departments of their life, or under certain conditions, allowing things that they would not allow in some other department of their lives.

For example, I think you frequently find a man who, politically, will allow or condone conduct which he would not touch or have anything to do with in his private and personal life. You will find men, I think, who, in their business relations as members of a company, an organization, where

there is a sort of corporate conscience, instead of allowing the individual conscience to have free play, will allow certain things that, when brought right home to them personally, they would not allow for a moment. In other words, they will share in certain things which, as individuals, they would not do. I think, then, that, if we define honesty a little more clearly, we shall be convinced of what I said at the outset,— that honesty is growing, and that there is a great deal more of it in every department of life than there is of the opposite.

What is honesty? Honesty is something that reaches beyond the matter of individual thought or of personal character.

Let me start with an illustration; and I think we shall come to a clear idea of what we mean, and the breadth and range of our subject. Suppose a house, a store, a building of any sort, is being erected, we talk of its being honestly built. What do we mean? How much do we mean? We mean a great deal. We mean that the materials that are to enter into it shall be sound, true, what they ought to be. We mean that the method in which these different materials are related to each other, the way in which they are put together, shall be honest and sound and true; that they shall have regard not only to the relations which they sustain to each other, but to the eternal and unchangeable laws of nature, which tend either to hold it up or pull it down, according as to whether it is honestly built or dishonestly.

Take the case of that famous, or infamous, Pemberton mill that you all remember a few years ago, a structure dishonestly raised, so that the natural working of the eternal forces of the universe pulled it down upon the heads not, I fear, of the guilty, but on the innocent victims of the dishonesty of those that reared it. A house, a building, must be so erected, if it is honest and true, that the law of gravity, all the great forces of nature, shall compact it, hold it together, make it stronger, instead of tending to disintegrate and tear it to pieces.

We get an illustration there, I think, of what we shall mean when we apply it to the character of a man. When is a man honest? When the different parts of his nature are sound, are healthful, are sane, are true. When they are so related to each other that he is sane and healthy and sound and true wherever you put him. Let the sunshine play upon him, and it will not disintegrate the strong fibres of his moral nature. When the storm beats upon him, it will not overcome or upset his stability. None of the disintegrating forces, the atmosphere in which he lives and breathes, changes of heat and cold, of dry and wet, none of the things to which he is exposed, shall undermine or take to pieces the stability of his character. When he meets temptation, when he meets storm, meets adversity, meets prosperity, he stands, well built, compacted, facing heaven and earth fearlessly, because sound and sane and true. Such a man is honest. He is a part of the universe; and the universe, we may say, in the right use of language, is honest all the way through,—that is, real, sound, sane. You can count on the universe. You know what it will do. You know that precisely similar conditions will produce precisely similar results always, year after year, forever. You can rely upon it. You can count on its stability, its sincerity, its integrity. And, when a man in his own character becomes in accord with the universe, he is a part of the eternal structure and nature of things.

Now, it is apparent after this definition, I think, that most of the world's work is honest work. It is proved to be honest work by the simple fact that it stands. Most of the houses in Boston, in spite of the slighting work of carpenter or mason or architect, or whoever may have anything to do with them, are built with a fair degree of honesty. This is proved from the fact that they stand and serve their purposes.

So, when we leave these material structures and come to these others which are played on by human passion, I think the same thing is true. In spite of all the dishonesty that

you may find in business, I believe the immense majority of the men you meet are, in the main, fairly honest men. Possibly there does not exist on the face of the earth a perfectly honest man. I do not know. But most men, I think, are fairly honest, generally honest. Nine out of ten of the transactions which were carried on in the city of Boston yesterday were fairly honest transactions. If this were not so, business would not endure, because the very basis, the underlying foundation, of any business is honesty; and, if there were more dishonesty than honesty in business, the whole thing would crumble about our ears, just as, in the case of the house, if there were not more honest work than dishonest, it would not stand six months.

And so, when you come to any other department of life, the simple fact of our social order, improving a little year after year, however slowly, proves that the majority power at work in that social order is honesty, sincerity, sanity, and health.

Now, let me ask you to turn with me for a few moments while we look at that which is the root of honesty in the individual man. Where ought we to begin, that we may be honest? All our outward conduct, whether it is good or indifferent or bad, is the expression of thoughts and feelings. The external life is only the manifestation of the internal; and the man who wishes to be honest must begin with his thoughts, his feelings. He must learn to think clearly, to see clearly, to think truly. I believe that that which I read to you in the lesson this morning goes clear to the bottom of the matter. Paul warns people not to think more highly of themselves than they ought to think, but to think soberly. I believe that most of the cruelty, most of the injustice, most of the dishonesty, most of the unkindness, most of the grasping after that which is not ours, finds its root right here,—in the fact that men think of themselves more highly than they ought to think instead of thinking soberly. That is, a man, when he starts out in a business transaction, overestimates his own rights, his right to win, his right to happiness, to

wealth, his right to power, and underestimates the rights of the person with whom he is dealing. If he would stop to think a moment, he would say: Here is a dollar involved in this transaction; and my natural right to the dollar is not a whit better than the other man's right to it. Here is a question of happiness involved in it; and it is just as important to the welfare of the universe that the other man should be happy as that I should be. Here is a question as to which street we shall live on; and it is just as important to the welfare of the universe that he should live on a fashionable street as that I should. Here is a matter of kindness, of peace of mind involved; and this man's right is just as good as mine. It is this matter of equity, you see, of equal balance in all these transactions, which should be regarded.

If a man learns to think of himself, therefore, as only one child of God in the midst of others equally God's children, having equal rights, equal capacity for joy or sorrow; if he learns to try to see things just as they are, and to relate himself to them sanely, truly, fairly,—the chances are that in every department of life he will find himself an honest man, his honesty being the natural, spontaneous expression of this state of mind, of this way of thinking and of feeling. Any man, therefore, who wishes to be honest should begin by trying to place himself in this universe fairly, trying to see himself as he is, trying to see his neighbors as they are, trying to see truth as it is and falsehood as it is, trying to find and adjust himself, in other words, to the reality; and, when he gets there, the rest of the journey may easily be trusted to look out for itself.

After so much of preliminary, I wish now to go a little more deeply into a discussion of business honesty, and, if I have time, of honesty in some other departments of life. If I do not have time to enter these other departments to any extent, you can enter them yourselves if you will make the principle that I give you clearly, strongly, and permanently your possession.

Let us look, then, for a moment at the world's business.

You will understand from what I have said that I am not in a fault-finding mood, that I am not in a pessimistic attitude of mind. I wish to help to a little clearer idea in regard to some of these practical matters; for I see people going astray in business matters, not quite honest, who mean to be honest, and who, if they stopped to think, would not go astray.

Now, what is a business transaction? If you look out over the world, and see all the departments into which business is divided, it looks like such a confusion, such a mighty maze, that it seems to have no guiding thread of intelligence through it. Yet all business reduces itself to one simple transaction. No matter how disguised it may be, no matter how complex, every business transaction of the world always has been, is now, and always will be merely an exchange between two people. An exchange, in order to be an honest one, should be, of course, for the benefit of both parties in the transaction. People talk about getting the best end of a bargain. If you get the best end of a bargain, by hook or by crook, by monopoly, by roundabout ways, then you are not honest. There are *two* best ends to every honest transaction. I have something that I wish to exchange for something that I want more. I have a surplus in some one direction and a want in another. I wish to exchange some of my surplus for something that I need. If it is an honest exchange, it means my benefiting the person I exchange with as well as being benefited myself. Every honest bargain, then, is simply an illustration of the Golden Rule,—it is doing to somebody else as I would like him to do to me.

I wish to look for a moment at some variations of this problem as it presents itself in the business world. Let us take the large class of men whose ambition it is to get beyond the necessity of doing anything. Look at this clearly in the light of facts, and make up your mind as to whether that is honest. "But," you say, "my father left me a large sum of money, and I do not need to do anything." But, if your father accumulated a large amount of money, he did it not by his own personal efforts alone, but by the help of the

world; and the larger part of it, if you talk of strict equity, belongs not to the individual, but to the world, if property belongs to the creator of it.

However you may twist or turn, the principle is right here. A man is not honest if he does not first find some way by which he earns that which he takes or uses, unless he gives to the world some fair equivalent for that which he wastes or expends. I think if a man have a little pride about him, which is highly commendable, he will not be quite content even with this. A man should wish to leave the world, when he does leave it, not precisely as well off as he found it, but just a little better off because he has been in it. He should want to make the world a little richer on account of the life which he has led among its people and in the midst of its magnificence and wondrous experiences.

Now, then, come to this matter of the business transactions or exchange, as to how it should be carried on. To make it practicable, would it be quite honest to do this? I call up from my memory experiences and conservations of the past. I remember talking with one of the clearest-headed business men in the West I ever knew. He made a claim I was not willing to allow,—that it was honest for him to take advantage of the ignorance of any man with whom he was dealing, to get the better end of a bargain. He said that, if he happened to know more than the other man of what was going on in the world, he was justified in taking advantage of the man's ignorance; for he had no one to blame but himself for his ignorance. I question whether that is defensible. Ought we to take advantage of the ignorance, the weakness, the infirmities, the frailties, of our fellow-men, to leave them worse off than they were before?

Take one transaction mentioned in the New Testament. People sometimes ask me whether I can find fault with the New Testament ethics, even if I can with the Old. Let us look at this transaction, though I would not have you think for a moment that I believe Jesus himself indorsed it. He only used it as an illustration. He tells of a man who found

a treasure in a field, who straightway hid it, so that the owner of the field did not know it was there, and went off and sold everything he had, and bought that field. Would you consider that quite an honest transaction? I should not. If a man buys a field, he buys what is there. The public conscience recognizes this when it is presented to it in some other shape. You remember Mrs. Burnett's play of "Esmeralda,"—how a sharper from New York goes down into Carolina, and discovers rich ores in the field of an innocent old farmer, and proposes to buy it without the farmer knowing what a valuable thing he was selling. The man proposes to make a fortune out of it; but I venture to say, if you have witnessed that play, that the people who attend instinctively feel that the man from New York is a scoundrel. Yet he was only taking advantage of the ignorance of the man he was dealing with.

I know it is immensely difficult; but take the matter of labor and the employer, and see how honest dealing comes in there. The laborer may be just as dishonest as the man that employs him; but, if he has labor to sell, he should make it honest labor. If he produces anything, if he makes a shoe or a chair or a hat, or whatever it may be, he should put into that honest and true work. Of course, it may be true that on some year or at one time of the year he may not be able to get as much compensation for the amount of care and honest labor as at some other time. This is regulated by the market, and is beyond the voluntary control perhaps of any one; but the laborer should receive as much as the market will allow. That is, he should be put into a position, or as nearly as possible into a position, where he or she can live a manly or womanly life.

There are numbers of people in this city who find it practically impossible, I suppose, to lead what you and I would regard as human lives. If they are able to appear decently clad on the streets, if they get enough to eat and drink so as to keep life in them, they do not have any time or any leisure or any means for cultivating that in them which is more than

the animal. Now, then, it may not be the fault of the employer, it may be only the fault of the general condition of things; but the employer should not, if he be an honest man, voluntarily take advantage of this condition of things for the sake of cheapening his goods. I sometimes wonder, too, whether the ladies in our first society, even, are quite ideally honest when, in their search for bargains, they seriously hunt from store to store to find something a cent or five cents cheaper than they have been accustomed to pay. If they stop to think of it, they would know that this may mean driving some sister woman to the verge of starvation or perhaps on to the street.

I know these are problems that are not to be settled by a word. But it will be something if we stop to honestly reflect that here are problems, problems not of easy solution, and if we wake up to the fact that here exist conditions that actually do concern *us*.

Men and women, then, if they wish to be ideally honest, should try to see the actual relations in which they stand to other men and women, and in every department try to see to it that an exchange which brings comfort, which brings ease, which brings peace, which brings luxury, which brings enjoyment, to them shall not mean starvation, poverty, cold, temptation, perhaps the loss of character, to somebody else. I know the problem is not easy of solution; but we can try so far as our influence and individual dealings are concerned to make our transaction with another an honest transaction.

Let me touch one other department of business. There are those who talk about speculation as though it was always and necessarily dishonest. There are those who indiscriminately attack the doings on Wall Street or on State Street, as though the men who had anything to do with them could not be true, honest men. There are those who have no end of sympathy with the man who gets "fleeced" in Wall Street who do not stop to think that the man, when he suffered from that process, was making the most vigorous attempt of which he was capable to put somebody else through the

same process. I have no great amount of sympathy to waste on the men who come out at the wrong end of what they expected in going into Wall Street. They know perfectly well what they are doing, the nature of the transaction. Those who are denouncing Jay Gould the loudest, for example, have been doing the very best they could to follow in his steps. I have no sympathy, then, to waste on these.

Let us see, then, the principle involved in speculation. When is it honest, and when is it dishonest? I think if a man is alone in the world, with nobody dependent on him, so that it does not make any difference to any one else whether he wins five hundred or one hundred dollars, it may be perfectly fair and honest for him to take risks which he would have no right to take if a mother or wife or children were dependent on him. People talk about this matter of speculation as though it were a clear-cut principle that no one has a right to speculate. I do not believe that is true. A man has no right to risk money that is not his own; and if he has a wife and children dependent on him, to comfort and support, that money is not his own in the sense that it would be if he stood free from all these associations. A man has no right to risk any money that he cannot well afford to lose. If he can afford, and chooses to take the chance with his eyes open, he may not be wise in doing it; but it is not dishonest in the sense that it would be if a man risked money that did not belong to him, or that is necessary for the welfare, the safety, and happiness of those who are dependent on him.

I have no time to go farther into this class of business problems. It seems to me that the principles are clear enough; and any one who chooses can think for himself concerning them. Neither have I time to touch the question of political honesty or dishonesty. Nor have I time to touch on questions of ecclesiastical or religious honesty and dishonesty. But the principles that I have enunciated are so clear that any one can find his way in any department of life in spite of all the bewilderment and confusion. He has

to see things as they are and to deal with things as they are, equitably, squarely, truly, so that the welfare of all who are concerned shall be equally regarded.

Honesty in business, political honesty, religious honesty, honesty in every department of life,—these should be our ideals. We should build not only our houses, but build our social order, our business, our political order, our religious structures, of sound materials, rightly related to each other, sanely and truly adjusted, so that they will stand, so that they will become a part of the divine order. If we do this, we not only achieve the happiness of other people, the welfare of other people, but, in the long run, we of necessity attain our own happiness and our own welfare; for we cannot possibly live alone. We are dependent every moment of our lives for not only happiness, for not only wealth, but for comfort, for health, for peace, upon the general condition of the world in which we are units, of which we are parts. For the sake, then, not only of other people, for our own sake, and that we may join hands with God and become a part of his divine order and may help on the perfection of that order which means the kingdom of God,—for the sake of all these things, let us walk honestly.

Father, we ask that we may try to see things as they are, and may know that welfare and happiness, that body, mind, heart, soul, all depend upon our being rightly related to Thee. And, since Thou art in all the forces and manifestations of the universe and of society and of the growth of the world, being rightly related to Thee means being rightly related to our fellow-men, and to all those things that help on the development of mankind. We ask that we may be this for Thy sake and for the sake of our fellows. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
"	*Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single cop

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 JANUARY 22, 1892 NO. 15

SERIES ON

EVERY-DAY RELIGION

V. THE IDEAL IN AND OVER THE REAL

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

JAN 23 1895

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

THE IDEAL IN AND OVER THE REAL.*

"We shall see what will become of his dreams." — GEN. xxxvii. 20.

DREAMS and dreamers are popularly looked upon as vain and unpractical. And yet it is by virtue of the fact that man is a dreamer that he takes precedence over all other beings that live upon the earth. It is because men dream that they improve, that they invent, that they enlarge their occupations on every side. It is because man dreams that he has made the conquest of the earth. There is nothing that has come into existence since man was a naked savage in the woods that was not first a fancy, a fleeting ideal in some man's brain. Every ship that now sails the sea and battles with the winds and waves first unfurled its sails in an imaginary dream-sea and underneath a dream-sky in some man's brain. Every factory that now hums and whirs and rattles, as it carries out the intentions of its creator, first clicked and rattled, if I may use the term, noiselessly in the silent realm of some man's thought. Everything, then, that man has created, every improvement, every discovery, every achievement of every kind, has first been imaginary. Men dream pictures before they paint them. Men dream statues before the chisel touches the stone. Men dream telephones and telegraphs before the wires are stretched. It is because man has this power of the ideal that he masters all things. It is because of this that we look forward to still more and higher mastery in the years that are to be.

And yet dreaming is not all of life, though it is that which has most of promise in it. If a man is to succeed in his busi-

* Phonographically reported.

ness, he must be intensely practical. He must deal with facts, with realities, with real relations. The banker, the merchant, the lawyer, the physician, the man of business in any department of life, must master the actual details of that business. If he attempts to match a fact and a fancy together, he will find it is like building a house upon the sand. The two will not fit. The one will not sustain the pressure of the other. I have nothing whatever to say against the intense realism of the world's great businesses, its multifarious affairs. If you are to succeed in any department of life, you must see clearly the facts, you must recognize the relations of these facts, you must master them in all their details, and you must have an eye out for the possible coming in of other facts that may modify your combinations.

Yet life is hard and grinding and wearing and depressing and unlovely if there be in it nothing but facts. If we could sweep the atmosphere from our world and still be able to live, all the loveliness, the beauty of it, would have disappeared. There would be no more rose-tinted dawns, no more magnificent sunsets. There would be no more of that halo of blue and gold that crowns the distant mountain tops. It would be just hard details, outlines, facts, sharp edges, everything hard, everything cold. It is this mystic and constantly changing atmosphere that clothes these hard facts, that gives the poetry, the beauty, the sentiment of loveliness, the dream side, the ideal side, to this old planet which is our home.

So I wish to suggest to you the value of this dream side. I shall speak chiefly to business men, though what I say may apply, for aught I know, to women as well in their occupations, so far as the principle is concerned. I wish to speak of the dream side that ought to be developed concerning every one of these hard, actual businesses in which we are engaged, so that we may find breathing-places, outlook, uplift, that shall lead not merely to helping to make business men, *but men.*

No matter how hard and bare the business may seem,

there is an ideal side to it. No matter how busy a man may be, he has time to note this ideal side. No matter how practical he may be, he ought to cultivate this poetical side of his practice for a place of escape, a place of rest. This dream side, it has been proved over and over again in the history of the world, is a most intensely practical side, because, as I have hinted, out of it come all the improvements, enlargements, extensions, that have blessed and lifted up the world.

Take, for example, some illustrations in the different departments of the world's history. I may speak of the farmer's life. Practically, I know more about that than I do of any other business, having been trained a farmer's boy. Most of the farmers of the world, so far as my knowledge of them goes, find very little of the ideal in their occupation, see very little poetry in it. It seems to them hard, tiresome drudgery. Up early, to bed late, working in the heat and burden of the noon-day, struggling to make both ends meet, finding it very difficult to lay aside even a little at the end of the year as a provision against illness or old age,— it is a hard, a very hard, practical life; and it seems to have very little else in it. Yet suppose the farmer,— suppose *I* had been taught when I was a boy, what a new world it would have opened to me! — suppose the farmer should learn that even farming has an ideal side, a dream side. He treads under his feet every day of summer grasses and weeds and flowers a large variety; but, in the case of the average farmer, they mean nothing to him. The quitch grass gets in his way and torments him at his work; but that is all he knows about it. Many of those things that we in the city look upon as flowers he regards as weeds that are destructive and hinder his toil. But suppose the farmer should acquire even an elementary knowledge of botany, should learn to think of the life, the meaning, of these things that surround him on every hand; suppose he should give a little time every day, or a little time every week even,— the time which he spends at the corner grocery gossiping, the time he spends poring

over the newspaper after he has extracted all the news, the time he spends in a thousand ways that do not add to his wealth, and do not rest him,— he could learn enough to enable him to live in another world. As he followed the plough or as he brought home to the barn the hay that he had cured or the grain that he had gathered, his thoughts might be raised, not crowded and pressed down under his harassing occupation until his soul life, his intellectual life, was smothered. He might be able to live a part of the time in the world of the imagination, a rest world. Or suppose he could learn even the elementary principles of geology. Then, as he looked out over his fields, as he saw a hill in the distance, noticed the river winding through the valley, the brook tumbling down from the uplands, the meadow level, every one of these things would speak to him. He would read the story of past ages; and, as he noted the work of the Almighty Hand in its infinite and eternal patience sculpturing the hills and shaping the valleys, he might live in one of the grandest worlds that the scholarship of modern time has revealed. Or suppose the farmer, when he came across a bowlder in his field, instead of merely looking at it as something in the way, should trace certain scratches across its surface, and should know enough about the forces that have been at work in the past to know that there was the writing of the ice-age, the glacial epoch of the past, how his mind would expand, how it would escape from its trammels, and would become one with this marvellous, mystic story of the days of old!

Now, this is not at all unpractical. The farmer need not neglect his work, in order to do all this that has been hinted. It would be a rest to him, it would be recreation. They say that there is more insanity among farmers and farmers' wives than in almost any other department of human life, simply because of the grinding monotony of it.

Or let it be the banker. There is an ideal side to banking. It is not all settling the day's per cent. on loans. It is not all questioning as to whether this man's paper is safe,

whether that one's is a little questionable. It is not all trying to find loans that will be profitable. It is not all merely counting the cash, hard money, or bills. If the banker will only become interested in the ideal side of his business, there will unfold to him a perfectly wondrous story, leading him to the first beginnings of exchanges and the mediums of exchange, and to the relating of all these things with the growing civilization of the world.

Or let it be the doctor. I know there are times in the history of his profession when he is crowded beyond almost all physical endurance by the hard facts of his daily life. If he dream at all,—perhaps he will pray that he may not, that he may have more perfect rest,—it can be only the dreams that visit him in his sleep. But the doctor, if he interests himself in something more than the actual cases that are presented to him from day to day, may find that his profession, too, has its ideal side, its dream side, its poetic side. Beginning with the old mythologies that held that the knowledge of medicine came from the gods as a divine gift to man, the speculations as to the properties of plants, as to the curative power of remedial agents, here is a region into which the doctor may escape from his realism, from the wearisome round of his practice and life, into an ideal world, a world of thought that would make him acquainted with the deeps and heights not only of the human mind, but of the human heart as well.

And so in regard to the lawyer. The lawyer need not give all his time to Blackstone, to the statutes as they exist in the different States and the different countries of the world. If he do so, the chances are that he gets hardened into a sort of legal machine, caring little for principles, devoting himself entirely to precedents, and regarding the law as hard and fixed and inelastic; while, if he would only study the dream side of his profession, he would find himself being let into the secret of human civilization, the attempts of rude and barbaric men to govern themselves and extend into ever larger and larger societies and organiza-

tions their ideas of justice, of truth, of right. Here is the story, perhaps the divinest story, of man's instinct for justice and right, attempting to institute itself and make it a universal and controlling power.

I say, then, that every business, no matter what, has its dream side, its ideal side, which lets man out from his prison-house of hard, grinding, despairing, and discouraging fact.

Having hinted what I mean, I would have the principle apply to every human life; and I wish to give my reasons for this, and to tell you some of the ways in which we may help to cultivate this ideal side of life.

In the first place, the man who gives himself entirely to the routine, the detail, of his business life, at last becomes sunk in that, so that he has no thought, no ambition, no feeling, no care, no taste, for anything else. He is in the worst possible state of mind; for he is content to be a mere machine. He is content to forego his manhood, and become merely a piece of mechanism for carrying on the world's concerns, not thinking beyond the mechanism. The farmer, for example, leads such a life as to be worthy of the taunt that "his talk is of oxen." He knows nothing but oxen. He knows nothing about the history, the ideal side, the poetical side of oxen even. He only knows the market price of oxen and how much work they can do. And so the lawyer or business man in any department gets sunk in his business. He illustrates the trite but ever-living words of Shakspere's sonnet —

> "My nature is subdued
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

Man, if he does not beware, becomes subdued to the business in which he is engaged until he has no other life but that, no life outside of it.

Some years ago I used an illustration which I will venture to repeat. In George William Curtis's "Prue and I" there is a chapter called "Mr. Titbottom's Spectacles." Mr. Tit-

bottom had come in some way into possession of a curious pair of spectacles that had the power of reporting to him the inner, essential nature of any thing or person that he looked at. So he found that, as he looked at a great many busy, thrifty housewives, he saw only a broom. He looked at a business man, and he saw nothing but a leather-bound ledger. He looked at a doctor, and he saw only a scalpel or a saw or a box of pills. He looked at a lawyer, and he saw only Blackstone. So I think, if we possessed those spectacles and investigated the real condition of our neighbor's we should find that a great many of them had almost emptied themselves of their manhood, and had become only a piece of the world's business. A man who is content to be that is more to be pitied than the most restless and discontented man who walks the earth. When a man is in such a state of mind as that, there is no spur to drive him out of it into himself. Man needs, then, to cultivate the ideal side of his business, to be delivered from a fate like this.

The next step. I said that the man who is contented in this condition of things is in the worst possible state of mind. I meet a great many people who have become discontented in it, but who have not learned the way to cure their discontent. I was on the horse-car the other day, going down town. A gentleman got into the car who has been passing through what one would call rather a hard experience during the last few months. I think his business has not been altogether prosperous, there has been illness in his family, and altogether life wore to him rather a hard and forbidding aspect. We began to speak of this; and he said, "I believe you think that life is really worth living: you think that man can get more out of life in the way of good than of evil, more of happiness than of sorrow." He did not say that he held the contrary opinion in so many words; but his tone of voice hinted that he did. Now, here is just the condition of things that I have in mind. A great many men,— I do not say that he is one of them, but the conversation suggested this question to me,— a great many

men have waked to the fact that property and such things slip out of their hands, and that life after the bloom is rubbed off is a commonplace thing.

A man has to do the same things over and over again. He gets up in the morning, and takes his bath, and goes through the tiresome process of dressing. He eats his breakfast, very much the same breakfast the year round. He goes out, and takes the car down to his office, and opens his mail, — the same bills, the same duns, the same routine of business to be gone through; the same flour or hides or molasses or whatever it may be to sell to somebody for the sake of what little he may make on it; the same daily grind. He goes to lunch, meets the same men, talks over the same business or political subjects, goes home, eats his dinner, tries to amuse himself in the evening, goes to bed. And day after day it is the same everlasting, wearisome round. I have told you before of an incident that seems to round this up. A man attempted to commit suicide, but failed. Some days after a friend asked him why he, who was a prosperous man, should have done such a thing. "Oh," he said, "I got so tired of buttoning and unbuttoning." He was tired of just this wearisome routine of life. I do not wonder. Mr. Emerson in one of his lectures, I think in the one on Immortality, said we do not care for a second life, in order to enable us to finish wearing out our old boots. Life must mean something more than that, or no wonder that it becomes unutterably wearisome.

But note this principle. The necessary actions of life, even those that we have acquired, after a time ought to become automatic. A man ought never to think of the details of the business that have become necessary to the routine. If he is able to dream and to enter into the ideal side of his business, he breathes a higher air than this; and he "buttons and unbuttons," and goes through with the routine of his daily life without thinking anything about it. Lower things are as little to him as the automatic beating of his heart or the digesting of his breakfast. This, then, is the

reason why we should cultivate the ideal side of business life. There is one other thought which means much to me. This is the age of realism,— realism in art, in literature, when it is considered that the finest thing a novelist can do is to picture men and women precisely as we see them in the street, to picture their sorrows and calamities just as we know them by being their neighbors. I must confess, for my own part, I am no lover of that kind of realism. I do not like to read a book that purports to be a novel which is a story of just the same kind of commonplace suffering or tragedy that I have been trying to comfort or soothe in the case of my parishioners. I want to get away from that into another kind of world. It seems to me that for our sanity, for our recreation, for our rest, we need to live, a part of our time at least, in a world that is so much beyond the actual as we know it that we speak of it as the romance, the ideal, the dream world. I love to escape from facts, and create for myself, for a little while, if I can, the world I would like to live in. I am not less fitted for mv facts, when I come back again. I come back rested from breathing that higher air, and by the belief that a better world is possible; and I am in better condition to deal with the actual facts of the present, and to try to lift it up to the ideal. It is worth while to cultivate that side of life merely to find a place of rest, when weary.

There is another aspect of this business life of ours, one of the most important to which I can call your attention. The man who merely goes through the routine of business for the sake of what money he can get out of it has not risen into that world of thought where he sees the world relation of things. I would not have you think from what I have said that I underestimate the dignity and the grandeur of business. If I were to tell you how I do estimate it, you would think I had exaggerated. The world's business has done more to civilize the world than all the preachers that ever lived. Go back to barbaric times, and you find people thinking of the inhabitants of other countries as all barba-

rians. Some of them were fabled to carry their heads under their arms; some had but one eye, and that was in the centre of their forehead; others were web-footed. They were mysterious: they had other gods, other religions, other interests, and were their natural enemies and aliens. What is it that has helped us to create the sense of brotherhood which exists in the world, and which is coming, year by year, to more and more? It is the world's business more than the world's preaching that has brought this about. Men have started out on business ventures, and have visited these countries and established commercial relations with these other people, and have found that they were only themselves under the guise of another nationality. The same blood flows in their veins, the same heart beats in their breasts, they have the same loves and hopes and aspirations.

Let me give you one illustration of this. When the East India Company was formed, it was for nothing in the world but that a circle of Englishmen might be enabled to make money out of it. It was a purely business venture; but there has been nothing in modern times that has contributed more to the world's thought, to its higher culture, to civilization, to religious ideas. For, as the result of the English occupation of India, the Rig-Veda was discovered, the old Hindu Bible, perhaps the oldest sacred scripture in the world, with the exception of certain writings on Egyptian monuments. What did it do for scholarship? The best scholars in the world had been puzzling their brains trying to understand the Roman and Greek mythologies. The Rig-Veda is a key to them. It was given to the scholarship of the world as a result of a business venture. For the first time since that day we understand the deities of Olympus. We are face to face with one of the oldest religions in the world; and in the hymns of the Rig-Veda we have discovered a religion in the making, the origin of the worship of those gods, the relation in which they have stood to mankind. So, as the immediate result of that, there has come into existence the science of comparative religions, the sci-

ence of religious criticism. So that for the civilization of the world, for its scholarship, for its religion, for all those things that contribute to lifting up and helping forward mankind, we owe more to the business enterprise of the world than to almost any other thing that we can name.

The man, then, who cultivates the ideal side of his business, who climbs up out of the rattle and dreariness of the routine that stands in his way, so that he can hear the finer voices, so that he can see above the dust the universal relations, learns that by faithfully carrying on his business, honestly, truly, earnestly, he is working for the civilization of mankind. He is a part of this great relationship that has developed the brotherhood of man, that is crushing out slaveries and cruelties in every direction, in every darkest corner of the farthest lands. A man who rises high enough, even in his own affairs, can see that by just being faithful there he is playing a part on the world-stage, and by being true to himself and to his neighbor he is helping on the world.

There is another thought that I wish to speak of, mightier in its significance than all the rest. My subject was the Ideal *in* and *over* the Real. I have dwelt almost exclusively on the ideal in the real, the ideal attached to the separate occupations of men. I wish now to lift your thoughts for a moment to that higher, more universal thought that spans not only the separate businesses of men, but that overarches all the dreams of the world. Rise for a moment to the conception of yourself as more than a cog in the wheel, as more than a contributor in this way to modern civilization. Rise to the conception of yourselves as sons of God, as being linked in with God's lines of human purposes, in which all the other affairs of life are only incidents. As you stand on this upper height, business may fail or go awry, health may fail, friends may fade into the unseen, old age may come upon us and we stand facing and trying to peer into the shadow; but, if we are sons of God, we are leading lives not as lawyers, not as bankers, not as doctors, not as ministers, but *as men*. All these things may crumble; but

we have grasped the hand of the Eternal, and feel sure that that word spoken centuries ago is true yet,— "Because I live, ye shall live also."

If a man can only dream this dream, rise to this magnificent height above all incidents, accidents, disasters, turnings and changes of the world, then he is king,— king of himself, king of his conditions; and he may smile at changes, upheavals, overturnings. *He is a man*, and business is only his minister. The occupations he is engaged in are simply bringing to his hand means for leading a manly life; and these things are worth nothing except for this. They can all be lost; but, if he saves this, he saves himself and God and heaven and all things.

"We shall see what will become of his dreams." If a man learns how to dream truly and nobly, it is victory now and forevermore that shall come of his dreams.

Father, we dream of Thee. We know our ideal is infinitely short of the reality; and we are comforted by it, because we know that we can grow forever, and still be led on by an ideal that grows fairer and fairer forevermore. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper,	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
" "	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
" *Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
" "	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single co

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 JANUARY 29, 1892 No. 16

SERIES ON

EVERY-DAY RELIGION

VI. WHAT OUGHT RELIGION TO DO FOR US?

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

WHAT OUGHT RELIGION TO DO FOR US?*

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint." — ISAIAH xl. 31.

WHAT does religion do for us? It hurts us, it does nothing for us, it does a great deal for us, it does everything for us, according to circumstances. I know people who have what they call religion who would be infinitely better off without it. I have a case in my mind now of a family where they go through a form of religion in their family life. They have family prayers, and a portion of what they call the "Word of God" is read every day; and yet, frequently, this very service is gone through with while the lips are compressed, and there is bitter feeling in the heart, and the whole of it is framed all round with querulousness and complaint, with anything but the lovely spirit that we call either human or divine. People who have that kind of religion had much better get rid of it as soon as possible. I know a case where the training of the children has been such that the religion they have seen and come in contact with has been the bane of their lives. The kind of religion they had as children has been such as to lead them to have as little to do with religion since as possible, and rightly, so far as that type of religion is concerned. I have known children where the chief thing that religion meant to them was something hard, something formal, something disagreeable. God was represented to them in such a way that they

* Phonographically reported.

hated him. They were made to feel that he was watching them all the time, not as a loving mother watches over her child, but to see if he could find some fault with them. They were forced, whether they liked it or not, to go to the prayer-meeting, to go through with this or that religious routine; and the result of it has been disastrous in their lives ever since. There has been printed on their minds such an ideal of religion as has taken them years to escape from and to outgrow. I know people who have a very hard and fast belief which they think correctly represents the counsel of God, his plan of operations in dealing with the world, and they hold that fast as the chief thing about religion, but who are not kindly, not gentle, not lovable, not honest, not true, in their relations to their fellow-men. Religion, then, is not always a good thing. It is sometimes an unfortunate thing: it depends on what kind of a religion you have.

If you go back to the beginning of the world's religious experiences, you find that the emphasis at that time was laid almost exclusively on the ceremonial. Religion was a cult. It made no special difference what you believed. It made no special difference as to what the attitude of your heart might be, as to what you loved, as to whether you were tender and true. The principal thing was that you went through the requirements of the religious ceremonial properly.

The next great step in the world's development of religion was to bring belief to the front. The most important thing was as to the theory of God, of man, of the world, that people held. The ceremonial still continued; but it fell into abeyance, it was not so important. For ages the principal thing in religion has been the intellectual belief of men. But a man can hold correct intellectual beliefs and still be bitter, still be hard, still be cruel, still be uncomfortable to live with, still be an unsafe person with whom to do business.

The principal thing in religion, as the world gets civilized, is coming to be more and more the spiritual attitude, the

love of the heart, the divineness, or the perfect humanity — they mean the same thing — of the character that is developed. The principal thing is coming to be goodness, tenderness, love, service, helpfulness, towards our fellow-men.

Religion may express itself still in outward ceremonial: it naturally will. It must clothe itself in some way. Correct belief will not cease to be any less important. I believe it will be more and more important as the world goes on, because, if a man is working on a wrong theory, his time is being thrown away. He will not accomplish so much. He may mean just as well, may be just as true, as tender-hearted, just as loving, just as desirous of serving the world; but, if he is working on a wrong theory, he does not accomplish so much for the world. So the creed will not cease to be important: only it will be seen that the ceremonial and the creed are of value only for the sake of the character that they can develop, only because they may bring us near to God, near to each other, make us divine, make us human.

Now do you not see how form, how ceremonial, how some particular creed, comes to be regarded as all-important in religion? People sanctify it, consecrate it, look upon it as something that must not be touched, that must not change. But the world grows and goes on, and leaves this or that particular service behind. They do not touch the real practical world of to-day; yet they are looked upon still as the distinctively religious part of life. So, as the world goes on, men can actually become immoral while still very religious.

Take, as an illustration of what I mean, one right here in the modern world of Boston. When Theodore Parker first began to preach, he was looked upon as an outcast, as an enemy of whatever was religious, whatever was sacred, whatever was divine. Why? As a matter of fact, there never was a more thoroughly God-intoxicated soul in human history than Theodore Parker. There never was a man who believed more in God. There never was a man more thoroughly consecrated to truth. There never was a man more anxious to help his fellow-men. Why, then, was he looked

upon this way? For the simple reason that in the popular mind certain theories which have been proved to be untrue, and certain ceremonials which were of no practical consequence, had come to stand for religion. And just because he wished to serve the living world, because he wished to break every yoke, lift off the heavy burden, and let the oppressed mentally, morally, spiritually, and physically go free, just because he consecrated himself to this, he became, according to the popular acceptation of the world, irreligious; for religion still remained something that the real life of the time had left behind. The people, then, opposing the great reforms that Parker stood for, and standing as they thought for true religion, for God, became practically immoral. They defended slavery, they defended every kind of oppression and injustice, because they thought they were linked inextricably with the religious life of the world.

You see, then, how naturally it comes about that an antiquated theory comes to be held,—a method, an idea, that people learn to reverence, so that they dare not change it and bring it into vital relation with the living life of the living world. This stands in the way of helping humanity; and so-called religion becomes an evil, something to be shaken off, outgrown, left behind.

We are now ready to ask ourselves as to what religion really is, what it is to be really religious. Then we shall find what it can do for us. In those far-off times the people had the very best thoughts about God and this world that they were capable of attaining; and they lived them out the best they knew how. In other words, they came into relation with God as closely as their knowledge and their natures would permit. Religion was vital then. The only trouble is that people hold these theories of infallibility, of unchangingness, in such a way that, though they believe God spoke once to the world, they do not think he speaks to-day; and, instead of listening for his living voice, they devote themselves to trying to interpret the echoes of what somebody represents that he said two or four thousand years

ago. Religion to-day is precisely this,—coming into close, living relation with God. It is having clear thoughts about his laws, about his methods, about the tendency or drift of human life on and up the ages. It is thinking on these subjects just as clearly as we can, getting the noblest conception of God that we can, and then living accordingly. It is linking our lives with God, coming into close, personal, experimental relations with him, according to the best life of our time. That is what religion is,—waiting on the Lord, listening for his living voice, trying to discern the faintest intimation of his presence, and following him, studying his laws in the stars overhead, in the dust under our feet, in the growth of nations, the development of industries, the progress of government, of art, of science, and the living life of individual man. It is finding out the divine laws of life and growth towards the better. This is religion, practical religion.

What ought such a religion as this to do for us? It ought to do everything for us,—make us kings of ourselves, kings of our condition, kings of the world, kings and conquerors in the face of death itself.

Let me indicate in detail a few of the things which religion ought to give us.

Religion gives us the very most important thing that any man, woman, or child can ever come into possession of,—a practical working theory of life. That is the first and most important thing that any intelligent being needs; and a living religion gives us that. What am I here for? What is the best thing I can do? By what standard shall I measure the success or failure of life? When shall I conceive I have succeeded in attaining that which is most important to me? That is, what is the working theory of life? A man succeeds in business. Yes; but is that what he lives for? A man fails in business. Yes; but has he failed in life? A man wishes to be a physician, to heal the diseases of his fellow-men. Yes; but is that really what he lives for? Is there nothing above that, nothing that transcends it? A woman wishes to be a true wife and mother, to make a

happy home. Yes; but is that the last, the deepest thing in the analysis of life? What are we here for? This is the thing we need to find out; and then our feet are planted strong on something that stands, that is solid, that does not shift, that does not give way. Then we can defy fate. Then we can live out this life, undisturbed, unfaltering, without losing heart, without losing courage. A man is at sea on a big steamer. He cannot see the shore on either side. Storms come up, he is blown out of his course: the whole world to him, which is the whole universe when he is enclosed in a fog that shuts out the stars, is only this wild, restless sea of water. How shall he know which way he is going? If he could see the stars, he might fasten his eye on one of them and follow it. But he is not discouraged or troubled so long as he has his compass. The compass does not help to bring him to his port, the compass does not tell him precisely where he is; but the compass points always to the practically true north. It gives him a changeless point of departure. It gives him a sense of stability, of something that does not come or go, that does not slip out of his hands, that does not disappoint him. There is one thing steady and true in all the turmoil and change. Now, if a man has made up his mind as a working theory of life that the thing for him to do is to find out as well as he can the laws of God in the universe, in society, in the individual, and obey them, that the one thing above any success or failure, anything that comes or goes, is to be true to the purpose of linking life in with the divine trend of things and helping it on, then there is one thing, like the ship's compass, that is steady. That gives him a point of departure. It does not tell him always where he is, it does not practically settle for him all his problems; but it gives him a stable point of departure, and that is the principal thing. Do you know a thousand of those questions and doubts and uncertainties that we meet in the modern world are of no practical consequence to you? I came across a young man the other day who was all adrift and afloat because they were disputing whether Moses

wrote the Pentateuch. It seemed to him — such had been his religious training — that he must wait until the matter was settled. What difference does it make who wrote the Pentateuch? We can let the critics fight over that, and, when they get the matter settled, we will be interested in it as a matter of literary curiosity; but it is of no practical moment whatever. So I know people who are troubled in their minds, as if religion itself were at stake, because the authorship of the Gospel of John is unsettled,— that it is not known what a man who lived eighteen hundred years ago thought about the inner presence and nature of Jesus of Nazareth. But think a moment. Suppose Jesus was a divine incarnation. All that divinity can show in a man is an ideal manhood. So there is no possible practical way of telling the difference between an ideal man and a divine man. Let the critics discuss, then, and settle these questions. You and I will listen to the voice of the living God, and find the loving service of our fellow-men, and consecrate ourselves to that. When all these questions are settled, there is nothing better than that that any man can do. Religion, then, gives us a practical working theory of life, a place to stand, a point of departure, a sense of something more solid than granite, more solid than the material universe.

There is another thing that religion can do for us. It can save us in prosperity. We pity the poor. We pity those who are struggling. We pity those who are facing the practical difficulties of the world, who are not able to attain all which they desire. But do you know that there is something deeper in us? If we are children of God, and if the grandest thing we can get out of life is the cultivation of this divine thing in us into the likeness of God, then the rich, the very rich, are specially to be pitied, and specially in need of this religion that I am speaking of, as a help, as a deliverance, from the dangers that are round them on every hand.

Let me indicate one or two of these dangers. One of the great dangers of the rich is that they get out of sympathy with their fellows, out of touch with them; that they come to

regard themselves as made of a finer clay than common humanity; that they cease to feel the reality of their dependence upon the great struggling world; that they become selfish and isolated.

Then there is another danger, that they become contented with that which is infinitely less than what they are capable of. People have not changed so much but that what Jesus uttered is still true. He represented the rich man who had wonderful crops saying to himself: I have plenty laid up for a good many years. Now I am going to eat, drink, and be merry. I am going to have a good time. I am going to lead a self-indulgent, self-satisfactory kind of life. If a man, not *has* a soul, but *is* a soul, and if, when he gets through here, he is to enter into conditions of life where his fine clothes, his house, or the things he ate or drank are of no significance, then those circumstances which lead him to be contented with those things is the greatest of misfortunes. I do not say that all the rich are contented with these things. I only say that there is a real danger here, and that the rich, the prosperous, the people on whom the sun shines all the year round, need this religious ideal that I am speaking of more, if possible, than do even the poor. For the poor, not content with the things of this life, are a good deal more likely to wake up to a conception of there being something else. Man, then, no matter how prosperous he may be, no matter how clearly the sun may shine in his sky, needs this which religion can give him, to make him know that in the midst of this life experience, whatever it may be, he is something more and of more importance than all these external conditions.

Then religion, if it be a true religion, is a refuge in the storm. And, friends, the storm always comes in some shape, in some form. It has come to most of us already. If not, it will come. There is no living out this human life of ours without passing under the cloud, without getting into difficulty and trouble, without loss, without experiences that make us feel heart-sick and weary, that seem to take the meaning out of life, and that make us feel that we need

something to hold that is real. For, if a man has nothing but money, and that goes, he feels as though the universe had crumbled. If health fails him and activity is possible to him no more, and he has no resources beyond those that health and the common activities of life give him, it seems as though life had lost all its meaning. If we lose friends, and we feel that they are really lost; if we have learned to centre our lives on these affections that bind us so tenderly to those we love,— then it seems as though the universe had failed us. It becomes, then, a practical question whether there is nothing in this religion, this felt relationship with God, this linking our lives in with his purposes, this taking meaning and strength from the thought that he is behind us,— whether there is not something here that can help us when everything else is gone. Religion, if it means anything, ought to help us when our ideals crumble all about our feet. We start out in life with such beautiful theories as to what we will do, not only with ourselves, but with those that are linked closely to us; and we find them shattered and broken as easily as the soap bubbles with which we played in our childhood.

But there is something of more importance than the present breaking of an ideal. It is, Can we be true, true in the midst of the wreck of them, true in the belief that they stood for something real, that they shall be realized somewhen, somewhere?

Suppose the darkness closes us round, and that we cannot take a single step, cannot even see the next step ahead of us. No one has asked us to take the next step until we can see it. What does God ask of us? What does the universe ask, as it challenges the manhood or the womanhood in us? It asks us to stand firm, patient, faithful, trusting, ready to take a step if there is any opportunity. That is all it asks of us.

An anecdote of the Duke of Wellington illustrates what I mean; and it is just as applicable in our form of religion as it was to the gentleman to whom the remarks were addressed.

A young man had been sent to some foreign field as a missionary. He got discouraged, and came back. He happened to be a friend or an acquaintance of the old Duke of Wellington, who asked him, "What did you come back for?" "I got discouraged," was the answer. "I did not seem to accomplish anything." "Do you believe in God? Do you believe that, when he puts you anywhere, he has some purpose in it?" asked the duke. "Yes," said the young man. "Suppose you were an officer under my command, and I placed you at a certain post, and told you to stay there until you were relieved, what would you do?" "I would stay," said the young man. "Then in this great life battle, if you find yourself in a post that you believe has been assigned to you as a matter of duty, you are not responsible for the result, the outcome. You are to stand at your post, and be true to yourself and to your commander, true to your ideal. You are to stand, and only take a step as the opportunity comes to you."

That is what religion can help us to do in the perplexities, in the darkness, in the evils, of life. If we really believe in God, in truth, in duty, it is no matter what comes to us, no matter how hidden our path, no matter how our way may seem blocked, we can do the very highest thing that any intelligence is capable of doing: we can be true to ourselves, true to our condition, true to our circumstances; and the highest angel that ever was created cannot do a better thing than that. This religion, then, can help us in the midst of our burdens and difficulties and evils of life.

There is one thing more that religion can do for us. It can give us conquest over old age, and over death itself. One of the gravest dangers that we meet, as we grow old, is that we get to doubting, questioning; that life seems to lose its sweetness and meaning to us. We get querulous, complaining, self-conscious. We inflict our infirmities on other people. We grow less lovable, less companionable, than we used to be. But, if we believe that there is that in us which is of more importance than the house we live in, then, when

the house begins to crumble and decay, we shall show the superiority of ourselves to the house. We can learn to be sweet, true, self-forgetting, noble, as the eyes grow dim and the ears harder of hearing, and increasing infirmity tells us that we are getting towards sunset. We can stand strong in this conviction of there being something eternal and changeless in us, something superior to all these conditions. We can show the divinity that transcends all these common surroundings of the common life.

Then, when we come to face death itself, the death of ourself or our friends. I think sometimes it is harder to see a friend die than it would be to know that it was one's self that was going. There are friends that may mean more to us than the little remainder of life that is left for us. And if we have this religion of which I have been speaking, if we have become conscious of the presence and the life of God, if our souls are linked with his life, then do we not gain the conviction that love, which is the essence of God, and the love which binds us to our friends, are equally divine and eternal, so that no real friend, no real part of our souls, can be lost?

You remember that poem of Browning's, "Evelyn Hope," in which he raises the question whether she is lost merely because she has died; and he exclaims,—

> "No, indeed! for God above
> Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
> And creates the love to reward the love,—
> I claim you still, for my own love's sake!"

I do not believe that anything that is really a part of our souls can ever be lost.

And, then, so far as our own going is concerned. We cannot always live here on this planet. If we open our eyes to look at the facts of the case and the conditions, we should say squarely that we should not wish to. Dying is a necessary incident of our getting on. It is the next step upwards, not something that happened because God got angry just

after the world was created. It is a part of God's eternal plan, born of his love for his children, not his hate. It is simply being born once more when we have got through here, — that is all.

And, when this comes to us, we shall feel as did Sir Humphrey Gilbert when, on that famous voyage, they came to him and told him that the ship must go down; and he said, "Well, it is as near to heaven by water as by land." We shall feel the meaning of that magnificent line of one of our own poets,—

"If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea."

Death is but an incident in life. It is a necessary step: it is the unclothing merely that we may be clothed upon with that house which is from heaven. This I believe. This is a part of this religion that links our lives in with God, and makes us a part of his eternal purposes and will, makes us a part of his final triumph.

What, then, may religion do for us? If it be fairly correct in theory, true in purpose, lofty in love, humble in service, if it be what it ought to be, it will be that power in us which shall help us to "mount with wings as eagles, to run and not be weary, to walk and not faint."

Father, let us give our lives to Thee, because by finding Thy laws and obeying them we find all things,—life, sanity, knowledge, love of beauty, of truth, right thoughts, right feelings, right actions, prosperity and peace, that which is highest in us here and forevermore. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
"	*Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 FEBRUARY 5, 1892 No. 17

DR. ABBOTT AND CHRISTIAN EVOLUTION

I. THE IRRESISTIBLE CONFLICT BETWEEN TWO WORLD-THEORIES

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

The Irresistible Conflict between Two World-Theories.*

THOSE who know me and my methods of work will understand without my saying it that it is not my purpose to attack or antagonize Dr. Lyman Abbott or any man. For Dr. Abbott I have only the profoundest respect and the highest esteem. He is a personal acquaintance and perhaps I may have a right to say a personal friend; and between us there is only the most cordial sympathy. I rejoice in the work he has been doing. I have no fault to find with that work, so far as it has gone. It will be understood, also, that I am not here to antagonize religion or the Bible or the Church or Jesus, or any of the reverences or sanctities of the human heart or any of the grand hopes for the future. My only purpose is this. Since public attention in an extraordinary degree has been roused on this subject of evolution and its relation to religious and theological thought, I wish to take occasion of this present condition of affairs to do what I can to help on a little clearer thinking, and to lift the eyes of men, so that they may catch clearer glimpses of the dawn of God's new day.

It does seem to me, I confess, a little amusing at times to see how excited the religious world can get over that which on the part of all competent investigators and thinkers has been regarded and demonstrated as commonplace truth for years. Dr. Abbott has uttered nothing new, nothing that all free investigators have not known as true for many years.

* Phonographically reported.

The one peculiar thing about it, however, and that which has excited the public attention, is the fact that these truths should be spoken in such a quarter, that evolution should be frankly recognized to such an extent on the part of a man who still occupies one of the foremost orthodox pulpits in America. This is the strange thing, and the only strange thing.

And yet there is a ground for the sensation that these lectures have created, because, although all earnest and competent men have understood for many years that these things are true, the Church has always held that the truth has been, once for all, infallibly revealed, and that therefore no new and startling unfolding of this sort was to be expected. It is not strange, then, that church members should be startled when they find these truths preached, not by those who occupy positions outside, but from the lips of their own earnest, leading men.

I trust I may be pardoned right here a few words by way of personal reminiscence, in order that it may be seen where I stand and how long I have occupied my position.

I wish, then, to recall to you a few dates, some of which you are familiar with, others perhaps you are not.

Darwin's "Origin of Species" was published in the year 1858. A year or two earlier than that, it is only justice for us to remember, Mr. Herbert Spencer had given to the world hints as to the outlines of his great theory of evolution. But Darwinism, which is sometimes supposed to be all of evolution, is only one province of the great subject, confined to that which deals especially and peculiarly with biology, or the origin and development of the different forms of life.

In 1858, then, Darwinism was first given to the world. I graduated at the theological seminary in 1864. All that I knew of Darwinism up to that time was that it was a newfangled notion which was supposed to antagonize God and religion and all sacred truth. The professors in the seminary referred to it only to sneer at and depreciate it. From the

seminary I went at once to a Western missionary field. My attention was distracted by practical matters, and up to that time I had not turned my attention especially to any scientific investigation. But by the year 1870, twelve years after the publication of the "Origin of Species," having had time to devote myself to the study of the subject, I became an earnest, out-and-out evolutionist and Darwinian. About that time, while still in the Orthodox Church, I read an essay in Northern Missouri in the presence of a conference made up of ministers and delegates from churches, in which I accepted Darwinism to the full. I refer to this for the sake of stating a fact which is coming. I was sharply, bitterly criticised and arraigned by the other ministers for the position which I then took. On that occasion I made a prophecy in response to a criticism. I said: It will not be twenty-five years before the Orthodox Church itself will discover that Moses was an evolutionist. It will not be twenty-five years before Genesis will be reinterpreted to bring it into accord with the doctrines of Darwinism. I made one mistake in my prophecy,—a mistake which I share with a good many prophets more famous than I am. I made a mistake as to the date. If I had said fifteen years instead of twenty-five, I should have hit nearer to the truth; for inside of fifteen years a book was published by an orthodox professor in which he claimed to find all that was admitted as true in Darwinism and evolution in the writings of the Pentateuch!

To-day we are face to face with the fact that it is in all the air, affecting the thinking and teaching of men in every department of life not only, but in every department of the Christian Church. Now and then, as in the case of Dr. Woodrow in the South, a man is turned out of some professor's chair because he dares to be an evolutionist; but in this part of the country, where thought is a little more rapid in its movement, though there are mutterings of discontent and charges of heresy, the leading thinkers in all the churches are compelled to confess the substantial truth of evolution and Darwinism. Now and then there will be a writer on

evolution, like St. George Mivart, the great Roman Catholic scientist, who will attempt to interpret the facts and laws of evolution in such a way as to enable him to still remain in and accept in some form the doctrines of the Church. Yet under the influence of this thinking all the doctrinal teachings of the past are undergoing "a sea-change into something rich and strange,"— strange to the world, rich in truth, rich in promise for the future.

Let me recall one more date before I proceed with the main part of my subject. I came to this pulpit in 1874. In 1876 I preached a series of sermons under the general title "The Religion of Evolution."

I am glad to speak of this, and associate it with this date; for perhaps you will pardon my saying that I believe, if anybody remembers me or anything I have ever said or done ten years after my death, it will be for this one fact. I am the first man, I think, in either Europe or America, who, while occupying a pulpit, in the regular course of his pulpit ministrations, frankly accepted evolution and Darwinism, and frankly attempted to reconstruct religious and theologic thinking and theory, and bring them into accord with this newer and higher revelation of God. When I began this series of sermons, though I did not know it till I was through, one of my leading men, clear-headed, earnest, and brave, recognized the state of public opinion as such that he said he did not believe it would be possible for me to complete the series. He believed that such pressure would be brought to bear upon me in the way of hostile criticism that I should be forced to abandon them. If there was on the part of my own people any such feeling, it did not reach my ear, with one or two exceptions; and I concluded the course without having waked up to the consciousness that I had dared anything or had been brave, or anything of the sort. For it has never seemed to me, since I have stood in the pulpit at all, that it was my business to do anything except utter the truth fearlessly, simply, fully, as I thought I saw and understood it.

I refer to these things, that you may note the waymarks of the world's progress in thinking concerning these matters.

Now let us turn to the matter of evolution itself. Of course, you will not expect me to undertake to prove it. Dr. Abbott assumed it. Every man may safely assume it to-day, as he assumes the Copernican theory of the universe; for every competent thinker will tell you that in spite of unsettled points here or there, which are subsidiary questions, the general theory is as firmly and thoroughly established as is the accepted theory of the heavens and earth.

But perhaps it will be worth my while to take time enough to suggest one or two points very briefly, of such vital importance that any man without reading any work on Darwinism at all can see which way honest thinking leads.

For example, take this little earth of ours on which we find ourselves at home. Either the earth was always as it is to-day, or it was suddenly created, or, thirdly, it has come into its present condition through a series of progressive changes which we call growth. There are only these three ways by which we can think of its having come to be what it is. We know that it has not always been as it is to-day, for the process of creation has been going on, and is going on continually before our very eyes. And in regard to its having been created outright and suddenly there is not one particle of proof of any such thing. In the nature of things, then, the only theory which has any proof in its support is the theory of evolution. When a man finds himself confronted with three thinkable theories, two of which have no proof and the third of which has at least some, as an honest and clear-headed man, he cannot possibly choose as to which he shall, at least provisionally, accept.

Let us look at some similar ideas concerning the origin of man. We know that man was not always on this planet. How did he get here? There are three thinkable ways. Either he was created suddenly and outright, all at once, or else he was born of parents very much unlike himself,—as though a dog should be born of a horse,—or, third, he was

born of parents slightly unlike himself, and has come to be what he is as the result of prolonged, progressive variations and changes, developed from the lower forms of life beneath him. The last theory is Darwinism, evolution. Look at the other two. There is not the slightest particle of evidence that man was born of parents very much unlike himself. There is no evidence whatever of any sudden creation. There is not, then, the slightest shred or rag of evidence in the universe for those two theories. Whatever objections there may be still standing in the minds of any concerning evolution, remember it is the only theory that has a single particle of proof. A rational, clear-headed man, then, finds himself compelled, as it seems to me, to accept this theory, provisionally at any rate, until he can find one that has a larger amount of evidence. Evolution, Darwinism, then, is established as firmly as is the Copernican theory of the heavens.

But let me suggest a thought right here. It took our race something like two hundred years to make the transition from the Ptolemaic theory to the Copernican. The Copernican theory was scouted, it was ridiculed, it was anathematized, by the preachers and the Church. Martin Luther hurled his thunderbolts of ridicule against Newton because, he said, if the law of gravity was to be accepted, it took the universe out of the hands of God and put it into the keeping of a law. You see, then, this kind of objection is nothing new; and it has not been directed simply at evolution and Darwinism. Objections of a similar nature have been hurled at every new theory that has marked the advance of the intellectual life of the race. I wonder sometimes that the world does not get tired of playing over the same old farce-comedy from century to century.

We are now in condition to note this theory of evolution a little more closely. If you read all the literature that has appeared on the subject, you will find that there have been three types of evolution held. There has been the atheistic or materialistic evolution, where thinkers have said, All we wish is that you give us matter and force, and we will

account for all things. Then there has been agnostic evolution, in which men have simply recognized the facts, and have declared that it was impossible for us to discover anything as to the nature of the Eternal Life and Power of which these facts are only phenomenal expressions. Then, in the third place, there is theistic evolution, which recognizes God in the most infinitesimal atom, whether that atom be a solid particle of matter or, as some speculate, only a point of force,— God in the most infinitesimal atom, all the way up from that to, by comparison, a mountainous grain of sand; all the way up from the sand grain to planets and the most magnificent stars over our heads, and from the most magnificent stars up the sublime pathway of progress until we come to brain, to thought; all the way up from the soul of the barbarian to the crowned, divine lives of such men as Darwin, as Shakspere, as Jesus: God in all and through all; God not separate from any force, any movement, any manifestation of life; God at every point, from the far-off, unapproachable beginning to the far-off, unapproachable end, shall I say? Nay: there is to be no end.

Now, where are we in the face of these three thinkable classes of evolution? Materialism, atheism, is out of court. There is no competent thinker or investigator in the world who does not know that that is antiquated philosophy and exploded science. Agnosticism is simply that method of thinking which proposes to set limits to the investigation and knowledge of man; and the mind of man refuses to acknowledge any limits. It dares to investigate the unknown. It does not admit that it may not be known. Agnosticism is dying or dead; and to-day theistic evolution dominates all the free and competent thinkers and earnest thinking of the nineteenth century.

I remember some years ago, when I started in with my series of sermons on "The Morals of Evolution," I received a letter from my old minister,— the minister of the old church down in Maine that I attended when a boy,— and he said, "I shall be curious to see what you will do in treating of the evolution of morals with Jesus and Christianity left out."

I speak of that as illustrating that naïve, curious way in which the adherents of the old churches look upon this matter. Jesus and Christianity left out! Does evolution leave anything out? Evolution does not even leave out the blunders and mistakes, the dreams and legends and myths of the race. It includes, accounts for, and explains them all. There are people, to-day, afraid of evolution, because they think, if they become evolutionists, there is no religion left. If they become evolutionists, they lose the Bible. If they become evolutionists, they lose Jesus. If they become evolutionists, they undermine the foundations of the Church. If they become evolutionists, they lose their hope of heaven. Those who have this childish conception of things suppose that evolution proposes to blot clean out all human history, and start all over again. When the Ptolemaic theory of the universe was succeeded by the Copernican, we did not lose the light of a single star, the moons were not put out. We only learned to explain them, to understand them, to set them in right relations to each other. We got rid of the myths, the superstitions, of the old times. That is all we shall do in substituting evolution for the old theory of the world.

I have led you now to the point where I wish to show you clearly what it is in Dr. Abbott's work which I criticise, and what seems to me the alternative lying before us.

I criticise Dr. Abbott merely for this. It seems to me he is only the last and most conspicuous illustration of the old attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable. A friend of mine, a scientist, was invited to a professorship in a college under denominational control, and was asked to take it on condition that he would reconcile Genesis with science. The earnest world is getting tired of this business of reconciliation. It is none of my affair to vindicate the writer of Genesis. He can be studied and understood from the point of view of his time, of his origin; but we are not to deny the truth we see in the nineteenth century because a man who lived four thousand years ago had not found it out. We are not to raise that question at all. It is our business, simply, with

clear eyes to see the truth, and with fearless lips to speak it. That is the only way in which we can be true to truth and to God and to man.

What, then, is the alternative? I propose to outline to you as clearly and simply as I can these two world-theories, and then to suggest to you what seems to me the inevitable truth that we must choose — not a patchwork of the two, we must choose either one or the other in its simplicity and in its entirety.

The old theory you are familiar with; but from necessity I must outline it for you. In the beginning,— whenever that may have been, the popular tradition puts it six thousand years ago,— God, who had existed from all eternity, created the heavens and the earth; that is, a power made these things from without. After he had created the earth he created man; and at the very threshold of human history there is an irruption, from some part of the universe outside, of the principle and power of evil. The world is invaded, and man falls; and by this fall man becomes a rebel against the government of God. No matter, then, how good man may be, how kindly or true in his relations with his fellow-men, the primal thought is that he is a rebel against God, and under God's condemnation to eternal death. What does God do about it? He sends angels and messengers and representatives from time to time supernaturally, who appear to man, offering him terms of pardon, reconciliation, salvation. He chooses from all the people on the earth a peculiar people; and along the line of their history there is prophet after prophet supernaturally inspired and sent with this message of God's truth. The Bible is supernaturally inspired to become the record of God's will and his method of human deliverance. In the fulness of time God himself comes in the person of his son, the second person of the divine and eternal trinity. He is supernaturally born, he lives and suffers, and dies an ignominious death, and is supernaturally raised from the dead. And why? Why all this? In order to make it possible for God to forgive, to save the race from the results of the fall.

I want right here to call your attention to two or three changes in the theories of this atonement that have been held.

It was at first believed and taught, strange as it may seem, that the death of Jesus was the price paid to the devil by which he was to release a certain number of his subjects who accepted the terms of salvation. In later times the idea grew up that Christ was a substitution, a sacrifice to God in order to make it possible for God, consistently with his justice, to save those that believed.

Then the third theory came, the theory that the government of God must be maintained in the eyes of an intelligent universe, that sin must not be allowed to escape punishment; and, in order that the guilty race might be saved, some one else must suffer in their place, and Jesus volunteers to be this victim, in order that God might maintain his government and still pardon.

Then came another theory, that which is associated with the name of Dr. Bushnell of Hartford, Conn., that the life and suffering and death of Jesus were only a manifestation of the love and mercy and goodness of God, intended to produce the effect of conviction on the hearts and minds of men, to lead them to the acceptance of this great sacrifice. These were the different theories. No matter which theory you held, it was necessary that Christ should suffer in order that man might be saved,— to get over an exigency that had arisen under the government of an omnipotent and all-wise God!

The Church was organized, being supernaturally inspired and guided, to preach this gospel to all nations, in order that the elect might be gathered out from the four winds of heaven. Then was to come the end, when those who had been saved were to be received into eternal felicity and those who had not accepted the salvation should be cast into outer darkness and chains forever.

Now, here is the scheme. There is not an ecclesiastical creed in existence that does not in some form more or less fully embody it. There is not an orthodox church on the

face of the earth that was not organized for the one express purpose of saving man from the supposed effects of the fall. There is not one single doctrine in the plan of salvation that would have been dreamed of, had not men first believed in the fall. Human history has been simply a scheme of recovery from the effects of the fall. The fall in the first place undoubtedly came into the minds of men as the most rational explanation which they could find for the existence of pain, of evil, of death. They said God could not have made the world in this fashion in the first place, and there must have been a fall to account for it. Then the old theologians taught that even the animals died as the result of man's sin; and, when geology first proved that the animals had been dying for thousands of years before man appeared, the only way they could find out of the dilemma was to say that they had died in anticipation of the fact that man was going to sin. Here, then, is one theory.

Now, what is the theory of evolution? Let me try to outline that as simply and clearly as I have the other. It teaches no origin of matter, it teaches that the worlds came into being by processes of continuous variation, change, growth; and we know this is true, for to-day systems of suns and planets and moons are in process of growing in the heavens over our heads, and we may study God in his workshop making worlds. Or, to use a more fitting phrase, we may study the divine process of world-evolution. It teaches that infinite, eternal spirit and life is in and through the universe, and that matter is only the garment of God, only a manifestation of the eternal life and spirit.

Man is evolved, developed, from lower forms of life,— body, mind, soul, ethics, religion,— all, I believe. And at the outset what? First, man *un*moral. A tiger, a lion, an elephant, is not immoral, neither is it moral. It has no conception of the distinction between right and wrong. When man first comes to consciousness of the difference between right and wrong, when he can first say, I have sinned, and I am sorry, when there is something in him that climbs up into the soul and looks down on the rest of himself with con-

tempt, does that man fall? That was the most magnificent step ahead that the race had taken from the beginning until then. No longer animal alone, but a moral and religious being looking into the heavens and questioning God, looking into himself and questioning the evil that is in him, recognizing the regal power of the divine ideal of which he begins to catch glimpses, starting on his endless and magnificent career,— that is no fall: that is ascent. This is what evolution teaches.

What about the messengers and prophets of the olden time? They were diviner men, with clearer and more seer-like vision, who got glimpses of nobler truths, and felt themselves God-impelled to teach those truths to the multitude, even at the cost of persecution, suffering, and death. That is what evolution does with the prophet.

What does evolution do with the Bible? It says the Bible is not a miraculous book coming out of the skies. Emerson put it grandly when he said,—

> "Out from the heart of nature rolled
> The burdens of the Bible old."

It says, The Bible is an autobigraphy, so to speak, of the moral and religious life of the most wonderful religious race that the world has ever seen: the Bible the expression of the religious and moral life, the divinity, in man; not infallible, full of crudities, mistakes, and errors of every kind, but the history of the religious life of man, finding a natural expression and reaching out its hands into the darkness, feeling in all ages if haply it may find Him who is not far from every one of us. The old feeling was that the Bible was given to man to make him religious. It is religions that create bibles, and not bibles that create religions.

What, then, does religion do with Jesus? I shall only touch on that this morning, because it will be the theme of my sermon next Sunday morning. But evolution, instead of teaching that Jesus is an unthinkable being, half-God and half-man, with two natures, two souls, one will, neither man

nor God, teaches that Jesus is the grandest manifestation of the religious life of this same wondrous religious people of which I have been speaking; that he is the highest manifestation of the divine in the human, the religious crown of the race up to this hour, yet not separate from his kind, not separate from his fellows; God in man reaching up from beneath, instead of God outside of man let down from above. This is Jesus according to the teaching of evolution.

And what of the Church? Is that to pass away? There is to be, I believe, in the future a grander church than any of which the world has yet dreamed. However we explain them, here are pain, evil, death; and, so long as they remain, the work of the Church remains to deliver man from these. Not by getting God to pardon him, not by bridging a gulf between God and man which does not exist, but by recognizing so much of God as is in every man, and evolving, educating, lifting up, and leading out this divine, till man sloughs off and leaves behind him the evil as he outgrows the animal, and becomes only a little lower than God.

This is what the Church has to do. The Church will be a voluntary association of those engaged in seeking after divine truth and living it out, and helping others to do the same.

And what of the future? Does evolution cast a gloom over that? Does evolution take away the hope of heaven? O friends, I find it hard to understand with what brains people think, with what hearts they feel, when they can even hint a comparison between the promises of the two. The old theory simply promises us a horror from which the sense of justice recoils, and which shrivels in its fires the tenderness of human hearts, even of those who are redeemed. Evolution does not take away heaven: it only wakens the race from the dreams of the horror of the old heaven and the old hell. Evolution opens for us vistas of eternal progress, star-lighted pathways that lead on and on in light, in truth, in joy, in peace, in service, forever and forever.

Here, then, are the two theories. If man did not fall at the outset of human history, then there is no reason for the

existence of a single one of the doctrines of the orthodox plan of salvation. They are impertinences. They are out of court. They are not called for by the facts. They are not needed for any service to-day. They only stand in the way of the acceptance and the recognition of the real condition of the race, and the application of the real remedies.

My criticism, then, and the only one I have on Dr. Abbott, is that he does not frankly choose one theory or the other. Here, I believe, is the key-point. This is the explanation of what is going on in this nineteenth century. Here is this irrepressible conflict between these two world-theories. One of them must be accepted. They are mutually exclusive. They cannot live together. People, I know, are afraid to think. They are afraid they are going to lose the precious things of their religious life, the spiritual dreams of their souls. We ourselves can only partly appreciate this conflict that is going on, because we are in the midst of it, as the soldier in the din and storm and noise and dust of the battle can hardly tell what principles are at stake or which side is wavering and giving way. We are in the midst of this battle. It has been forced on us not by Darwin or Herbert Spencer, not by heretics or irreligious men, but by a new and larger revelation from God, an unfolding of divine truth. And in the line of this religious evolution I believe there is to be found scope and room for the development of sanctities of the spiritual life such as have never been heard of or thought of in all the world. All that is true, all that is beautiful, all that is lovely, all that is hopeful, all that is human, all that is divine, remains to become the seed of ever newer and higher growths in the years that are to come.

Father, we rejoice in the new revelation that has come to bless our eyes. We rejoice in the grander trust in Thee, the grander hope for man that has been vouchsafed to this generation. Let us be brave and strong and true, standing for the coming day, and helping lift the weary, waiting eyes of the world to the promise of the dawn. Amen.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single cop

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 FEBRUARY 12, 1892 No. 18

DR. ABBOTT AND CHRISTIAN EVOLUTION

II. JESUS AND EVOLUTION

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

JESUS AND EVOLUTION.*

I THINK it will not be unfair for me to say that to-day, both in Europe and America, every broadly educated, truly educated man is an evolutionist. But a great many of them are evolutionists with an *if*, with an exception. In other words, you will note what seems curious and strange and inconsistent in this half-way evolutionism: these men admit that the Almighty God of this universe is able to evolve, to develop, by what we call natural methods, almost everything that he desires, but that now and then, on exceptional occasions, and in regard to exceptional facts or exceptional people, he needs to revise and improve on his own method. He needs to break in from without and set new causes in motion in order to produce the desired result.

You will see, of course, if you think for a moment, how incongruous this is, how inconsistent, and how uncomplimentary to the Almighty Power,—as though God were limited along the evolutionary line, and had to supplement his method to accomplish some special desired result.

As an example of this, there are a great many people who will admit that the world grew into its present condition by natural methods. They admit evolution as applied to the lower forms of life on earth. They admit evolution so far as the body, the physical part of man, is concerned; but they think that God must have stepped in and wrought a miracle in order to account for mind and soul,—as though he were not able to evolve mind and soul. I do not know how many people I have had ask me, "On the theory of Darwinism,

* Phonographically reported.

where does the soul come in?" as though in Darwinism inheres a difficulty that did not exist in the old. These people do not seem to have read very carefully; for they do not seem to be aware of the fact that for centuries it was a much debated question in the Church as to how, on the old theory, the soul came in. During the Middle Ages three theories were hotly debated among the Schoolmen. Some held that the soul was pre-existent, and only entered the body at the time of birth or at some unknown time preceding it. Others held that the soul was created outright every time a new child was to be born. Others held that the soul was derived from the parents in precisely the same way that the body was. These three theories, then, were held and hotly debated among the theologians of the past. I speak of this to show that this is no new difficulty, and that, when a person supposes he is raising a difficulty against Darwinism by asking where the soul comes in, he is only asking a very old question indeed, and one that is just as much a difficulty on any theory as on this. There are, then, many evolutionists who are evolutionists with an *if*.

Now, Dr. Abbott is an evolutionist with an if, though that is not his if. He admits evolution as applied to the growth of the solar system. He is an evolutionist so far as the development of our planet is concerned. He is an evolutionist so far as the origin of man is concerned; and, if he then desires to make an exception concerning the development of man, he has not said anything about it. He seems to be a consistent evolutionist so far as the development of humanity is concerned.

Again, he is an evolutionist concerning the origin and growth of religion. He is an evolutionist so far as the Bible is concerned. He looks on it as purely a matter of natural growth. He is an evolutionist so far as the Church is concerned, together with its prophets and leaders and teachers. He tells us of the evolution of theology, of the growth of doctrine, and makes no exception of this. He is an evolutionist so far as the unfolding of the religious life of the

individual is concerned. In other words, he is a complete and consistent evolutionist from first to last, with only one if.

His exception touches the origin, the nature, of the Christ. He holds, although he has laid no very great stress upon it, to the supernatural birth of Jesus of Nazareth. He tells us that the supernatural physical resurrection of Jesus is the one best authenticated fact of ancient history. And he thinks that our hope of a future life, and of salvation along the Christian lines, stands or falls with his theory as to the nature and character of Jesus.

I wish, then, this morning, and again in no spirit of personal criticism, in no spirit of antagonism to Dr. Abbott, but in a perfectly friendly way, with the one thought of trying to find what is the truth, to consider this question as to whether Jesus is an exception to the law of evolution.

In the first place, it is a very strange and striking fact that one can trace the evolution, the growth, of the idea of Jesus' being something more than a man, from the beginning. One can trace every step of it until we come to its culmination in the affirmation of the Nicene Creed in the third century, when he is declared to be very God of very God, equal with the Father. We can trace, I say, every step from the childhood home of the humble carpenter of Nazareth until Jesus is referred to in the thought of man as the second person in the divine, eternal trinity. This change, mark you,—for this is very significant,—took place in a period of the world when it was not at all a strange or uncommon thing to deify human beings. This process of deification of man was a characteristic of that age. It was in the air. Roman emperors were all deified as fast as they died, until when you come to the time of Augustus, during whose reign Jesus was born. He was deified even during his lifetime; and throughout the Roman Empire, in almost every peasant's cottage, you would find a picture or image of the emperor, to whom the worship of the common people was everywhere paid. It is significant, I say, that this process of his deification, which is no mystery, every step of which we can trace, went on at this

particular period of the world when other men were being deified as well as he. To-day, in the changed atmosphere of the modern world, it seems strange to us that men should ever think of another man as being God unless there was some insuperable reason for it. But we know as a matter of fact that in that age it was not an uncommon thing. So much for that.

Some of you will remember that I treated the steps of this process with some fulness in my Christmas sermon, "Jesus Found Again."

I wish now to consider, just as fairly as I know how, whether there are any reasons why we should think of Jesus as an exception to the ordinary evolution of man. In order to do that, I ask you to consider for a little with me the stories as they are contained in the Gospels. We shall find, I think,—and I believe I can make that plainly apparent to you if you will give me your careful attention,—we shall find two stories in the Gospels utterly inconsistent with each other, utterly irreconcilable, one of them showing traces of its having been the original tradition before any thought of Jesus' being other than man had entered into the minds of the people. We shall also find the growth of those mythical stories which are later accretions and additions to the Gospel.

It is worthy of note that the Gospel of Mark, which every competent critic to-day regards as the oldest and as containing the most authentic tradition, has no story of a supernatural birth and no story of any supernatural resurrection. How did these Gospels grow up? Let me give you just a glimpse. If there is any one thing that is certain and beyond question, it is that throughout the early Church it was believed that Jesus was to appear again in the clouds of heaven before that generation should pass away, and that he was miraculously to bring to an end the present order, and establish a divine kingdom of heaven in its place. Under those circumstances, of course you will see it would never occur to anybody to write any records. If we believed the world was

coming to an end inside of twenty years, we should not be engaged in writing history. There would be no call for it. As years passed by, however, and it was found that this was a mistaken expectation, then the records would naturally begin to be brought together; and in one part of the world, where Matthew had worked, would grow up, as the result of the teachers' and catechisers' work, a Gospel according to Matthew. Somewhere else, where Mark's influence was most felt, would grow up the story as it was traditionally assigned to Mark. In another place the Gospel of Luke would grow up; and, then, later still—for John is the latest book in the New Testament—there appeared the Gospel according to John. These Gospels were not written by the men whose names they bear. The first three Gospels are growths, edited at least by some entirely unknown person; and the Gospel of John is a theological treatise written in the first half of the second century by nobody knows whom. Here, then, are our records.

Now let us trace a little more in detail. Take the genealogical tables. They are in Luke. They trace the ancestry of Jesus. Did you ever note that they trace from David down to Joseph? Now, if Joseph was not the father of Jesus, these genealogical tables have nothing whatever to do with him,— no more than they have to do with any other man. It is the ancestry of Joseph that they trace. This, of course, you will see is a part of the earlier tradition, before it had occurred to anybody that Joseph was not the father of Jesus.

There is another evidence of this earlier tradition. Take the story as recorded in Luke. An angel visits Elizabeth, and prophesies the birth of John. Another angel visits Mary, and prophesies the birth of Jesus. Another angel visits Joseph, and tells what is to occur. Then, when Jesus at the age of eight days is carried into the temple, the prophet Simeon and the prophetess Anna recognize his miraculous origin and nature, that he is the divinely sent Saviour of man. What I wish to note as a fact is that, if these stories are true, Joseph and Mary, and the other

members of the family, and the circle of relatives, and certain distinguished people in Jerusalem, all knew who Jesus was,— knew that he was a divine being, knew that he was God manifest in the flesh; and yet Luke tells us the story about Jesus at the age of twelve being taken to Jerusalem to one of the feasts, and that Mary and Joseph, and all of them, are perfectly astonished that this Almighty God in human flesh should reveal any unusual precocity of knowledge. They are perfectly surprised that he is able to ask questions that astonish the doctors; and, when they start on the way home and miss Jesus from their company, they are alarmed, they are troubled beyond measure,— as though the Almighty God of the universe, if left alone, could not take care of himself safely over night, as though it were dangerous for him to be out of their immediate and constant care. I ask you to note that this anxiety and this surprise on the part of Joseph and Mary are utterly irreconcilable with the circumstance, if they knew, as the story says, that he was something more than an ordinary child. There are other examples of this same inconsistency which I have no time to stop for. I refer to only one, the brethren of Jesus. It is on record that they did not believe in him,— that, when he claimed to be the Messiah and performed some wonderful works, instead of recognizing his authority and ability, they sneered at him. They did not believe in him nor in his claims. And yet do you think they would have disregarded him if they had known what the stories state, what his father and mother are said to have known even before he was born?

Then I wish to hint to you two or three other things. We who are nineteen centuries off are so far away from the state of mind of the early Church that we forget by what natural steps these ideas grew. Even Chrysostom, one of the old Church Fathers, acknowledged that it was not known at first that Jesus was anything more than a man; he confesses that it was supposed that Joseph was his father. And he said that Mary and Joseph under divine orders and divine guidance were married on purpose to cover up and conceal

the fact that Jesus was virgin-born. To conceal? From whom? Why, they said it was necessary to conceal it from the devil, because the devil was on the lookout for some wonderful person to be born of a virgin; and he wanted to frustrate the plans of the Almighty. It was necessary to cheat the devil, and keep him from getting any correct information on the subject. The early Church Fathers seriously and soberly taught that. They said, again, it was necessary to keep from Satan the knowledge that Jesus was a divine being, because, if it had been known that he was the second person in the trinity, it would not have occurred to him that Jesus could have been put to death; and, if he had not been put to death, the whole scheme of human salvation would have been frustrated. I speak of this to show the *naïve* confession, on the part of the ecclesiastical Fathers of the first, second, and third centuries, that in the beginning Jesus was supposed to be simply a man, and that no one thought of his being anything else until a long time afterwards. Then, to show the shifting state of thought in those days, we find traces of a tradition that makes Joseph the father of Jesus, the Holy Spirit his mother.

If I had time, I could show the inconsistencies of the stories told by Luke and Matthew. They are utterly irreconcilable; and, when we remember that stories of a similar character have grown up and been told concerning a dozen other great men in the history of the past, we need not wonder as to how the myths and legends came into being that grew out of the mental atmosphere of that age as naturally as grass-blades grow in spring.

I ask you now to turn with me from the stories of his birth to consider for a moment Dr. Abbott's statement concerning the story of the resurrection. He says it is the best authenticated fact in ancient history. I will put squarely against Dr. Abbott's statement a clear statement of my own; and then I will give two or three reasons for making it. I am ready to assert, and challenge contradiction, that there exists nothing in the world that can fairly or properly be called

proof of the physical resurrection of Jesus. There is no court in America that would convict a man of the pettiest crime on the kind of evidence that we have for the physical resurrection of Jesus. Now, let me in a word give my explanation of this.

In the first place, we have not the first-hand testimony of a single eye-witness, not one. The oldest testimony we have is that of Paul. Paul tells us that he never saw Jesus in the flesh, never saw him until after his death. He says he did see him on the way to Damascus. Now, let us look at what this seeing was.

There are two stories; and they contradict each other. One of them says that the people that were with Paul heard a voice speak, but did not see anything. The other story says that these same people saw a light, but did not hear anything. Both cannot be true. We know that Paul was a man given to seeing visions: he tells us how on one occasion he was caught up into the third heaven, and heard things it was not lawful for him to tell us. We know that he was given to seeing visions; and he tells us that he saw Jesus, and he goes on to tell us that the twelve saw him,—that Peter saw him, then five hundred brethren at once, on a certain occasion. The only first-hand testimony that we have that any one saw him is Paul's testimony. That is the only testimony we have that we know anything about, the only authentic testimony. And he makes no distinction between the method of his seeing him and the method of the others who saw him.

Now, I do not go so far as to say that Paul did not see Jesus; but I do go so far as to say this,—that, if he did see him, he saw him in his spiritual body. He did not see his body of flesh and blood. He saw him as thousands of people in the modern world claim to see those that once lived and have passed into the unknown. I do not say that this is impossible. If it is possible for people in the modern world thus to see those who are spoken of as dead, then this would be the most rational explanation of the vision of Paul

concerning Jesus. And this is confirmed by the testimony of Paul concerning resurrection. Paul says explicitly, when speaking of the general resurrection, that it is not the body which is put into the grave that is to be raised. We have an entirely modern thought about what the resurrection means. Never until since the days of Jesus was it supposed that any man, except Enoch and Elijah, had entered into heaven. The idea that people immediately after death enter heaven is a very modern idea. In the time of Jesus it was universally believed that those who died went down to Sheol, as the Hebrews called it, or Hades, as the Greeks called it, an underneath world, a cavernous world underneath the earth, and that this was divided into two parts, Gehenna, the place of torment, and Paradise, the place of peace and rest. The essential thing, then, in the matter of the "resurrection" of Jesus was not the getting of his body out of the tomb. It was his coming up from this underworld and showing himself alive, and entering into the unseen presence of God. I believe that Jesus is still alive. There is not one particle of anything that can be adequately called proof of anything else.

But I must pass from that. I think I have shown that there is no ground for this belief in the supernatural birth or supernatural resurrection, or for taking Jesus out of the ordinary line of human evolution; and that is the point I wish to keep constantly in mind.

Now let us turn to another of Dr. Abbott's positions in regard to him, and see whether it will hold. Dr. Abbott says that he regards Christ as absolute master of the Church, as absolute and final authority for the human soul. Yet note the entirely insecure basis of any such statement; for he tells us frankly that he does not believe that the records are infallible. The records are human compilations, full of errors, full of mistakes, of no more authority than the ordinary reporter's record that is made to-day. Where, then, resides the infallibility? How can a man who lived two thousand years ago, or a being, be an infallible, absolute

authority and master of my soul, when I have no way of certainly finding out what he said or what he did or even what he was? How can you erect an infallible authority on a basis of purely human and fallible records? And the fallibility of the records Dr. Abbott fully concedes.

It seems to me, then, that we are face to face with a condition like this. I do not see how Dr. Abbott's Christ can possibly be anything else but his own ideal; and yet he denies in so many words that we are to regard him as an ideal in this sense. I do not see how he can be anything else. Here are these records that have been in the hands of the ages; and there are as many different ideals of Jesus, almost, as there are different men. Was the ideal of Michel Angelo, when he painted "The Last Judgment," the ideal that Dr. Abbott holds? Is the ideal of Tolstoï the same as the ideal of George Fox, the Quaker? Is the ideal of the Shaker, who believes that Jesus taught the celibate life, the same as the ideal of the loving father and mother of a family? As a matter of fact, then, with these same records, we have any number of ideals of Jesus of Nazareth. How is it possible for a man to take fallible records, and have anything but his own ideal as the result of his thinking concerning them? So, when Dr. Abbott tells us that Jesus is the final and infallible authority for the human soul, it simply means — and he can mean nothing else — that his ideal of Christ is the absolute and final authority *for him*. I grant that. But this ideal of Christ is not the historic Jesus of Nazareth. Two thousand years have been at work on that ideal; and all the finest and highest thinking and feeling of the ages since that day have been at work reshaping, purifying, lifting, beautifying, that ideal. It is my conviction that, if the actual Jesus of Nazareth should appear in Boston to-day, as he walked the streets and roads of Galilee, we should not recognize him, any of us; and there is not a single church in Christendom where he would find a very cordial welcome.

I have my ideal of that which is highest and divinest; and

that is my final and absolute authority. It must be. Every man's highest and finest ideal is his absolute authority. I do not see, then, wherein Dr. Abbott can possibly differ in this matter from me, or from any other faithful, earnest, clear-headed men.

Another point in regard to Jesus being this final and absolute authority. I do not believe that Dr. Abbott in his whole life ever dreamed of obeying what are known to be some of the clearest commands of Jesus of Nazareth. What man is there who ever attempted to live out all of the Sermon on the Mount? When some one came and stole your coat, did you ever call him back and give him your cloak also? Did Dr. Abbott never resist evil? Does he believe in letting the wicked, corrupt forces of New York and Brooklyn override city and country without lifting a hand to stay the tide? Yet Jesus says, "Resist not evil"; and Count Tolstoï says he means it, and it is the only way to obey. I am sometimes asked if I can find fault with anything Jesus ever said. I find fault with one thing, if he is correctly reported. In the 19th chapter of Matthew and 12th verse he teaches celibacy,—that the celibate life is a higher, more spiritual, truer life than any other. He commands those who have strength and will-power to attain it to make that their ideal. And yet the God of the universe does not seem to agree with him. He has set the human race in families; and the sweetest, noblest, truest lives that have ever been lived have been those that have blossomed out into this mutual human love. Jesus teaches adequate reason for the existence of celibacy in the Church, and for the existence of monasteries and nunneries. Dr. Abbott does not believe that; and so he does not make the historic Jesus of Nazareth his absolute authority and final judge. It is his ideal of all that is highest and grandest and sweetest and noblest and divinest and most human that is his ideal; and he labels it "Christ."

I had a long talk with one of our foremost Unitarian clergymen a few years ago, one who used the name of Christ very frequently in his preaching; and I asked if he meant

Jesus of Nazareth, and he frankly told me no. He said that he meant the ideal of mankind. I was talking, within a year, with one of the foremost Episcopalian ministers; and I said to him, "When you preach Christ, do you always mean the historic Jesus of Nazareth?" And he said, "No: I am talking about the ideal of humanity." He labels it Christ. It seems to me that that is not quite the ideal way to deal with words.

As we turn to other points, then, what reasons have we for placing Jesus outside the lines of human evolution? Is it on account of something that he said? Mark you, I do not mean to derogate from the dignity, the beauty, the glory, of Jesus. These rest elsewhere, as I shall tell you. Jesus was not original in his teaching. Jesus taught, perhaps it is fair for me to say, nothing entirely new, nothing which the highest and finest thinkers of the ages had not attained. The Golden Rule, we say, ought to be the basis of Christianity; and yet Confucius taught it hundreds of years before Jesus was born. Gautama taught it. Hillel taught it explicitly in the century preceding Jesus. I must tell you the story, it is so beautiful.

Schammai and Hillel were rivals. Schammai cared for the ritual. Hillel cared nothing for it. Hillel was one of the most Christ-like of any man of whom I ever heard. Once a man came to Schammai, and said, "Can you tell me the whole Jewish law while I stand on one foot?" And Schammai, provoked and angered, drove him away with violence. Then he went across to the school of Hillel, and asked him the same question; and he said: "Yes, perfectly well. What you do not want anybody to do to you do not you to them. That is the whole law: everything else is only commentary."

Jesus only quotes Hillel. He says, Thou shalt do unto others as you would have them do unto you; for this, he says, is the law and the prophets. He does not even claim that it was original with him. Jesus, then, has not said anything that we cannot explain on the theory of his being a man.

Did he do anything that is inconsistent with his being a man? He is reported to have wrought miracles. But suppose he did. The Old Testament is full of miracles on the part of men. The apostles wrought miracles, even to the raising of the dead. Jesus, then, is not reported as having done anything that would take him out of the human category.

We reach the third question. Shall we find that he seems more than man by anything that he was? Can we find out precisely what he was? I have already talked to you about this human ideal. Jesus was tender, was loving, was true, was noble. He was patient under insult, he forgave his enemies, he was full of confident trust in and love for God. But must we so slander and so degrade humanity as to suppose no man could be this? Old Father Taylor teaches us a more human lesson,—the old Methodist minister of the Bethel, famous for his eccentricities and his oratory as well as his goodness. Some one asked him one day if, in his judgment, any one had ever been as good as Jesus,—he believed in the Methodist doctrine of perfection. "Thousands of 'em, thousands of 'em," was his reply. It would seem a pity, even on the orthodox theory, that, after all these ages of Christian teaching and Christian influence, no man had risen up to the level of this ideal of which we are speaking. I believe many have risen to that ideal.

Now, let us take one step more. I do not know how, if Jesus had been a body worn by God, anybody should have found it out. In other words, I do not see how anybody can tell the difference between an incarnate God and an ideal man. Suppose the Almighty God of the universe should come to take possession of a man. Dr. Abbott tells us that he was limited. He limits himself, of course, to the scope and reach of humanity by becoming a man. He thinks with a man's brain, he uses a man's body, he loves with a man's heart, he aspires with a man's soul. If God came into a man in very deed, he could manifest only so much of his Godhood as a man could hold. Suppose

Hercules, the mighty giant, should surrender his club, and pluck a reed from the bank of a brook and use that as his weapon. The might of Hercules under those conditions would be limited by the strength of the reed. He could strike no heavier blow than the reed could bear. So, if God in very deed should come into a man, he could manifest no more than ideal manhood. So, whether God came down from above and took possession of a man or whether God evolved the divine in man from beneath until he blossomed out into the ideal humanity, it seems to me that the result would be precisely the same. I do not see how any one looking on from the outside could tell the difference.

I wish now to come to the last point, so far as any dealing with Dr. Abbott is concerned. That I may not do him wrong, I will read his own words. In his last lecture there is one of the most näive, curious, unconscious, contradictions that I ever came across. He deals first with the evolution of the Bible as a purely natural unfolding of the religious life of the Hebrew race. He tells us that God selected this Hebrew race, and trained and taught it for fifteen hundred years, and that the Bible was the outcome of this God-selected race. I quote from a newspaper report, and it is only fair to say that it may not be precisely accurate.

"Among all the nations of antiquity, the one nation which displayed a peculiar genius for what men call religion was the Hebrew race. They were a nation ripe for the beginning of the manifestation of righteousness. For fifteen centuries of history God was dealing with this nation as with all nations; but in the case of this nation the fruit of his dealings was manifested as it was with no other nation. Out of this nation and out of the writings of its prophets he secured the permanent book, the Bible.

"Thus the Bible is the expression of God in human thought,—the expression of God speaking to humanity through the selected writing of the selected prophets of a selected people. When the ripeness of time had come, this process of God speaking to men issued in the incarnation.

Up to the first century the Word had been spoken to humanity. In the birth of Jesus Christ the Word itself became incarnate. God, who had expressed himself through men, now expressed himself in a human life."

God, who had expressed himself through men, now expresses himself in a human life. You see, to account for the Bible, he does not go outside of evolution. He praises the Jews. He says they had been selected and trained for fifteen hundred years, and the Bible was the natural expression of their thought. They had been trained into righteousness, they had been saturated with God, so that out of their life blossomed the Bible. But, while the word of God had been spoken through this people, when it comes to incarnation, suddenly the Jews are not good enough. He praises the Jews, when he wants to account for the Bible: now, what does he do, when he wants to account for Jesus? He says,—

"He was a Jew, and yet not a Jew; for the three characteristics of the Jews were worldliness, Phariseeism, and unspirituality."

The Bible came out of a race whose three characteristics were worldliness, Phariseeism, and unspirituality! That is what God had got them to after fifteen hundred years of selected training! When he wants the Bible to be the result of the Jewish race, the Jews are good enough for that; but, when he wants to account for Jesus, the Jews instantly become a different kind of people! Instead of the exponents of God's righteousness, they are unspiritual, worldly! They were either the one or the other: I leave Dr. Abbott to choose which. If they were good enough for God to speak his word through, I do not see why they might not have been good enough for him to express an ideal humanity through.

I cannot find anything in candid, careful, earnest study of Jesus and the Hebrew people that should lead us to take him out of the line of orderly divine evolution. For, remember, evolution does not leave God out of account. God is the one potent, supreme factor all through from the lowest

to the highest. And, as I intimated at the outset, it is not complimentary to God to propose to help him out of his exigencies, to suppose that he can evolve everything in the universe except one.

Then, in the next place, I have never been able to find anything in Jesus of Nazareth, in any authentic account of him, that should lead us to take him out of the orderly development of the race.

Dr. Gordon, in his speech before the Unitarian Club, told us that he could not think of Jesus as human. Well, that is only Dr. Gordon's thought. But, when he comes to a reason, it must be something like this. He thinks Jesus was good; and he thinks of man as so bad that he cannot think that Jesus had a natural origin. It seems to me that his ideal of humanity is not complimentary to God. The age-long doctrine of total depravity that has been taught leads him to feel that anything that is bad must be human, and anything good must be accounted for in some other way. That seems to be the explanation. I do not know why this will not apply in other places as well. Read the average of the poetic work of England, and then say that, that being the best that the human development of England can give, we must go to some divine theory to account for Shakspere. I believe that it is the divine in the human working along the lines of growth of that marvellous race, the race of Moses, the race of Elijah, the race of Isaiah, the race most wonderful for its religion, its theology, its ethical life and thought that the world has ever seen — that it is the divine working along the lines of the growth of that race. And it seems to me that the blossoming of Jesus as its crown and flower at last is as natural as the blossoming of the century plant, which, after a hundred years, starting in the mud, outreaches into an unspeakable glory and beauty that can face the very heavens without shame.

My ideal of Jesus, then, is that he was the flower and crown of humanity. I never loved him so, I never honored him so, I never cared so much for his thought and his work and his life as to-day.

Jesus did not add to the world's thinking. He did not undertake to solve any scientific, any philosophic, any governmental, any industrial problem. He did not touch these. He only sought to put into the hearts of men a spirit, a temper, a feeling, an attitude, which, if naturally developed and unfolded, would blossom into the very kingdom of heaven on earth.

Jesus' spiritual attitude towards God is trust, the love of the child; his spiritual attitude towards man, pity, comprehension, tenderness. These seem to me to be as divine as anything that humanity is ever likely to dream. And I believe this is God working naturally through humanity and along the lines of its natural growth, humanity reaching up to God and becoming one with him.

Father, we thank Thee for Jesus. We thank Thee for all Thy wondrous light and leading; and we consecrate ourselves to seek for Thy truth in his spirit now and forever. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper,	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
" "	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
" *Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
" "	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St, Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 FEBRUARY 19, 1892 NO. 19

VI. RELATION OF DR. ABBOTT TO ORTHODOXY AND UNITARIANISM

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

RELATION OF DR. ABBOTT TO ORTHODOXY AND UNITARIANISM.*

— — —

WHAT I wish to do to-day is not to criticise Dr. Abbott in the ordinary sense of that word, not to find any fault with him. I wish to place him. I wish to locate him in your mind, so that you can see where he stands; if he is orthodox, why? if he is Unitarian, why? and how far he is from our position? You will understand that, great as may be the ability of Dr. Abbott, as distinguished as the pulpit he occupies may be, I should not undertake a work like this if he stood alone. I take him simply as the most noted example at the present time of the drift and tendency of things. He himself represents that evolution which he discusses. I wish, therefore, to find how far along he is on the road; and not he alone, because, as I said, he represents a movement, and that movement touches and moulds and shapes a large part of the most intelligent modern life of that which is called still the Orthodox Church.

But how shall we find out whether Dr. Abbott is orthodox or not? Defining Orthodoxy to-day is no easy matter. One may be pardoned if he should refer to Polonius and the cloud as an illustration; for sometimes it looks like a cloud; then somebody thinks it looks like a whale, and to the eyes of a third it has shrunk to the dimensions of a weasel. It depends so much upon your point of view. It depends so much upon what you assume instead of attempt to prove.

When the Roman Church was most dominant in the world, there was only one Orthodoxy throughout Christen-

* Phonographically reported.

dom. The Roman Church to-day speaks of the Greek Church as heretical; and, of course, all Protestantism is a heresy from the point of view of Rome. On the other hand, the Greek Church regards the Roman Church as heretical, and all Protestants as heretics. Curiously enough, however, the Protestants admit that, in the main, both the Greek Church and the Roman are orthodox. That is, they hold substantially and essentially the doctrines which they regard as constituting Orthodoxy; while, at the same time, they hold a good many other things that Protestantism abhors, and make a great many claims which Protestantism opposes. But the Roman and Greek Churches are both orthodox from the point of view of the Presbyterians, for example.

When we come to the Protestant Church itself, where shall we locate Orthodoxy? Time was when the Methodists were heretics; Free-will Baptists were heretics; a certain class of the Quakers are heretics; a certain class of the Church called Christians, or Campbellites, are heretics. Of course, all Unitarians and Universalists are heretics.

What is the meaning of "Orthodoxy"? If you take the technical meaning of the word, it means true doctrine. But how are you to settle the true doctrine? Of course, that ultimately comes to the majority opinion, the majority view. Any country, any section of the country, can arrogate to itself a religion which it calls orthodox, and stigmatize with the title of heresy whatever dares to differ from this majority opinion.

You see, then, we must find somewhere a standard before we can intelligently raise the question whether Dr. Abbott is orthodox or not. But this standard is a changing one, as I have said. I shall bring to you, as an illustration, some of the teachings of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. I am perfectly well aware that there are many Presbyterian ministers in this country to-day who do not hold this book as the final or authoritative expression of their belief. Yet we have a right, a right that has been denied me a great many times, to hold the members and ministers of a church to the

judgment of the standard of belief which they still authoritatively publish broadcast all over Europe and America,— a standard which is the only authoritative expression of their belief. I have asked Presbyterians sometimes, if they did not believe in the Confession of Faith, why they did not change it? They have said they did not dare to do so, for fear it would go to pieces and they would not know where they were. Still, if there was a book abroad which I had published and which I had left uncontradicted and unmodified, I should not take it amiss if some one quoted from it as representing my opinions. Why else are creeds published and distributed over the world? I bring this as an illustration.

There are important points in which the Methodists, for example, differ from the Presbyterian Confession of Faith; and yet they hold and the Presbyterians hold to the same essential doctrines; so that the Presbyterian admits the Orthodoxy of the Methodist as well as of the Episcopalians, the Baptists, and the Congregationalists.

There is one thing that it is only fair I should point out; and that is that the Congregationalists — Dr. Abbott belongs, you know, to that body — have not published a general and universal creed in the same way that the Methodists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians have done. The nearest you can get at what the Congregationalists as a body hold, by their own declaration, is something like this. A few years ago the national organization of the Congregational Church, having met here in Boston, went down to Plymouth and visited the old historic spots; and there, gathered about Plymouth Rock, they affirmed their adhesion to the teachings of the Westminster Confession of Faith "for substance of doctrine." That is the only anchor that I know of that is generally and universally recognized by the Congregational churches to-day. They adhere to the Westminster Confession for the substance of doctrine. But you must not think that the Congregationalists are any less orthodox in the main for this. They are freer than the other churches.

Each local church has a right to formulate a little creed of its own. They have no presbytery, no general convention before which they can bring a man for trial as do some of the other religious bodies, having this sure and effective method of dealing with the generally recognized heretic. If the Congregationalist minister preaches doctrines which they regard as essentially unsound, if he leaves out those things that they believe are of prime importance, then they simply disfellowship him. They treat him just as you would a member of the community that you wished to have nothing whatever to do with. They do not recognize his standing in the orthodox church. Their ministers will not exchange with him. He is simply left one side. So the Congregationalists do agree in regard to matters of faith.

Now, I wish to call your attention to a few of the doctrines of the Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church, in order that we may have a standard by which to judge. What was the old Orthodoxy, say, fifty or seventy-five years ago? Having given that, I wish to show you another definition which I believe to be one that will hold to-day.

The first point in the Presbyterian Confession of Faith is the authority of the Scriptures. They are the one only infallible, authoritative revelation of the will of God to man. You will not think I am quoting their words. I do not care to weary you by reading; but I shall be careful to state nothing that is not true.

The first point, then, is the authoritative quality of the Bible as set forth in the old doctrine.

Then come the eternal decrees. It is taught that everything that happens is distinctly and definitely foreordained. When it comes to man, it was foreordained before the foundation of the world that a certain number of men should be elected to be saved,— that number fixed and unchangeable. Certain others were foreordained to be passed by, and left to perish. In the one case, this was for the glory of God's grace; in the other, for the equal glory of his justice. A part of this doctrine was the damnation of infants,— perfectly

logical, an essential part of it; for, if God foreordains before I am born that I am to be eternally damned, it seems to me a very slight matter as to whether it begins by my dying in infancy or my waiting until I am ten years old. It makes a difference of only ten years, at any rate; and that is not much in eternity. It is a necessary, logical part of the doctrine. And yet, in response to the outcry of the heart, they are moving to-day to modify so much of the doctrine of God's decree, without any logic, that they have decided to give the babies a chance. Old Michael Wigglesworth, the poet of Puritanism, conceded something: he said that God would give the babies "the easiest room in hell." That was the extent of the mercy of the Puritan. Now they have decided not to send them at once, even in the case of non-elect infants, to that place.

The next point is concerning creation, in which it is explicitly declared that God created the world in six days out of nothing. The Presbyterian Confession of Faith knows more about this than the Bible. The Bible does not say that the world was created out of nothing, though the Confession does.

Then comes the creation of man and his fall,— the ordinary doctrine of the fall, this fall producing such an effect that man is totally incapacitated to choose the good. He lies perfectly helpless until God by a miracle comes, in the action of his Holy Spirit, and works upon him a divine change.

After the fall comes the doctrine of the covenants. God is supposed to have made a covenant of works with Adam. If he would be perfect and obey the law, he could be saved, otherwise not. Of course, he was not perfect, and did not obey. Then there was the covenant of grace, supposed to have been made through Jesus Christ. Then comes the doctrine of Christ, the Mediator and only Saviour. Those who were elected were miraculously converted by a special action of the Divine Spirit. Then they were justified, not on account of anything which they were, not on account of any-

thing which they thought, not of anything which they did, but justified entirely on account of the substituted righteousness of Christ. Those who were justified were foreordained, in spite of any sins or faults, to persevere and be finally saved.

Good works are declared to be utterly of no avail. If a man does anything which he thinks is commanded in the Bible for him to do, it is not accounted as good, or of any virtue at all, if he does it before he is converted.

Then comes, of course, the resurrection of the body, the very bodies which we have worn here. These, it is taught, appear at the last judgment. The fallen angels, as well as all mankind, appear at God's bar, to be judged according to the record of their past life. Then comes the final doom, heaven for the few elected ones, and everlasting chains and darkness for all the rest.

This is Orthodoxy as it is published by the Presbyterian body of the Church throughout America and Europe. There is a great movement, I am glad to say, towards modifying this Presbyterian Confession of Faith. I wish it all success.

I have said that the Methodists and the Episcopal and the Baptist churches substantially agree with this, but there are very important modifications that it is fair and just that I should take account of. I wish now, however, to reduce Orthodoxy to its lowest terms. That is, I shall try to state, just as fairly as I know how, what I believe to be the essentials of anything that can claim to be Orthodoxy to-day.

In the first place, it must include the substantial truth, the practical infallibility of the Bible. Unless there is an authoritative revelation, how can there be an Orthodoxy? By what standard shall any one decide as to whether any opinion is orthodox or not?

Then, in the next place, there must be the doctrine in some form of the fall,— that man has fallen into an estate of sin, and is alienated and outcast from God; for, if he is not, then to what end exists all the divine and supernatural machinery of salvation?

Then, in the third place, there must be this particular, special operation of the Holy Spirit in the work of converting the individual soul, pardoning and saving this person and that.

Then, in the next place, must follow the doctrine of the Church as this divinely selected body of the saved. Of course, that includes the special mission, the divine nature, and the miraculous work of the Christ, in order to make salvation possible.

It must include, too, it seems to me, the doctrine of future punishment; for, if those that are not saved go to the same place and receive the same final award as those that are saved, then to what end all this long process of saving? It seems to me, then, that anything that can call itself orthodox must at least hold substantially these few doctrines that I have outlined.

Let us take this Orthodoxy reduced to its lowest terms as our standard by which to investigate the present position and belief of Dr. Abbott, to find out whether he and those who stand beside him and are following him — and they are a multitude — are really orthodox or not.

As a matter of necessity, not choice, I shall have to follow, from the nature of my subject, something of a catalogue method in this part of my sermon. I shall have to take up Dr. Abbott's beliefs one after another and examine them, and see whether they are orthodox or Unitarian, or neither.

1. What is his belief concerning the Scripture revelation? I take that first, because it is the first thing which you find in all the confessions of faith; and, of course, that is the foundation of all. Dr. Abbott does not believe in any infallible revelation. You are aware, I suppose, of the different phases of this doctrine of inspiration. It may be well for me to run through them briefly. It was taught in early Puritan days that the Bible was verbally inspired, that the whole Bible was as much written by God as were the traditional tables of stone on which it is said he wrote the ten commandments with his finger. Though men might be the

amánuenses, God held and guided their hands, so that every word in the Bible from cover to cover was the infallible word of God. This was the doctrine as it was held.

When I was in the theological seminary, I was told not to hold the verbal theory, that it had given way. Instead of that, I was taught what was called the plenary inspiration of the Bible. This word "plenary" is from a word which means full or complete; and it means the full or complete, although not the verbal, inspiration of the Scriptures. That is, I was taught that nothing which the Bible positively taught could be a mistake or wrong, and that it taught all things that were necessary for man to understand in order to salvation. That was what I was taught when I was fitting for the work of the ministry. In my ministry, however, in the earlier days of it, I learned that another theory was growing,— a theory which had been talked of a long time. It had been proved that the Bible had a great many mistakes in history, in chronology, in science, in all these directions; and then the defenders of the old theory said the Bible was not intended to teach science or history or chronology, that those things are of comparatively little importance, but that it was infallible concerning all spiritual, religious matters which are essential to the salvation of the soul. So errors of every kind were conceded except these. And I used to wonder even then how it happened that Paul, for example, should be ignorant concerning everything else except the invisible things,— the things concerning which there could be no possible test applied,— and that he should be infallible there. But this was the theory.

To-day students have gone farther than that. Dr. Abbott has gone farther. He does not claim any sort of infallibility for the Bible, not even in spiritual matters. He claims only that the Bible is a record of the religious growth, the growth of the God-consciousness, of a great people. That is all. He says, for example, when he finds that the Old Testament deals with traditions which were common to the Babylonians, Persians, and all the Oriental nations, that this is all well

enough. He accepts it without a question. The only thing that he claims is that the Hebrews took these old pagan materials, myths, and legends, and in their method of handling them "wrote God into them." That is the crucial position of Dr. Abbott in regard to revelation. I concede that we find the most remarkable growth of the God-consciousness, of righteousness, of religion, on the part of the Hebrews that we find among any ancient people. But this seems to me, and it seems also to Dr. Abbott, no more miracle than that we find a remarkable growth of the art-consciousness on the part of the Greeks. It was just as natural in the one case as the other.

I should have, however, to take exception to Dr. Abbott's belief here. Wrote God into the old records! Did they write the God that we believe in to-day? Is the God who believed in polygamy, is the God who believed in slavery, is the God who taught his prophets to lie, is the God who taught his armies to dash out on the stones the brains of helpless infants, who taught one of his generals to murder all the men, married women, and children of a particular city, and to keep the young maidens to distribute among the brutal soldiers,—is the God who did all these things the God that Dr. Abbott believes in, or that any of us believe in to-day? So I would qualify the statement that they wrote God into the Old Testament. In some parts of the Old Testament they did write a high and noble and grand conception of God. Into others they wrote a conception of him that is brutal and horrible in the extreme.

In the main, Dr. Abbott makes no claim for the character of revelation which I should not frankly and fairly concede. He is not orthodox, then, there.

2. Let us turn to the next point, the creation of the world. Dr. Abbott believes in evolution here, in the nebular theory. He also believes that man was developed by natural processes from lower forms of life, precisely as I do. And, if you come to the question whether man's moral and religious nature is an exception, I think Dr. Abbott would not dog-

matize. I feel sure that he would say, that is a matter for science to settle, it is no necessary part of theology; and in that I should frankly agree.

3. When we come to the fall of man, what does he believe? He believes the Eden story was a legend, a bit of poetry, a dream. But he does take a step here which seems to me illogical. He is ready to talk — and I think the terms ought not thus to be confused — of *a* fall of man. What he means by it is the individual experience of each man when he comes to the point of recognizing the distinction between right and wrong, and chooses to do the wrong. That is descent, as Dr. Abbott would say, from the higher and the spiritual in him down into the animal. He speaks of that as a fall. But the man who can tell the difference between right and wrong, even though he have deliberately chosen the wrong, has taken an enormous step in advance beyond any animal, beyond any merely innocent man who does not know the difference between right and wrong. He is on the road of moral evolution; and so, instead of this being a fall, it is a magnificent step in advance that he has taken.

4. When we come to the prophets, those who have been regarded as the inspired and miraculously sent teachers of the Old Testament, here, again, Dr. Abbott is not orthodox. He does not agree with the old and traditional idea. He agrees with the idea which I hold. He would tell you that these are simply men who have gained a higher glimpse of truth,— seers, preachers, who stand for a new ideal, and who call to the people of their time to leave the lower and the old and march onward. Most people seem to suppose still that the Old Testament prophet means a person who foretold. Even to the Hebrews it means nothing of the sort. The Old Testament prophet was simply a preacher: he was a man who had gained a higher glimpse of truth; and he proclaimed that, and called upon the people to come up. That was the work of the Old Testament prophet. Here Dr. Abbott and I are perfectly in accord.

5. When we come to Jesus, you know the differences there; for that was my theme last Sunday, and I need not take time to discuss that further.

6. When we come to the church, the church is made up of what, according to Dr. Abbott? He does not believe in any miraculous, sudden conversion, such as I was taught was necessary, and which I cried and prayed and struggled to pass through in my boyhood, in order that I might be saved. Dr. Abbott holds, of course, just as I do, that, if a man has been leading a bad life, and something shocks him into common sense, and he turns and begins to lead a better life, that is a conversion; but it is not supernatural. It is purely natural. But he holds that ordinarily the religious life is simply the evolution, the development, the unfolding, of the germ of the religious life in every man. Becoming a Christian, then, is no more supernatural than the growth and blossoming of a flower. It is a gradual process, the coming into a recognition of the divine life, which is natural to all mankind as children of God.

The church, then, you will see, according to Dr. Abbott, is a purely natural institution, while no less divine. It is a voluntary association of those people who wish to lead a Christian life; and the only bond, the only authority, which that church recognizes, according to Dr. Abbott, is the authority of the Christ as felt and seen by each individual soul,— not any external Christ, not any external written authority, not any external legislation of any church. And I cannot, for the life of me, see the difference between Dr. Abbott's Christ, that is authority for each individual Christian soul, and my ideal of the divine in the human, with its absolute authority over my soul. If there is a distinction, I am too obtuse to discover it. Here, then, is Dr. Abbott's definition of a church.

7. Now, what about the future life? Dr. Abbott is not a Universalist. The old Universalism was a phase of Calvinism. It believed that the redemption of the Christ was universal in its effects instead of partial. That was the early

Universalism. Universalism, however, has much changed; and I suppose there are few men in its ranks who would hold the earlier idea, any more than there are many among our Unitarians who would be willing to be tied to the opinions of the fathers. Universalism and Unitarianism stand on the same level, so far as this is concerned.

But Dr. Abbott takes the ground, and says frankly and squarely, If God *can* save every human soul, he will; and yet his position does not seem to me quite logical. If God can save every soul, he is bound to, being infinite love and power. But here, curiously enough, Dr. Abbott holds a theory of man by which he limits the divine possibility in this direction. He says frankly that it depends entirely upon whether you lay your emphasis on the sovereign power of God or whether you lay it on the free will of man. Dr. Abbott holds such a theory concerning man's free will that he says he is inclined to think that man is able to defy the Almighty, and that therefore some free souls may do it, and may thus "be alienated permanently" from God.

I wish to make a criticism here. I agree with him that, if God can save all souls, he is under infinite obligation to do it. I believe he can. Therefore, I believe that sometime, somewhere, though however prolonged a process of wandering and suffering,—somewhere, sometime, every lost one will find his way home. That is my belief.

I believe that, even if man had the power of free will permanently to defy the Almighty, he would not do it. Suppose a man clearly saw that health, life, happiness, all conceivable good, lay, as they do, in obedience to the laws of God. Unless a man were insane, is it conceivable that he would perpetually defy the law, when that only meant ruin to himself and no advantage whatever? It seems to me, then, that outside of insanity it is not rational to suppose that any human being would ever wish to defy perpetually the will of God.

But, on the other hand, I am troubled if I step into one of the Plymouth Church prayer-meetings. If God cannot save

all human souls, why should I waste my time in begging him to do it? I cannot see the logic of prayer to God for human souls unless it is possible that that prayer should be answered. But, according to Dr. Abbott's belief, the number of those who will perpetually defy the will of God is very small; for he, contrary to the old orthodox idea, does not limit probation to this life. He believes that it is quite possible for a man to repent and turn from his evil and become good in the next life as well as here.

I have run over, then, the main points of belief, in order that I may show to you the position which Dr. Abbott occupies. We are now ready to see how far he is orthodox. I cannot conceive that he is orthodox anywhere except in one particular. He does not hold the common orthodox doctrine concerning the fall or the Bible or the Church or concerning the future. He does feel himself, at any rate, so in sympathy with the general orthodox conception of Jesus that he feels his place is still with them. Yet his view of Jesus is not so near orthodox as was that of a good many of our old Unitarian leaders. His view of the Bible is not nearly so orthodox as that of early Unitarianism. His view of miracles is not nearly so orthodox as that of the early Unitarians. There is hardly a single doctrine in which he is not nearer to the position which is held to-day than were the old Unitarians fifty years ago. There is just this one exception concerning the nature of Jesus and his relation to God; and here, I believe, Dr. Abbott is far from dogmatic. He holds that in some special way, that perhaps cannot be accounted for on the natural theory of the evolution of man, Jesus was a manifestation of God to the world, and wrought some special divinely, miraculously appointed work for the world.

But even here he is not so orthodox as Dr. Sears, one of our famous old Unitarian preachers whom I used to know, and who was an old man when I came to Boston. But there is no essential Trinitarianism, so far as the authoritative statements of the creeds are concerned, in his view of Jesus. For anything I can see, it is quite consistent with the unity

of God instead of the Trinity. But I frankly concede I have no right to tell Dr. Abbott that he is a Unitarian, when he says he is not. He has a right to his own definition, to his own use of language, to his own interpretation of his position. He says, then, that he is not a Unitarian in his view of Jesus; and he says he is not a Universalist in his view of future punishment. I have given you, I think, clearly enough the divergences from Unitarianism, on the one hand, and Universalism, on the other, concerning those two points, so that you may see how far away he is from each.

Dr. Abbott, then, in my judgment, is not orthodox according to any recognized standard. For, mark you,—let me refer you to one point in settling this great question,—he denies the existence of any authoritative standard. Now, before you can have an orthodox belief, you must have somebody to lay down the limit. You must have somebody to erect a standard of belief before you can tell whether a man is in accordance with it or not. The Catholic Church may think what it pleases about the Bible: it has its standard of authority in the Church itself. When the Church, through an œcumenical or general council, announces its decision, that is final. When the Church *ex cathedra* announces its decision through the pope, that is final. The Greek Church also has its Orthodoxy resident in the Church itself. Protestantism has flung away this theory of the Church's infallibility, and has fallen back on the infallibility of the Bible. Dr. Abbott denies his adhesion to this authority. Therefore, I say that in ordinary human history, in all the thought of Christendom, there is nowhere a standard which Dr. Abbott acknowledges by which we can decide as to whether he is orthodox or not. He says he is not a Unitarian. Again I say courtesy towards him, my great care for him, my esteem for him as a scholar and a man, lead me to concede that he has a right to finally settle that question for himself. He thinks it is true; but he is a good deal more Unitarian in most respects than were our Unitarian fathers and teachers; and I can see no possible distinction between his position

and our own, except, if you will let me say it modestly, that he is not quite so far along on the line of evolutionary advance. I believe that we represent a grander conception of God, of Jesus, of man, a nobler church, a more hopeful view, than the old ideas stood for; and I believe that Dr. Abbott has not quite seen his way yet to come and place himself by our side. But the chief thing I care for is this: he is on the road towards the future. He has caught a glimpse of the morning. He is facing godward and manward; and that, after all, is the principal thing.

I wish to ask your indulgence for a moment more, because these matters are so important, for one or two comments on an editorial in the *Christian Union* — Dr. Abbott's paper — of February 6. It is on "The Evolution of Christianity." I do not suppose Dr. Abbott wrote it, but it is written by a man in full sympathy with Dr. Abbott; and he declares that the paper completely indorses the position which Dr. Abbott took in his lectures, and that he himself occupies the same ground. It goes over the main points of doctrine of which I have spoken. There are only one or two things in it to which I should not give my own most hearty and cordial assent; but, on these points, I believe Dr. Abbott himself, if he stopped to think of the implication of these statements, would agree with me rather than with the editorial. It speaks of Jesus Christ being the centre and source of all religious truth. That I think Dr. Abbott would not indorse. Christ is the centre of religious truth as held by the Christian Church; but Dr. Abbott knows well and would concede that there was religious truth in the world before Christ was born and in the countries where he has never been heard of. So that this one exception I think he would agree with me in making.

Another point seems to imply a very important error, one that should be noticed and remonstrated with at the present time. The editorial closes by saying: —

"We stand unhesitatingly and unwaveringly for this twofold truth: as against all rationalism, that religion is a real

life of God in the soul of man; as against all reactionism, that this life is and must be continually progressive,— a life of growth, with no standards in the past to hinder its free and full development in the future."

That last is precisely the opinion which I hold; but I wish to criticise the first part of the statement,— the assumption that rationalism does not accept the fact of the real life of God in the soul of man! I would like to know what rationalism he is dealing with. Evolution from the theistic standpoint, rationalism as I claim to represent it, believes nothing so much as it believes in the real life of God in the soul of man. And I believe that the religious development of the world is only the evolution of this religious life,— this divine life in the soul of man.

Such, then, is Dr. Abbott's position as regards Orthodoxy: such is his position as regards Unitarianism. I am not anxious as to the name by which his work shall be called. I thank God for the work he is doing. I rejoice in the steps of advance that he has taken; but I care more for the fact that he is facing the future than I do that as yet he has not come completely to our side.

Father, we thank Thee that the truth is preached under whatever name, or partly preached, if not in its fulness. We thank Thee for the light of the new dawn. We thank Thee that, though clouds hide it, it shines around the edges and breaks through their crevices. We thank Thee that the day is before us; and we consecrate ourselves to Thee, to follow Thee while the sun rises higher and higher and makes ever clearer the way. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy,	. . . .	.	*20 cents.*
" " " *Doz.*	. . . .	.	*$1.50*
" *Cloth,* " *Copy,*	. . . .	.	*30 cents.*
" " " *Doz.*	. . . .	.	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 FEBRUARY 26, 1892 NO. 20

DR. ABBOTT AND CHRISTIAN EVOLUTION

IV. THE COMING RELIGION, OR THE OUTCOME OF THE PRESENT UNREST

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

NOTE.

The sermon of last week ought to have been marked as III. in the series of four on Dr. Abbott and Christian Evolution.

THE COMING RELIGION, OR THE OUTCOME OF THE PRESENT UNREST.*

ALMOST all persons who think at all concerning religious matters are conscious of disturbance such as was not known or dreamed of two or three generations ago. They know that fundamental questions are being discussed, that there is doubt abroad in the air, as well as a larger faith. But, being in the midst of the fight themselves and being a part of it themselves, being disturbed by these questions and not seeing clearly the answers, they do not quite know what to make of it. It seems to me, then, one of the most important questions that I can raise and try to answer is, What is taking place and what is going on? What is the sequel of this disturbance? Why are we not as quietly at rest in the old beliefs as our fathers were a hundred years ago?

Before coming to the more positive side of my theme, I wish to take up at the outset two or three points that disturb people and trouble them, as they face these questions. They think of this movement that is going on as thousands of persons do,— that it is threatening the Bible. They have an uneasy sort of feeling that there is unrest on the part of people because they do not believe and accept God's truth. It looks to them like a purposed rebellion against the divine law. Is it any opposition to the Bible that is inspiring the people who are alive with the new thought and engaged with the new investigation? Dr. Abbott, for example, agrees with me substantially about the Bible. Is he the enemy of the Bible? Dr. Briggs of the Presbyterian Church has accepted the results of what is called the higher criticism,

* Phonographically reported.

changing his ideas of the Scriptures. Is he an enemy of the Bible? It needs to be noted clearly and squarely that the advocates of the new thought are not opposing the Bible. There is not one single thing in the Bible in the way of a claim which it makes on its own behalf that any of us are opposed to. What do we oppose?

In the modern world there has grown up a theory in the minds of certain people that the Bible is a book without any mistakes in it, historical, scientific, religious, or moral, from beginning to end; that it is a direct and infallible revelation of the will of God to the world. We do not accept that theory. But note that the Bible does not make any such claim. The thing, therefore, that we decline to accept is certain opinions which certain very fallible, very human, sometimes very bigoted, and, as we believe, thoroughly mistaken men have held, and now hold, in regard to the Bible. It is purely human opinions about the book that we do not accept. The whole controversy rages here. It is no question as to whether people wish to accept the law of God or to throw off this allegiance. It is only an endeavor of honest, earnest, sincere students to find out what the Bible is, and to get for themselves true beliefs, and to get its best influence on our daily lives.

Again there is a popular impression that the advocates of the new thought are opposed to Jesus, that the new movement threatens him in some way. A curious illustration of this I came across within the last week. A friend of mine was speaking with a lady concerning the statement which was telegraphed to this country: that the brother of the late Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, of London, invited to the funeral of the great preacher representatives of all the denominations in London except the Unitarians, who were specially notified that they were not wanted. I say a friend of mine was speaking of this matter to a certain evangelical lady, who said she thought the action of the brother of Mr. Spurgeon was just right, "because we must stand up for the Lord." As though the Lord was threatened by somebody

and needed defence! There is no one that I know who is opposed to the Lord. The whole question in regard to the person of Jesus is as to what he was, trying to find out all we can about him, that we may hold him in his true place. What, then, do we oppose? It is not at all Jesus that we oppose. We oppose certain opinions, certain myths, certain legends, certain dogmatic beliefs, two-thirds Greek and Roman, nearly wholly pagan, which grew up gradually in ignorant ages through the course of three hundred years and more, until they culminated at last in the fourth century in the dogma of the trinity. If we decline to believe in the trinity, we are not opposing the Lord. We are not opposing Jesus, or any claim that he ever made. We are trying to find out the truth about the historic character of Jesus of Nazareth; and the truth about any person or any subject must be diviner than any falsehood, however hoary it may be with antiquity, or however long it may have been dominating the thoughts of men.

Another point. There is a feeling on the part of some that, as the result of the modern movement that is going on, the foundation of ethics is being threatened. Only within this last week there came to me the report of a young man who was to have been educated for the ministry, who has been obliged to give up that dream of his life, and who has come to the conclusion that the old ideas were mistaken; and so he seems to be under the impression that religion and all special reasons why any young man should not do as he pleases are passing away. Are the foundation principles of right and wrong in any danger? I like here to refer to a famous Roman Catholic writer, because you will see, then, that it is not merely my own opinion. Mr. Lilly, one of the most famous and brilliant essayists of this age, an English Roman Catholic, in an article in an English review said, within the last year or two, that, if all the religions on the face of the earth were wiped out of existence, the Gospels, all our knowledge about Jesus, the apostles, the Catholic Church and all its teachings,—if these were

swept off the face of the earth, not one single moral principle would be touched or changed; and I agree with him. Why? Because the principles of right and wrong are inherent in the nature of things. No Bible, no religion, ever originated an ethical idea. Wherever they are recorded in any Bible or taught in any religion, it is only as the laws of the universe in any other department have been discovered. Science does not originate laws: it finds them out. So men do not originate ethical principles: they discover them. Ethics, then, the foundation principles of conduct, are not in danger as the result of the changes that are going on.

One more thought. Is religion in danger? Is it likely to pass away? The people who talk as though it were, only betray that they have not thought themselves through clearly so as to comprehend what religion means. Religion inheres essentially, necessarily, eternally, in the relation which exists between the individual soul and God. But, if one chooses not to say God, then this essence of religion does not pass away, because this relation — which is the heart and soul of it, between the individual and the Power, whatever name be given it, that is manifested in the universe about us — still remains. The essence of religion is there. Theories about it may be in danger, may change, may pass away, but religion is immortal; for so long as the universe lasts, and so long as there is a man in it capable of thinking about and feeling the relation in which he stands to this unseen and eternal Power, so long religion must abide.

We need not tremble, then, lest any truth of any kind be in danger while this discussion goes on.

A man's religion, or what he calls his religion, is frequently his theory about religion. That may change, and he may get a better one instead of a poorer; but the thing itself is not to pass away. When the discussion was going on between the advocates of the Copernican theory of the universe and the Ptolemaic, was there any danger that the stars would cease shining until the discussion was completed? It was only a question of finding out the truth

about the stars, not a question of putting any of them out or of kindling them to a brighter flame. There is no danger, then, in this modern thought, that threatens the Bible or Jesus, ethics or religion.

What is it, then, that is going on? Why, the most helpful thing in all the world is going on. Humanity is growing; that is all. It is a no more dangerous thing than that. When a child outgrows his clothes, you do not think that the wearing of clothes is coming to an end. You simply think that the child is getting larger, and must be clothed in garments that fit his new and increased stature. So, as we outgrow one after another the theories of the childhood of the world, it does not mean that there are to be no more theories. It only means that we are to leave behind us the childhood thoughts of the world and clothe ourselves in grander garments,— those that are adequate to the increased mental, moral, and spiritual stature of the race. That is all.

Let me give you an illustration. Suppose an acorn is sprouting, and has burst its shell. Let us be poets long enough to imagine that there might be a collection of other acorns about it that were not growing as yet, and whose shells were therefore smooth and round and unbroken, and that they were conscious and capable of thinking, and were speculating as to what was going on. Perhaps they had never noted the operation before, and were pitying their poor comrade, and thinking that the end of him had come. "Poor fellow, that is the last of him," they might say; and all the while, in their foolish ignorance, the truth would be that an oak was being born.

Or suppose in the process of a grub turning into a butterfly, just as the butterfly had flown away and was sunning his new wings in God's blessed sunlight, a collection of other grubs should gather about the shell, and think it meant destruction to their comrade.

Why, friends, we are finite creatures in an infinite universe; and, if we ever grow any, the old must be left behind, that we may come out into larger, broader, higher, nobler

thoughts of things. And that is all that is taking place to-day. It is not a flood of infidelity that is sweeping over the world. It is a flood of God's new light, a sweeter, broader, revelation of his truth,—that is all.

And now I wish to outline for you my vision. I shall not be able to give it to you in such poetic language as that given in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation, which I read as our lesson this morning. Nevertheless, I wish to outline my vision of the coming religion, to hint to you, if I may, the outlines of what I believe are to be the magnificent truths that are to succeed the present era of discussion and dispute. For it is sure that we have come out of an old universe into a new one, so that we can say with the writer of Revelation, I see a new heaven and a new earth. What is this new heaven, and what this new earth?

In the first place, we are coming into a new thought of a new universe-home adequate to our dream of an infinite God. Is this a loss, something to be deplored? The universe, as the Old Testament taught, was a tiny, three-story affair. The earth was flat and square, and the sky a molten dome beaten out as though with hammers, just a little way off, fastened as a tent at the corners of the earth, with openings for the rain and the snow to fall through. Just above, upstairs, so to speak, was heaven, the throne of God and his angels. And the under part of the world was a sort of cellar, a place just underneath,—*sheol*, the place of the departed. The whole was a little, tiny baby-house affair. The universe of the early Christians was substantially the same. The universe of the Middle Ages was not an improvement on this. It is only within modern times that we have gained, in the new light that God has vouchsafed us, an idea of the magnificence of this world-house we live in. We have gained a conception that makes it worthy of being the home of an infinite being.

Next we have gained a new conception of God. Mark you, those are only ignorant men who never think themselves clearly through, who imagine that the outcome of the present

discussion is to lead to atheism and to the divineness of things being left out of the world. Even the most distinguished of those who have tried to be materialists have been compelled to redefine matter in such way as to embody what we mean by spirit. Clifford, the famous young scientist of England, an out-and-out materialist, as he thought, dying when he was young,— even he got so far that he was obliged to suppose what he called "mind-stuff" connected with the particles of matter, because he could not account for the universe on the old materialistic theory. Haeckel, prince of those who have been regarded as materialistic evolutionists, has been compelled to talk about the souls of his molecules or atoms, again letting through the back door or by the side window in some way the spiritual, which he at first was inclined to lock out of his universe. Materialism is dead; and it is science that has killed it,— not the church, not religion. It is the free, wide researches of earnest and sincere, unbiassed scientific men that are telling to us that there is no theory of the universe that is rational, that can account for the facts, that leaves out of account spirit and life.

We have, then, a grander God than the old one sitting on a throne up in a little heaven,— a God as really throughout his universe as I am throughout my body. He is not located, but is everywhere. This is no more mysterious or infallible than the truths you are familiar with and accept about yourself. I am throughout my own body. Wherever I am called, there I am. God, all his power, his love, his law, his light, his life, thrilling and throbbing throughout all his worlds, in me, in the flower, in the dust-grain, in the star, — this is to be the thought of God in the future. No less personal, not personal in the sense that he is outlined and has a body and is located somewhere, but personal in the sense that the essential thing in consciousness is personality, so that we can call him Father, or by any tender name we will, in the confidence that not only the cry, but the thought, finds conscious echo in his infinite love.

Revelation,— not confined to a book that is a burden for

men to explain and defend. One of the greatest troubles that the Church has to-day is to try to defend and explain the barbarism and cruelty and immortality and untruth which are in the Bible. We do not have to explain or defend; for we believe that the truth of God is his revelation wherever it is found, in whatever language, through whatever lips, through whatever seer or prophet it be spoken. People ask foolishly, "If the Bible is not infallible, how do you know that any of it is true?" That seems such a curious, naïve, ignorant way of speaking.

Suppose I am a gardener, and I am working away in my garden, and some one comes and leans over the fence and says to me: "If everything inside this fence is not a vegetable or a flower, how do you know what *is* a vegetable or a flower? If you are finding weeds, why, then, are you trying to believe in your garden at all? If I could not have a garden without having weeds in it, I would not have any garden at all." Would you consider that rational? We can pick out the fruits and vegetables and flowers in spite of there being weeds there, and make no serious mistake about it. So, out of all the books said to be infallible, we may select those things on which to feed our souls, without being obliged to eat the errors which are poisonous and which would injure. The coming conception of revelation is that whatever is true is divine, in whatever book or outside of every book. Truth is God's word; and, if it is not truth, it is not his word, though a thousand times written in the Bible or in any other claimed infallible scripture. Revelation is to be, then, the truth of God, ever growing, ever unfolding, as the capacities of men unfold more and more of that which is true and divine.

The incarnation,—is there to be any belief in that in the future? There is to be in the future a doctrine of incarnation unspeakably grander and nobler than any dreamed of in the past. We are coming to believe that humanity—not merely one individual who lived two thousand years ago, but humanity—is God's child, and that whatever is good in any

man, in any age, in any religion, is so much of the out-raying of the truth and life and love of God. The doctrine that has been taught concerning Jesus is only a prophecy of what is possible concerning every man, and what some day shall be true of every man. We are growing towards that ideal, when we shall think of all that is fair and beautiful and noble in man as only so much of the divine. We believe that it shall be given in coming ages for men to be so intelligent, so true, so loving, so helpful, that they shall be recognized as ideal, as full of God.

But the doctrine of mediation,—is that to have any part? Yes: that which has been held concerning Jesus is only a figure and a prophecy of every man who is true to his ideal. Every man who gives time, money, effort, life itself for his convictions of truth,—he is a mediator. He helps to atone. His suffering is vicarious. He lifts and leads the race on to his nobler and better ideals. He, in his turn and his degree, is helper and savior as truly as was he of Nazareth. This is the doctrine of mediation that shall be held in the coming religion.

Now let us turn to the Church. Is there to be a church in the coming ages? It both saddens and amuses me when people ask such shallow questions. Religion is eternal; and not only that, it is the most important interest of human life, because it means finding the divine truth of things and living it out. It is the age-long search on the part of the race for the secret and the fulness of life. Being, then, the most important interest in the world, and being eternal in its nature, it cannot help but incarnate itself. Any permanent interest of the race always organizes itself for the sake not only of expressing itself, but of carrying out its aims. Religion will show itself in organization. It must organize itself as naturally and necessarily as the elements that go to make a crystal, only I like not the figure of the crystal, because a crystal does not grow. Religion will organize itself as naturally as the elements that enter into the development of a flower or an oak. There is to be, then, in the coming age

a church as much grander, as much higher, as much nobler, than anything that the past has seen as the human imagination can dream.

The organization of the religious life, of religious aspirations, the religious endeavor of mankind,— will it have symbols, rituals, sacraments? That will be as its members shall choose. They may have as simple an organization as the Friends. They may have as elaborate a one as the Romanists. The one thing that the future will insist on will be that the ritual, the sacrament, the symbol, shall be vital, shall represent something real, and shall be the expression of life instead of the substitute for it,— that is all. I believe it will have rituals, symbols, services, and that it will decorate and glorify itself with all the beauty and all the art that the imagination of man can devise.

Will there be worship in the coming church? We find thousands of people who seem to think that, with the changed conception of things, worship is to pass away. I have known certain organizations within the last three or four years who are unwilling to have it stated about them that they engage in worship. They must have curious ideals of what worship means. If you analyze worship, you will find that it is the most distinctive and peculiar characteristic of the world's noblest and highest of men. It is the upward look of admiration. It is the seeing of something better than we have yet attained. It is the bending of the soul in recognition of that which transcends it. There is no other animal that is capable of catching glimpses of this ideal, if being troubled by it and longing to attain it. It is this hunger after the unattained which makes man king of the earth. And the essence of this is worship. To ask whether man is to be a worshipper, then, in the future is to ask whether he is to keep that which is noblest and best in his manhood and grow into better, or whether he is to disintegrate and degrade into something poorer and less. The worship of the church of the future will be grander than anything the past has known.

And prayer,— will they pray in the church of the future?

Here again, in the midst of this transition time, thousands of people fancy that the meaning of prayer is being lost. The conception of prayer that is to dominate the future is as much grander, as much higher, as much finer, than any of the prayers of the past as the loving, nestling communion of the child hugged in its father's arms is higher and sweeter than the mere petulant begging and teasing for playthings. The only thing in the prayer of the past that any new theory of the universe threatens to outgrow and leave behind is that which all noble men and women ought to be glad to be rid of. We have outgrown that conception of prayer which supposes we are petty, ignorant, petulant, changing children, having power to interfere with the magnificent mechanism of the universe. We have outgrown that; and it is time. It seems to me impertinence and impiety, instead of anything that we should be glad to keep. If I supposed that any word of mine could interfere with the working of the universe, I would never dare speak again. Think of the miserable presumption of it. I heard an evangelist once say that prayer was the power that moved the hand that moved the world. If I believed that, I would never pray again. If you analyze prayer, you will find that, besides begging, there is the thanksgiving, there is the communion, there is the trust, there is the nestling of the child in the arms of the Father, there is the taking hold of his hand and being led by him, there is the strength that thrills down from high trust into our hearts, and makes us able to bear the burdens of life. There is all that Jesus asked for left; for never did Jesus beg in the common importunate sense that I was accustomed to hear in my childhood. As I look back upon those prayers, they seem to me impious instead of holy. All, then, that a true and holy child of God would wish to keep remains. Such, then, I believe, is to be the coming religion.

Now, at the close I want to speak for a moment on what is perhaps as significant as any part of my thought,—concerning the method of the religious growth of this coming time. In the religion of the future there will be no orthodoxy

and no heresy. Why? Because there will be no infallible standard of truth in the old sense, by which a man can be tried and found wanting.

Let me show you what will be the condition of things inevitably. In a scientific society there is no heresy, there is no orthodoxy. Why? Because no scientific society would be insane enough to believe that it was wicked for a man to make mistakes. A scientific society regards as settled only those things that can be verified as true. But, when you make statements like twice two is four, you do not need to threaten a man with hell to make him believe it. You do not need to threaten him with fagots and chains and dungeons, or tell him you will cast him out of good society or never speak with him again. Whatever is verified as true is accepted by all intelligent and sane people, merely because it is true. There never was a man who was intelligent and sane who did not want to find the truth. No man ever voluntarily turned against the truth. The reason of the persecutions and bitternesses and burnings and hell-fires of the past has been that certain bigoted, spiritually-conceited men have assumed that they spoke for God, said that the people who did not accept what they said were wicked and opposed to God and haters of their fellow-men. It is this utterly unfounded assumption that has made the hells, the fagots, the inquisitions, the bitterness and hate of the religion of the past.

In the coming time nobody will think of its being the desire of any intelligent man to oppose anything that is true; and nobody will think of its being necessary to *compel* people to accept what is true. And nobody will think that he has any right to compel another person to accept something which he does not know is true. So there will be no reason for bitterness, for persecution, for hate. The religious men of the future, in all ages, in all races, under all names, will be seeking after the truth, trying to live it, trying to help other people live it; and it will never occur to them that they are to consider it an offence on the part of any person who

differs with them concerning any subject. How utterly contemptible you would think it was to see two men fighting and calling each other names over something which neither knew anything about,— as to what is going on at the back of the moon, for instance! You would think them fit for a mad house. Yet here are people in the churches ready to hate and blacken the character of others because they do not agree with them in regard to things about which they know absolutely no more than they know what is happening on the back of the moon.

All that will pass away in the coming time. Men will be sane then. As we read the history of Christianity, of the gentle character of Jesus, of his teachings of peace and love, his telling people to be kind even to their enemies, and then read the history of the inquisitions, the bitterness, the fighting, the quarrels of the past, we feel as though we were reading the records of the doings of the insane. The world will be saner and saner in the future. And so all men and all nations, under every name, in regard to politics, in regard to industry, in regard to society, in regard to ethics, in regard to religion, in all the departments of life, will be seeking simply for the truth, trying to get ever into closer and closer relations with God. And, as this progress goes on, they will ever attain closer and closer relations. There will be no more cataclysms, no more breakings up and upheavals, because it will be a steady growth,— a growth like the change of dawn into the early morning and of that into high noon. And so, as they succeed, in the light of this ever-increasing divine truth, in solving more and more problems, the old evils will be outgrown and left behind. The "low, sad music of humanity" will sink down and down the past, to be succeeded by the swelling song of gladness, of cheer, of eternal hope.

Father, we thank Thee for the visions that inspire; and all we ask is that we may be worthy of such glimpses of truth as come to us, and show our gladness by trying to realize them in our own lives and in the lives of others. Amen.

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 MARCH 4, 1892 NO. 21

THE PRESENT USE AND WORTH OF THE BIBLE

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

The Present Use and Worth of the Bible.*

"And Philip ran to him [that is, to the eunuch], and heard him reading Isaiah the prophet, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I, except some one shall guide me? And he besought Philip to come up and sit with him."— ACTS viii. 30, 31.

AT first thought it would seem to us as though it would be a very convenient thing if we could have an infallible guide in matters of religious theory and practice. We would like one not only in religion, but in every department of human life as well. I suppose the broker, the lawyer, the farmer, and the physician would like infallible guides as to the methods of carrying on their special affairs. But they do not have them. They must rely on their own intelligence, and study in the light of the experience of men. It is a question as to whether this is not better for them; for so they find mental culture and growth that they would not find if all they had to do was to follow an infallible formula. But they do not have one; and they must get along without as best they can. It has been supposed, for a great many years, that we did have an infallible guide in religion. But note one or two things. It is simply impossible for the human mind to frame a form of words that shall be capable of only one interpretation. A document as colorless and as little figurative as the Constitution of the United States is interpreted in all sorts of ways; and round these various interpretations are gathered parties sometimes bitterly antagonistic to each

NOTE.—I preached a sermon with this same title in 1883. I have not looked it over, and do not know how far this may follow the same line of thought.— M. J. S.

* Phonographically reported.

other. If, then, we were to have given us an infallible guide in matters of religion, it would be practically of no value to us unless we had an infallible interpretation, which no one claims to have. Look over the history of those religious believers who have claimed that they had an infallible religious guide. Have they understood it in the same way? Have they been at agreement as to the roads in which they were to walk? Have they seen religious problems in the same light? Have they either theoretically or practically been at agreement with one another?

To ask these questions is to answer them. You know that Christendom, under the guidance as it claimed of an infallible leadership, has marched in all sorts of divergent and even contrary directions, and that it is divided up into factions that hate each other only a little less bitterly — if possible — than they hate those who are entirely without such guidance. As a matter of fact, then, those who have claimed to have an infallible guide have not interpreted it in the same way; and so it has not served that purpose. So much is perfectly apparent on the surface.

What has this claimed infallible guide done? It has cultivated spiritual self-conceit. It has been at the root of more hate and bloodshed than almost all other causes in Christendom put together. It has not served the purpose of an infallible guide from our Father who is in heaven. I do not believe, then, that we need an infallible guide in religion any more than we do in any other line. I believe even that it would be an evil to have such a guide. We need rather to cultivate our own insight, our own foresight, to develop our individual characters, in the light of an effort after truth and in the results of the experience of mankind. We have, then, no infallible guide, and must do the best we can without.

Unless God is a being who will forever punish a man for intellectual mistake after he has tried his best to find the way, then there is no need of an infallible guide. And, if God *is* a being who punishes an honest man for making a

mistake after he has done the best he can, then I have no desire to enter his heaven. We do not need, then, an infallible guide in religion any more than we need one anywhere else.

But thousands of people say, If the Bible is not infallible, what is the use of it anyway? This is a most thoughtless question. I wonder that any intelligent person should ever ask it. Intelligent people do ask it, however; and so it must be sheer thoughtlessness on their part. If Shakspere is not infallible, what is the use of ever reading Shakspere? If Plutarch, if Plato, if Dante, if Goethe, are not infallible, why not stow away their works in some retired place, and leave them forever to the dust? Is this a foolish question? No more foolish than the other. And yet there is one excuse for the other that would not exist for this; and that is that people have been taught, by the authority of the organized church, its pulpits, its books, for ages that the Bible is the infallible guide of the world,—a cruel and despairing teaching. So that there is naturally on the part of many a revolution over it; and, having become convinced that it is not necessary to their eternal salvation that they should be familiar with this, they have come to leave it practically one side.

I propose this morning to suggest some reasons why, as liberals, we ought to be familiar with the Bible, and some hints as to methods by which to become familiar with it. We ought to know the Bible; and I believe that by and by, when we can come at it rationally and simply, with none of the prejudices of the past about it, we shall love it, and give it a nobler place than it ever before occupied. We shall learn to love it, and to read it freely, because of its magnificent history and of its present worth. I shall not be able to cover the ground of so large a theme as this. I only wish to suggest some few of the more important points.

In the first place, we ought to be familiar with the Bible as a matter of common education, as a matter of simple intelligence, in dealing with the affairs of the world. The Bible has occupied a unique place in the history of Christian civili-

zation. It is written into the world's literature. You can hardly read one of the great intellectual masterpieces of civilization without finding references to the Bible that call for a certain familiarity with it, in order to understand them. You would be ashamed in reading a book, and finding some ordinary historical, geographical, or scientific reference, to know nothing about it. You would say, We ought, as educated and intelligent men, to know enough to understand these references. If a man was reading a book and came across something that Hamlet said or that Macbeth said, he would be ashamed to say that he did not know who Hamlet and Macbeth were. You ought to be as familiar with the great characters of Bible history as with those of Shakspere.

And then, if you wish to walk through the galleries of the world's art, you need a knowledge of the Bible to understand the subjects and the interpretation of the great masters.

If you are studying English or American history, you need a knowledge of the Bible, because this one book has influenced, changed, shaped, the course of English and American history as no other book that was ever written has done.

If you wish to study the laws, the legislation, of Christendom, you need to understand the Bible, in order to follow intelligently the course of the development of this legislation.

If you are studying the industrial development of the world, you need a general knowledge of the Bible, in order that you may comprehend that. The Bible, then, is wrought into the history, the literature, the art, the life, of civilization in such a way that, as a matter of common intelligence, you need to be generally familiar with it.

Then, another thing of prime importance, the Bible is unique in the literature of the world. The Bible is the religious autobiography of one of the most remarkable people that has ever lived. And this is the only case I know of, of an almost complete autobiography, from childhood up to youth, manhood, and old age, of a nation. In regard to other peoples, you have a chapter of their life, you can get at some item of their early ideas. Take the Confucian writings or

the writings of the Hindus, the literature of almost any other religion, and they are only fragmentary, you can trace only a part of the religious development of the people. But in the case of the Hebrew race you begin at the beginning, when they were barbarians, when they were nature-worshippers, worshippers of sacred stones and trees, when they were polytheists, when they were capable of human sacrifice to their deities; and you can trace the growth of their religious ideas until you come up to the magnificent ideas of Isaiah, and of the teachings of Jesus that are so far away from the early nature-worship that it makes God pure spirit, not on this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem to be worshipped, but by all men everywhere who worship in spirit and in truth. If you wish to understand a man, you need to know something of his origin and the course of his development. If you wish to understand a great world-conquering religion, you need to know something of its far-off origin and the lines of its growth. And nowhere else on earth is there such a splendid example of this as is revealed to us in the Bible. Here we trace the growth of the religious ideas of a people from the crudest to the most spiritual that the world has ever attained.

Again, the Bible is the storehouse of religious experiment and example, and so of important practical teaching. Do you know one of the great troubles with practical legislators is that they keep trying over and over again, to-day, certain things that the experience of the past has proved cannot be done. They do it because they are ignorant, because they do not know the history of the past. So with the social theorists of the modern world: they are perpetually trying to get the world upon some line, some path of advance that has been proved to be impassable, merely because they are ignorant. So you find the religious world making these mistakes over and over again, because it is not familiar with the fact that these experiments have been tried and tried again, and have always failed. In the Bible we have a continuous history of the growth of the religious life, of experiments

this way and that; and it ought to be full of practical instruction in the coming ages of the world.

We find, for example, the evils of the intermixing of the Church and State, the constant tendency of ceremonialism to overlapping and crowding out the practical, vital religious life, to become a substitute for living. We find the tendency of the priesthood to fix, and so hinder the growth of, the religious life of the people, and the effort of the prophetic spirit to break these bands and let the people go free, that they may expand, grow, and reach out beyond towards the future, and upwards towards the higher. We find all this experience in the history that is covered by the Bible; and it is just as valuable to the world to-day as it ever was. And, if we will only familiarize ourselves with it and learn its lessons, we might avoid repeating the same old mistakes.

There is yet another thing about the Bible: it is a gallery of great portraits, a gallery of living figures, not always good; but the Bible is a good deal better for our practical use because they are not always good. They are live men, with all the passions and perversities, as well as the longings and aspirations, of live men; and by observing the lessons of life which are here revealed to us we learn the meaning of life. We prize highly, as one of the choice productions of the antique world, the "Lives of Plutarch," because he has given us figures of heroes, warriors, statesmen, in whose lives we can study the living life of the past. So the Bible is a gallery through which walk these living figures of the past, who give us instruction, give us warning, give us, if we seek nothing more, entertainment, as we study what they are and the kind of lives they led.

Yet another point. Because the Bible has been presented to us in this hard, dogmatic fashion, we have lost the sense of its beauty, its sublimity, merely as literature. By and by, when we are free of these dogmatic fetters, the world will come lovingly to the study and admiration of certain parts of the Bible, because, looked at as pure and simple literature, they occupy places as high almost as anything that the world

has given us. Take the Book of Job, and let it be properly translated, published by itself as a poem, and it would overtop "Faust" as the poetic dealing with a great human problem. It is fit to take its place by the side of the masterpieces of the poetic production of the world.

Then there is nothing more sublime in poetry that this human race has produced than certain parts of the prophets,—of Isaiah, for example; and I could gather out a little collection from the Psalms that, merely as lyric verse, would be fit to take its place with the finest productions of the ages. We need, then, to prize certain portions of this old book as worthy of all love, looked at merely as literary work, the production of a wondrous ancient people.

One more reason, and this not less important than either of the others. People are accustomed to read Emerson. Why? I know people who keep a volume of Emerson, or selections from him, on the table, to which they turn every day of the year. They say that they breathe freer, higher air as they drink in his spirit. They find companionship, inspiration, wisdom, suggestions, comfort, hints of strength and hope for their spiritual life from his pages. They find in Emerson what Matthew Arnold said, in his lecture on him, was his most distinguishing characteristic,—that he is the friend and companion of those who would live in the spirit. This use of the Bible I believe to be the highest and finest of all. One need not take it as it comes any more than one goes into his garden and gathers and devours whatever comes first, whether it is a leaf of a rose-bush or a rose, the tops of the potatoes instead of the potatoes themselves. People do not act so foolishly in the practical affairs of life as they tell us we are to do in our use of the Bible. In the Bible there are the finest, sweetest, highest, noblest things in which we can find companionship. You know that it is the atmosphere that has more to do with life than even the soil. If you have studied the growth of trees, you know that the larger part of their life comes to them through the leaves from the air. You know that, if you attempt to cultivate certain

plants, they wither and droop and die. What is the matter? Something in the air is not suited to them. In other places trees, plants, shrubs, on barren rocks, will flourish and grow green and beautiful in the face of the blue heaven. The atmosphere, then, of our lives is of almost more importance than everything else put together. You know how the companionship of certain people depresses. You know that after you have been with them a half-hour you feel as though a vein had been opened and the life-blood was gone. In the presence of others it is like placing a drooping plant after watering it in the sun: life and strength come, you know not how. You can tell what people's lives are if you can find out the spiritual and intellectual companionship which they love, to which they naturally turn. The grandest use, then, of the Bible is to make it this daily spiritual companion, not, as I said, by reading it as though it all were of equal value. There are parts of the old Testament that are not fit to read in public or in private. There are parts of the New Testament that are utterly unsuitable as material for spiritual growth. But there is no book, no one gathering of books, that contains in it, in spite of all this that we would leave out, so much of fine, high, sweet spiritual nutriment as does the Bible. We shall find that by and by the dogmatic part will be forgotten; and the world will be attracted to that which is sweet and true.

Turn with me now for a few moments, and let me suggest a few things that stand in our way of getting the best out of it. Had I not mentioned it, I should need to mention it right here: that the first objection is the dogmatic one. We rebel against the old ideas which were drilled into us as children, and from which we find it hard to escape. We need to remember that the Bible is not responsible for that. It is simply certain people's notions about the Bible. Let us not, then, transfer the dislike that perhaps rightly and righteously we have for certain hard and unlovable teachings about the Bible to the Bible itself. The Bible is not responsible for these teachings. Let us take it up lovingly,

sympathetically, and treat it as though it had never been misrepresented and abused.

Then, as we read it, we ought to remember that it is not one book. It is sixty-six books; and there is no reason in the wide world, except the bookbinder's convenience, for having these sixty-six books between two covers. If the books of the Bible had been bound separately, it would be read much more intelligently than it is to-day.

Then we need to remember that the divisions into chapters and verses are very modern. They are a mere matter of convenience, to make it easy to refer to any part of the Bible. And, so far as the chapters are concerned, it is divided up into easy lengths for reading. But, if you should take any other book and subject it to this process, you would spoil it for intelligent use and treatment. The chapters are most clumsily divided. In the original manuscript there were no chapters, no verses, no paragraphs even: each page is solid. The men who had the work of dividing it up frequently broke the sense in the middle, so that there is no beginning anywhere and no end anywhere, when you simply read one chapter. In that way you get no clear idea of what the author was trying to say.

Again, you must remember that the chapter headings and the running titles at the tops of the pages are the work of ignorant interpreters. They do not belong to the Bible, and were not in the original manuscripts. They are misleading, frequently utterly confusing and confounding to the sense, misinterpreting the manifest intention of the writer. Leave all this one side when you are reading the Bible, and try to get at what it really stands for and is intended to convey.

There is another trouble about reading it; and that is, as it is bound, it represents neither the chronological order of the books nor of the incidents related. The chronological order is confused. Take, as an example, the New Testament. The first books which were composed in the New Testament are a few authentic epistles of Paul; and even these are not in the order in which he wrote them. The Epistle to the

Romans ought not to be the first one. They are not placed in their order, but placed probably according to their supposed importance. After Paul's authentic epistles ought to come some of the other epistles,— we are not sure of their dates,— then Mark, Matthew, Luke, and then, a long while after, though we are not quite sure when, the Acts of the Apostles; then some of the other epistles,— the Epistle of John, for example; then Revelation; and, last of all, the Gospel of John. Now, if a man had the New Testament arranged in this chronological order, you see how much more complete an idea he could get of its teachings.

Then there is another thing that needs to be borne in mind. The Bible does not mean anything that by ingenious interpretation can be got out of one of its sentences. People talk as though they had the authority of the Bible for whatever the words can be tortured into saying, even when torn out of all connection. As an illustration, let me give one that I have seen. I have seen the words, "Touch not, taste not, handle not," printed on placards and hung up, as though the writer of those words were teaching total abstinence when he wrote them. I am not now giving my ideas on the subject of total abstinence. I am not expressing my ideas on temperance at all. But the writer of those words says exactly the opposite, so that to use them in that way is either dishonesty or ignorance. The Bible does not mean what men can twist it into meaning. It means what the writer meant at the time of writing. That is the only honest way to treat any man's book. What did Paul mean when he was writing any particular epistle? That is the question you are to ask, if you want to understand him and get into sympathy with him.

People are taught that the Bible is a plain, simple book, easy to understand on the part of the average reader. There is hardly a book less easy to understand on the part of an average reader who does not try to comprehend it. Take, for example, the First Epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians. You find this passage there: "We which are alive and remain

unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep." That was a perpetual puzzle to me as a boy; and I never had any explanation till I was able to study it out myself. If you wanted to understand this epistle, what would you do? You would try to find out what the condition of religious thought was in the churches of Thessalonica at this time, what the problems of thought were, what they were specially interested in. What did they want to know? What is Paul writing about, and what for? After you have learned what the condition of things was there, if you sit down and read the Epistle to the Thessalonians right through, you get a better impression. You will treat the book with common sense, and will rise from reading it wiser than when you sat down. But the ordinary way of reading a chapter, or a half-chapter, torn out of its connections, with no idea of what the connection is or what Paul was writing about, is nonsense. You might as well read it backwards.

Read, then, these books in the light of the history of the times. Try to comprehend those problems which stirred that age; and then you will read and compare them with the problems that are stirring our own, and you will come into touch and sympathy with the same throbbing human heart in all ages all the world over.

One other point let me suggest. You will notice, perhaps, that in my reading of the Scriptures I pick and choose certain things that I read very often, and that there are certain others that I almost never read. There are certain parts of the New Testament that I should love to read if I did not have to stop to comment and explain. I must say, "I do not believe this." We have not yet come into a simple comprehension of the book; and my reading of these passages might be misunderstood. If I should read the story of the turning of water into wine at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, a stranger might go away and say, Why, is it possible that Mr. Savage believes that? He would assume that I believed it merely because I read it, unless I stopped to say that I did not. I do not like to stop and comment in that

fashion; and so I wait for that sane and reasonable time that will surely come, when I can read it as I would any other book. If I should read to you a portion of "Macbeth," I should not have to stop and explain whether I believed Macbeth was an historic character, and did this or that thing that he is represented as doing. You would know that I read it for its poetical beauty, its spiritual power, its moral suggestion, its inspiration. So, if I read a book in which there was a reference to Hercules or King Arthur, I should not have to stop and explain, lest I should be misunderstood. You would understand that I read it for its inner significance, its spiritual suggestion. So, I hope the time will come when I can read the New Testament without having to explain; but everybody will comprehend that I am reading for the spiritual beauty and power that it contains. What difference does it make whether water was turned into wine eighteen hundred years ago? But it makes an infinite difference whether you and I to day turn the water of our commonplace lives into the wine of high thinking and spiritual living. There is a meaning there. But, so long as we are confused by the petty discussions as to historical and critical accuracy, we lose the worth and power and suggestion of the book. The time will come, and we can afford to wait, when the Bible will be placed on the pedestal where it belongs.

Then it is such a comfort to me, as I study the history of this old book, to find that I occupy a position where I am not expected any longer to apologize for its errors, for its immoral teachings, for its cruelty, for its barbarism. I am not expected any longer to explain the difficulties that stand in the way of supposing that the Holy Spirit could completely contradict himself. Neither am I expected to defend the thought that God should reveal himself to a few people and leave all the rest in darkness. Nor must I apologize for the fact that he got through speaking to the world eighteen hundred years ago, and has had nothing to say since. It is such a comfort, intellectually, religiously, spiritually, to be free

from this burden, and to know that the living God who did speak by prophets and seers in the olden time, who spoke through the lips of Jesus and Paul, did not stop when their lips became cold and silent. Neither because he spoke through those lips are we committed to the idea that what those lips uttered was the infallible word. We can believe that he has been speaking since, that he has spoken in every age through the mouths of all the seers and prophets and martyrs, under every sky, to every lowly heart; that he has reached down his hand to clasp every hand; that no feeble entreaty has been lifted up to him in vain; that he has whispered to every heart that was attent to listen and find out by which way it should walk; that he has spoken not only in religion, but through science, through art, through literature, through the progress of society, through the industrial progress of the world, and that he is still speaking to-day; that we are thus in contact with the living God, and that we are a part of the living revelation, and that to-morrow morning, as the needs of the day shall face us, we may look to him for guidance, knowing that his last word is not spoken, that his last word never will be spoken, for his children shall be in constant and increasing communication with him to-day, to-morrow, and forever.

Father, we thank Thee for these inspiring and comforting truths and trusts. We ask Thee that Thou wilt lead and comfort and help us. Instead of wondering why Thou dost not speak to us, let us cultivate the hearing ear, and hush the noises of the world and of our own importunate lives, and listen; and we shall find that Thy voice is never silent, but that Thou art always ready to whisper to us comfort and cheer and leading. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
"	*Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this. a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single cop

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 MARCH 11, 1892 No. 22

SERIES ON

EVERY-DAY RELIGION

VII. COMPROMISE

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

MAR 12 1892

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

COMPROMISE.*

"And John answered and said, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us. And Jesus said unto him, Forbid him not, for he who is not against you is for you."—LUKE ix. 49, 50.

HERE, I think, as we go on with the discussion of our theme, we shall find the principle which ought to be a guiding clew to us in this matter of the practical compromises of life that face us at every turn.

Life is not governed, and cannot be, by any fixed hard and fast rules. It is governed in accordance with principles, in the light of ideals. I suppose there is no one definite rule of action that a man can lay down for himself and follow in all conditions and in dealing with all people. He may have a principle in his mind which shall not be changed; but his practical conduct must vary in a thousand ways, in accordance with time, with circumstances, and the conditions with which he is dealing.

Take, for example, that one characteristic saying of Jesus, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." That is not a rule: that is a principle. How would you have others do unto you? That depends. It depends on who you are. It depends on who the others are. It depends upon the circumstances, and upon a thousand things that may vary at a thousand different times.

And this leads us to note what perhaps some of you may be disposed to question, that there is no single act conceivable which in itself is either necessarily right or necessarily wrong.

* Phonographically reported.

Take an extreme illustration, that you may see what I mean. How about putting a man to death? Is that always right? Is that always wrong? In one case it may be brutal, foul murder. In another case it may be grandest heroism. In another case it may have no character whatever, being pure and simple accident. In another case it may result from the work of the surgeon, from his performing some dangerous operation which, on the whole, it was thought best to attempt. It may be justifiable self-defence. You see, then, that even in an extreme case like that there is nothing definite and fixed as to outward action; and what is true of that I believe to be true of every single action of which you can think or dream. No definite act has about it any moral character whatsoever. It depends upon motives, it depends upon the purpose, it depends on what is attempted, it depends upon conditions, circumstances.

Since, then, we cannot be governed by any hard and fast rules, we must govern our lives by principles and ideals; and it follows that we must change our course of conduct a thousand times as we come into contact with this person or that, or as circumstances or conditions may change or vary. To state it in another way,—and here we leap right into the heart of our theme,—the moment man stands in relation to any other person or begins to live in society, that moment his life of necessity becomes a series of compromises. If a man desires to attain anything, he must concede something, he must compromise in this way or that, as the condition of attaining it. If a man is dealing with another life, he cannot act as though he stood alone. A hermit, a recluse, one living in the wilderness, may do, within certain limits, almost as he pleases; but the moment he faces another life, comes into relation with another individuality, another set of rights, another set of feelings that may be hurt, another set of possibilities of joy or pleasure, he becomes limited by that fact, and he must compromise so far as his own personal rights and course of conduct are concerned.

We find this to be true also of governments. When this

government of ours was founded, and the thirteen colonies agreed to live together, it was only made possible as the result of certain wise or unwise compromises into which they entered, when each one conceded something. Any one of the colonies might, within certain limits and so far as its power was concerned, have been much freer, much more independent, if it had chosen to live alone, a little government by itself. But for the sake of the larger advantages that might accrue by their joining forces, massing their power and influence, each one of them conceded or compromised here or there, in order that the other and grander result might be attained. And so it is when the individual links himself with another life for the sake of establishing a home: there must be concession, compromise, on every hand, in order that the two lives may live without friction, without irritation, without tyranny or domination of one over the other. For the sake of the larger life that comes to the home the individual concedes, compromises in this direction or that. And so in every department of life the same principle appears.

We are now on the threshold of a principle which I wish to discuss at some length because of its great importance in its bearing on social and individual development.

Out of this fact that life is a series of compromises, and must be, springs a life-long conflict between the tendency to compromise and the tendency to develop the individual life. Let us see how important this is, and how slow the growth of individuality has been. I regard this as of extreme importance. I believe that in this matter there should be as little compromise as possible; for the growth of the world up to the present time may easily be measured by the loosening of the bonds of conformity and the development within the individual of a daring on his part to be himself.

This begins below the lowest level of human life, this compromise of which I am speaking. If you go into a community of ants, or a herd of animals, you see this tendency to compel compromise and enforce conformity. If into a set

of ants another ant should stray, different in looks, in qualities, so different that he could be marked as a wide departure from the common type, he would be instantly put to death. Among ants it is all compromise, all conformity, no individuality allowed. You find substantially the same thing among herds of animals in the lower world. And, when you come to deal with barbaric tribes, precisely the same thing appears. You ask a barbarian, Why do you do this? What is the origin of this particular custom? Ninety-nine times in a hundred he cannot tell you. All he knows is that it has been the custom, that it was the custom of his fathers, and has been transmitted to the children. It is enough for him that it is the custom of the tribe, and the individual is not allowed to depart from it. In religious matters, in governmental matters, in matters of dress, in marriage customs, in all that makes up the social life of the tribe, everything is fixed, is hard, is so rigid that no single person dares to think of departing from it.

As the world has grown, we have taken a few steps beyond that; but the world in this matter is only beginning to be a little civilized here and there, so that individuals or little communities of individuals dare to depart from the common type, and to be the beginning of a new species or development. Take it in Russia to-day. They are driving out of Russia, or compelling absolute conformity on the part of, everybody that is not submissive to the Greek Church. Catholic, Protestant, Jew, whoever does not shape himself after the common religious type of the empire, is treated as being an enemy.

What was the history of free thought in Spain? Spain is a capital illustration of this principle carried to an extreme. Spain to-day is practically dead. It does not count as one of the forces of Europe. Intellectually, morally, spiritually, religiously, it is no part of the life of the world to-day. Why? Because compromise, conformity, was forced on the people through a series of centuries to such an extent that any man who dared to think a new thought, any man who

dared discover a new truth, was thrust beyond the borders of the kingdom or beyond the borders of life itself. Everything was crushed down, smoothed out, ironed out, to a dead level. That is one of the curious things of the world. The Church for centuries forbade thought, forbade people to discover new truth, new ideas. Life must be merely the monotonous repetition over and over again of that which everybody had come to regard as true.

Are we much freer to-day? We are getting to be here and there. But how many men are there who dare appear on the street dressed differently from other people? How many women dare appear at an evening reception dressed differently from the common mode? This tendency to tyrannize on the part of the majority, and this tendency on the part of the individual to be afraid of the opinions of his fellow-men, you see dominating life in every direction, crushing all into one pattern of uniformity, making us repetitions of our neighbors, making us instead of clear living voices, however feeble they might be, only echoes of the common voice.

This tendency, if it were only in matters of dress, would not be of so much account; but it extends with us even to-day to matters of opinion.

The freest of us, I might almost justly say, are not free enough to concede the logical outcome of our own principles. We look askance at a man who differs very widely from us in view. We find it exceedingly difficult to get along peaceably, quietly, with a man who does not share our opinions. How many men, when they get into discussion over the tariff, or over the silver bill, or over temperance, or any reform that they consider of great importance,—how many are there who can perfectly keep their tempers? How many men are there who, even if they keep their tempers so far as to control their tongues, do not burn within with the heat of indignation? How many freely concede the right to this other man to his own opinion, and respect him as much when he differs? How many men carry it to the point of

loving another man as a friend just as sincerely and thoroughly in spite of these intellectual differences? Until we have attained that, we have not delivered ourselves from the bondage of this tendency, this universal desire, to tyrannize over other people, to crush them, if need be, into conformity with our own views.

Yet think of the absurdity of it! If a thing is demonstrably true, and a man is reasonable, you do not need to force him to accept it. If he is not reasonable,— that is, if he is not quite sane,— it would not be very wise for you to be angry with him. If he is reasonable, he will accept demonstrable truth. If your opinions are not demonstrably true then, what right have you to force him to accept them any more than that he should force you to accept his? What right have you to express or feel any indignation because things look to him different from the way they look to you?

One other point here needs to be noticed. I wonder that people do not see how they impoverish life by determining to have this uniformity of ideas. All the growth of the world comes from divergence. I grant that generally public opinion is correct. The majority opinion of this city on almost any subject is likely to be true; that is, the majority opinions of fairly intelligent people. It is reasonably true, as has been said, that "everybody knows more than anybody." It is probably true that, when a man comes along with opinions wildly at variance with the majority of intelligent people, he is a crank. But, if the world is ever to grow any, the time comes when this man who differs from the majority is not a crank. He is wiser than the majority; for if nobody, in art, or science, or literature, or statesmanship, ever learned to be wiser than the majority, no new step could ever be taken.

But, if you wish that there should be growth, progress, in any department, cultivate not compromise, but individuality. The horticulturist is proud when he produces twelve hundred kinds of roses. How does he do it? He does not do it by repressing individuality. If he wishes to grow a new rose

or a new orchid, it is just this variation which he most jealously guards and encourages; for it is out of the variation that he must expect the new growth, the new form, the new and higher beauty. So it is precisely in every department of life. If there is to be any growth, there must be development, not of the ideas which belong to the majority, but there must be encouragement of differences, there must be divergence of every kind. You need not be afraid of the wildest outblossoming of ideas. Those which do not have in them the promise and potency of some new and higher life, you may be perfectly sure, will be frost-nipped and wither in time. It is only those new things which prove to be of public advantage that become permanent parts of the growth of the world. The rest will die out fast enough.

But there is always some man here, some man there, looked upon with suspicion because he is so unlike his fellows; looked upon as odd, because he cherishes such visionary ideas, because he believes in the accomplishment of that which you think is impossible. There are always these men somewhere; and, though many and many a time they may be impractical men, yet there are times when such men are the hope of the world.

You must not make, then, too much of this concession of ideas to the ideas or opinions of others. You must rather cultivate the freest play of individual life and thought.

We are now ready, in the light of the principles which have been set forth, to come to some practical illustrations of compromise in different departments of life, so that we may see in the light of this principle what we ought to do. There is one thing we must remember first, last, and all the time: that there are certain things concerning which we must be utterly and forever uncompromising. To attain, no matter how desirable an end, we must not concede that which is clearly, in our judgment, a matter of practical right and wrong. We must not, as the apostle says, do evil, even that good may come.

Let us look at this matter by way of illustration in several

different departments of life. Let us look at compromise from the point of view of the statesman. In what sense, when, to what extent, shall the politician compromise? It seems to me that the practical application may be infinitely varied, but the principle is perfectly clear. If a man cannot attain all that he wishes for the public good, the statesman will compromise with his opponents, if by so doing he can take the smallest step in advance towards the end which he is trying to attain. If he cannot reach the full measure of his desire, he will take so much as he can get. There it seems to me is the principle. Compromise in any direction, when a step forward towards the betterment of humanity, can be taken.

But there are times in the lives of the greatest statesmen when they choose deliberately to follow principles which lead to their defeat. There was such a time in the life of Lincoln,— which illustrates finely the point I have in mind, — when he was in the midst of that great debate with Douglas in the days before the war, when he was trying to secure the United States senatorship. Lincoln told the managers of the campaign that he proposed, on a certain occasion, to put such and such a question to Mr. Douglas. The managers, wise and shrewd, said: "That is not good politics. If you ask that question, it will surely defeat you in the campaign." Mr Lincoln conceded that probably it would, but still insisted, in spite of the advice of his managers, that he should ask it. With that wonderful foresight of his, he added, "I shall ask that question; and Mr. Douglas cannot answer it in such a way as to be senator and President, too." He did ask his question, and was defeated. Douglas was triumphant, and went to the Senate; but the defeat which Lincoln deliberately chose rather than compromise what he regarded as an eternal principle wrought the final defeat of his opponent, and placed Lincoln himself in the highest position in the nation, and in the highest position that any man occupies in the hearts of the American people. A man must understand that, in order to win, he must sometimes

face defeat. Defeat while you stand on an eternal principle must mean victory; but victory while you stand on a shifting compromise, the sacrifice of principle, must mean defeat, because in the long run this is a righteous universe, a moral universe, and the principles of truth and God must win.

I wish now to discuss and illustrate the working of this principle with reference to business compromises. If I should spend a week in visiting the business houses of Boston, and in confidential conversation learn something of business methods, I am sure I might come here with material for two hours' talk on this phase of the subject alone. I wish that all business men were brave enough to stand on eternal principles, and fight down many of the vicious business compromises of the age. If they were, their influence would sweep like a fresh northeast wind through the business life of the community; and we should breathe a clearer and a higher air. How many business men are there that compromise with the business methods of the time in regard to advertising! I have not asked many questions in this direction. Possibly, therefore, what I am going to say may not have as wide an application as I fancy. In private conversation with a friend who used to be in business, but who has now retired, I asked him, struck with the fact, why he did not advertise, saying I never saw his name in the papers. He said, because he was not willing to lie. He added: "I get in a certain quantity of goods, and I am not coming out in the papers, and announce that I have ten or twenty times as many, in order to make a show in the advertisement. If I should advertise the simple truth, it would look so petty compared with the advertisements in the papers that it would raise a smile. I choose, therefore, not to advertise at all. A man gets in twenty dozen pairs of gloves, and advertises that he has just received a hundred dozen or a thousand dozen." Not willing to advertise in that way, to compromise with his conscience, a square man with an ordinary business chooses to keep out of it altogether. So there are methods of doing business in

which the dealer compromises with every customer that comes into his store. A man comes in who knows the business thoroughly,— what it costs to manufacture and the margin of profit,— and the dealer compromises with him, and sells at the very lowest possible margin, and then takes it out of the next customer who does not know so much. Business, I know, used to be carried on in that way, though I believe it is less common than formerly. I believe that, if men who mean to be honest would stand squarely in regard to these matters, all this petty, shifting confusion of principles might disappear, and men might stand squarely and clearly on the basis of eternal right.

There are compromises among the great corporations. Take as an illustration such bargains as exist sometimes between the great railroad corporations and the great coal-mining companies in regard to the output and the carrying of coal for individual profit, when they are dealing with those things that are of prime and universal necessity, when compromises are made to the detriment of man. No man yet ever made profit at the price of justice to another without paying that profit out of his own soul.

In religion to-day the world is full of compromises, men compromising with their consciences because they do not wish to have a rupture with their friends or to break with the old church that is connected with them by life-long association. The principle, it seems to me, is right here. I am asked over and over again: Do you believe such a one is honest to occupy such a position? Do you think such a minister can preach as he does and be honest? I do not know in regard to individual cases; but the principle, it seems to me, is right here. Dr. E. A. Abbott, the great English divine, the author of some important articles in the Encyclopædia Britannica dealing with Biblical criticism, has published a book in which he speaks of the world making its religious progress by means of illusion, as though God purposely misled with promises that got people so far ahead when they would not have come if they had known the

reality. A man may be ever so illogical in his religious growth,—I suppose the world must get on in this fashion; but the moment that a man clearly sees the logic of his position, when he sees that, if this is so, then that follows, and he does not take the step that moment, that moment he becomes dishonest. He may see that this is so, and yet, for lack of logic, not see that he ought to take the next step as the result of it, and still be an honest man. But the moment he sees clearly which way he ought to go and does not go, that moment he has compromised with his conscience and his God,—compromised in such a way as to be a serious loser in his own spiritual life.

Take one illustration. I happened to find out in regard to an Episcopal minister in one of our great cities the other day that he frankly told a friend that he did not believe in the stories of the supernatural about Jesus, or anything of the kind, but that he read them from Sunday to Sunday in church, and went through the whole form, knowing that it was mythology, as he said, but that he did it for the sake of the sentiment involved! There is an illustration, it seems to me, of a man who has clearly passed beyond the lines of honest dealing with God's truth and his own soul.

There is one other phase of this principle that I wish to speak of; and that is in the family. I said at the outset that, if a man chooses to lead a life by himself alone, he is free in a thousand ways that he cannot be if he chooses to link in with his own life the welfare and happiness of another. If there is to be happy family life, it can only be as the result of compromise; yet the point I wish to enforce especially here is not this one. I believe that here, as well as everywhere else, there should be just as little compromise as possible. I believe that nine times out of ten, so far as my observation goes, there is an assumption of authority on the part of either the husband or the wife that has no basis whatever in right. A man and a woman love each other enough to marry. The point I want to call your attention to is embodied in the question whether that gives either

the man or the woman a right to dominate, a right to tyrannize, a right to ownership, over the other life. It seems to me that the common idea has been that the man will make his wife feel, Now, if you really love me, you will give up this thing or that; you will stop doing the other thing; you will just turn your life into an echo of mine; you will run it into the mould of my life, *if you love me.* No man and no woman on the face of the earth has any business whatever to make such a demand or to establish such a test. Unless there is a matter of outright wrong involved, why should a man give up his ideas, his ways of living, his customs, his habits? Why should a woman give up her ways? I believe a man and a woman are not only two people before they are married; but I believe they ought to be two people after they are married. You remember that trite saying of the old French king and the courtier who did not dare to contradict the king, and who kept saying, Yes, yes, to everything the king said, till at last the king cried, "For heaven's sake say *no* once in a while, that I may know there are two of us."

Why shouldn't there be two after a man and woman are married? Why should there not be a richer and fuller life because there are two? They are different by birth, by education, by custom, by training, by development in religious ideas; and why should either attempt to coerce the other, to reshape the other's life after his personal model? Let each one pursue his or her own way, developing life in all its richness and fulness. Suppose I am very fond of poetry: why should I happen to be impatient with my wife if she does not care anything about poetry? She cares something about another matter that I do not; and so there is larger contribution to the general family result. If two people are only echoes of each other, it seems to me it must be dreadfully monotonous by the year to live in the same house! I speak of this because I believe it to be important. I believe that a great many times unhappiness, jarring, irritation, contentions, in the home, spring out of this utterly unwarranted assumption on the part either of husband or

wife that he or she has a right to demand that the other shall become something different from what he or she is.

Let us, then, here and everywhere, in all departments of life, cultivate not this spirit of conformity and compromise in every direction, but freest and fullest play of individual character and inclination within the limits of all which is true and noble. So life shall be rounder, fuller, deeper, higher, more varied. So we shall help the world to get on towards that time when there shall be the largest and freest play of individuality; and, because of that, there shall be a richness of governmental, of industrial, of social and religious life, such as the world up to this present time has never seen.

Father, we look to Thee, desiring Thy light on our pathway, desiring that we may be dominated by divine ideals, that we may walk in the light of principles that do not change, that we may be free and full in our individual development, and may live in loving charity and mutual service with all mankind. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
"	*Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 MARCH 18, 1892 No. 23

SERIES ON

EVERY-DAY RELIGION

VIII. THE RIGHTS OF AND OVER CHILDREN

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo.	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

THE RIGHTS OF AND OVER CHILDREN.*

"The world is saved by the breath of the school-children."—TALMUD.

WHEN I found myself committed to this subject, "The Rights of and over Children," it occurred to me that possibly to some of you it might seem limited. The children of many who are along in years are all trained, perhaps beyond the effect of anything that father or mother now can do either towards rectifying mistakes or in enforcing the teachings which they believe in still. Many have no children, perhaps do not expect to have, and so might be supposed not to be particularly interested in a theme like this. But all of us have been children; and all of us have opinions concerning the rights and the wrongs of childhood, based on the memories of our own past experience. Then it has been noticed by those humorously inclined that the people who have no children are generally wiser on the subject than anybody else, and perhaps usually quite as much interested in the matter of the training of other people's children as they would be if they had children of their own; so that perhaps, after all, I may conclude that the subject is one, as certainly it ought to be, of universal interest, as it is undoubtedly of prime importance.

There is frequently a good deal of confusion in discussions and in writing because of the fact that words are not always used in the same significance. I remember years ago—and those of you who are old enough to remember the days antecedent to the war will also remember—what a storm of indignation swept over the country at the expression of the

* Phonographically reported.

supposed opinion of Chief Justice Taney, when he said, or was reported to have said, that a black man had no rights which a white man was bound to respect. It is only fair to say that this indignation, while being in every way commendable as an expression of the moral feeling of the people, was entirely unjust as directed towards the great Chief Justice; for he was not giving expression to his idea as to what ought to be. He did not commit himself to the saying, that in his opinion the black man had no rights which the white man was bound to respect; that is, using the word in the moral sense. He was only as a jurist carefully defining the legal status of the black man. And what he said was true, so that he was perfectly justified in the words which then he used. At the same time the moral sense of the country was justified, also, when it indignantly asserted that the black man had the same rights which were possessed and gloried in by the white man.

I use this as an illustration of the point that people used the word "rights' in two senses. While their feeling, their moral instincts, were correct, they had not thought themselves clear enough to use language as it ought to be used for the expression of ideas. The black man, then, had no rights before the law which the white man was bound to respect. And yet by nature, and in the light of our ideals of what is equitable and true, God had clothed him with the same rights which we had striven for and had attained.

So we say that the young man of twenty-one, a native American, who has lived in the State of Massachusetts for a year and in the same town for at least six months, has the "right" to vote. I do not raise the question whether any young man of twenty may be able to vote more wisely. We recognize the fact that as yet, with certain narrow exceptions, women have no "right" to vote at all; yet a large class of people are continually carrying on the agitation of what they declare are the rights of women, among which is this same right of suffrage. Here, again, we are using the word "rights" in two senses. We need, then, before we begin

the discussion as to the rights of children, to define ourselves, so as to be perfectly clear as to what we mean. I shall not this morning touch upon the question of the legal rights of children, as to what rights are conceded by popular sentiment, but shall have in mind all the way their ideal rights, their moral rights, not that which has been in the past, not that which is to-day universal, but that which, in my judgment, ought to be.

What, then, are the rights of a child? Our rights over them will be more or less mingled with this first part of the discussion, though I shall take that part up later on.

The first right of a child — if I may be pardoned the Hibernicism — reaches back beyond the time when the child has any existence. The first great right of a child is to be well born. Some one wittily says that a child cannot be too careful in the selection of its parents; and this covers a great truth. If it were possible for a child to have anything to say in regard to a grave matter like that, it would be the most important act in the child's life. A child has a right to be well born, to be started right, not to be weighted, crippled, burdened, hampered, from the outset by physical disabilities, by moral twist or taint, by intellectual defect. Of course there is no way by which this matter can be reached except by the indirect way of instructing mankind, by elevating the moral ideals of the race. But, if men and women are enlightened, so that they comprehend what they are doing and deliberately choose the wise and the noble, then the children will be well born.

If a man knows that he has a physical defect of any kind which science has taught him may be transmitted, or if it is serious enough so that by being transmitted it shall seriously cripple the child in the race for life, then he should gravely consider as to whether he has a right to be a father. A man with a taint of insanity in his blood, a man with a taint of some incurable disease, no matter what it may be, a man who has reason to suppose that either on account of his own fault or the fault of his fathers he may transmit some moral

weakness or tendency, such a man has no right, it seems to me, to assume the responsibility of calling an immortal out of the unknown, and placing it, disabled at the outset, in the midst of this great world of competition that we call life. Here, then, is the first right, the right to be born not of disease, not of carelessness, not of passion, but to be born of love, to be born of health, to be born with a clear brain and a true heart. All other inheritance a child might consent to forego, could he be sure of that.

The next right is to a happy childhood. A happy childhood! This may be taken away from the child in one of many ways. It may be taken away by the selfishness of father or mother, by their carelessness, by their indulging in perpetual fault-finding, nagging, interfering, the result of "over-nerves" on the part of either father or mother. It may be the result of a temper not properly controlled, the result of superstition. It may be because the child at too early an age is put at task-work for the sake of increasing the income of the family. An unhappy childhood may occur, then, from one of many reasons. There are places where the children know nothing of what true childhood means,— children in mines, by the hundred and thousand, the moment they are able to work to add a penny to the household income; children in mills and factories, made to carry the burden and care of life before they have known the light of its morning. The laws of civilization are beginning to take account of conditions like these, but as yet only a few of them are reached. There are hundreds and thousands of children in this city of Boston who, as they grow up old enough, will never be able to look back to a dewy, sunny, sweet, bright sunrise and early morning of life. And yet I believe that the child, as he or she goes on in the world, can have no finer thing than that to look back upon. And it is not merely the rest that may come of it, though that is indeed important enough of itself to make it worth our while. How many of us who, in spite of the hardship or poverty perhaps, which was hardly appreciated or realized,— how many of us who did have a happy

childhood find ourselves wandering in that old land when we are worn and weary, and find rest and peace in the associations with the shadowy forms of those who walk on earth no more! It is worth while for one to keep this as a romance land, a fairy-land, a place to which the old man can go back to unburden and refresh and rest himself for an hour.

But it means more than that. As a man goes on in life, there come great crises,— hours when he needs something to hold to, when perhaps he loses his faith in man or woman; and, if he has that ideal memory, there will be one woman at whose shadowy feet he will forever bow in reverence, finding an accession of trust come to him for life at large, and rise a braver and stronger man for the worship of his mother. But if he can add to that that superb respect for his father which makes him feel that, whatever else happens, however he may look upon other men, *there has been a man*, then he will find it easy to believe in humanity, in the possibilities of the future, so that this is not only comfort and peace, but it is strength and support and guidance in future years.

The third right of a child is the right to be properly educated. I shall divide this part of my subject into two or three parts. It has the right to be educated into a fitness for self-support; and this is a right the importance of which is growing constantly with the spread over the earth of democracy, and with the social and industrial ideals which we believe in and cherish in this country. This is the prime end, in my judgment, of education. Teach the child, boy or girl, that he or she has come into a world that is not rich, but that is comparatively poor,— a world where he has no right to take away from the store of accumulated wealth without adding at least as much, by his own effort, in its place. In other words, the first quality of manhood or womanhood, in my judgment, is this. It is the basis of all honesty in dealing with mankind. Each child shall insist, as it goes through the world, on being of as much use to the world as the world is to it, so far as possible. It is not a matter of prime importance as concerns poor children alone. I do not need to

preach on this side of the subject to poor children, because they must do it, whether they will or not. But I think it is of prime importance that fathers and mothers whose children do not "need" to do it, as they say, should learn the lesson, and teach it to their children. Thousands of young men are every year spoiled for the highest ideals of manhood merely because they can say, "Father's got enough, and it does not make any difference what I do." That canker eats into and eats out the essence of all manhood, until these men not only take out of the world's store of accumulated wealth, but they become examples of all that is disintegrating and dishonoring in social, industrial, and political life. No matter how you do it, but teach your child, as a matter of the greatest importance, that it is her business or his business to look upon the things of this world, its accumulated results, as an inheritance, not earned, not theirs of right, but something intrusted to them, and which it is their business to transmit to the next generation, not only unimpaired, but, if possible, augmented, and so made the means of still mightier good in the years to be.

When you have taught your child self-support, when you have taught it the principles of right and wrong, the ideals of a noble life, then you may enter, if you will, the other field, which sometimes is regarded as being the principal thing in the matter of education. Teach these things first that I have pointed out,—self-support, the main lines of right and wrong as they run through this world,—and then for the joy of the child, for the enrichment of the child's life, put into that child's hand, if you can, the keys by which to unlock all the world's store-rooms of inherited wisdom and achievement. Make the child able to understand the world's literature. Make the child able to understand the world's achievements in poetry. Make the child able to at least catch something of the meaning of the wonders of the world's music. Teach the child at least the rudiments of the language of the world's art, so that he may walk the picture galleries of earth, and have the masterpieces of the ages

speak to the imagination, heart, and soul; that he may walk the sculpture galleries of the world, and commune with Phidias, with Michel Angelo, may be able at least to gain a glimpse of the magnificent visions of beauty that dominated these great lives. Teach your child, after he has learned the principles of right and wrong, after he has learned how to enter into this great inheritance, to find here inspiration, loyalty, and respect for the possibilities of mankind.

But there is one thing more. Too many educated men and women wander selfishly, aimlessly, through these fields of the world's past achievement, and become *dilettanti*, admirers only of that which is great. I was very glad, glad for what it meant, glad for our university of which we are so proud, to learn the other day of a lecture which had been given in Cambridge by Professor Charles Eliot Norton. I suppose there is no man in America more highly, truly, and delicately cultured than is he. He is the one man fitted to be merely *dilettante*, if he chose, with every faculty and taste keenly alive to everything that is beautiful and fine in the literature, art, and architecture of the world. I was glad, I say, to find that, in addressing the students of Cambridge, he pitched his key-note to something magnificently high, something grand, when he told the students that the one thing that Harvard University ought to exist for, the one thing that they ought to place before them as the grand ideal of their lives, was a noble citizenship in this republic, —manliness, which means service of our fellows. He told them what I wish could be echoed in the ears of all the young men of America until they could never forget it, that as yet even this republic is but an experiment, but that it carries with it the last and highest trust and hopes of the race in the way of liberty, in the way of industrial civilization, in the way of a free and independent manhood, so that the highest outcome of the education of every young man or young woman ought to be to teach them to appreciate the value of this grand heritage that has come to us here in this country; that they should feel that the one thing that the

knowledge of Greek or Latin, or German or French, of literature, of poetry, of music, of sculpture, of painting, of history, of architecture, of anything, — or a knowledge of all these things,— the one thing they ought to culminate in is simply a self-poised man. He knows that these things are to minister to his manhood, and that with his manhood he is to minister to his country. He knows that that ministry to his country is only the indirect service which he as a man is to render to manhood.

One more right of the children, the right to a rational religious education. I speak, when I have an opportunity, with a good deal of feeling to our Unitarian congregations on this matter, for there seems to me to be such a carelessness, such an inscrutable fatuity on the part of thousands of liberals in this country, as it seems to me, to be almost impossible to comprehend. I marvel at it. Many liberals seem to think that liberalism means "don't care," means indifference, means that it does not make any difference, that one thing is just as good as another, and that none of them are worth much. Thousands of people have outgrown the old ideas. They fear no more; and so they think that life is a mere race of "go-as-you-please." Now and then examples come to me that enforce this. A Unitarian child goes to an orthodox Sunday-school. It is taught all sorts of things that father and mother do not believe. They try to correct the teaching at home. Then perhaps they meet the Sunday-school teacher, and are insulted. They may have patience enough to put up with it, and let the child keep on. The teacher takes them to task as though they had no rights by saying, "We teach the child Christian doctrine, and you at home undo it all." I wish all parents who allow their children to come under that sort of influence could be insulted every day of the year in that way.

I have another case in mind; and it is a sad one,— a mother, whose child, who is living away from home, a boy of fifteen or sixteen, was allowed to enter a Sunday-school where she knew, if she had stopped to think, that the boy

would be taught everything that she did not believe, and nothing that she did. She consented to his going, and then waked up to the truth, and is now heart-broken and despairing over the fact that she has lost her hold on her boy. The boy is under the influence of the friends around him. He has had the old idea of God taught to him until he is frightened about the future, and even frightened about the welfare of the soul of his own mother, thinking that she has gone astray. He is entwined in the opinions of those about him, and does not wish to escape; and the mother has lost completely her influence with her own boy. It seems to me so strange that people do not understand that in this highest of all things is the last place for carelessness, for fooling, for playing with the souls of their children, with the relations of their souls to the infinite Source and Father.

Teach your child false arithmetic if you will. He will get that knocked out of him very speedily in a short business experience. Teach him false geography, that the Grecian Archipelago is in the Indian Ocean. That is a matter of very slight importance. Teach him false history. It will make very little difference to him whether he can tell who came first, Richard III. or Henry VII. Teach him falsely almost anywhere else, and it is of slight importance compared with false teaching here. The world, as a result of age-long struggle, is beginning to be free, beginning to gain glimpses of light, beginning to have higher and nobler thoughts of God, beginning to see the path along which human hope is beckoning. Do not dare, then, carelessly or thoughtlessly to train your child, so that he shall become a block on the wheels of God's chariot which carries the desires, the trusts, and the longings of the race towards a better future. Train your child not as though you were infallible. Train the child to go beyond your teaching, but not to get behind it or one side of it. Train your child to keep a clear-eyed vision of the highest and last truth that God reveals, and to listen with attentive ear to the last word he whispers. This, on your peril, is the most important thing you can do for your children.

There is time now only to hint a few things concerning the less important part of my subject,—the rights of parents over their children. The most of what I have to say is negative; for I believe our rights over our children are very few and very small.

Go back to barbaric times, and the father had the right of life and death over his child. He could expose the new-born infant to perish, and no one questioned. He could sell a child into slavery, and nobody could say a word. That time has gone by; but, as in other departments, you find survivals. You find touches, shadows, of this old barbarism still remaining in the thought and practices of people who think they are civilized.

What is the right that you have over your child? You have no personal, no selfish, rights at all over your own child. You have invited an immortal to come into your temporary keeping; and you have the right only to treat that as a reverent trust committed to you for a while, which you are to discharge with the highest and noblest sense of responsibility which you can attain. That is your right over your child. People have had in the past an idea, and many people think still, that they have a right to use the service, the brains, the physical strength, of the child as a mere adjunct of the family, as a source of income. If a father or mother be very poor, and the child comprehends the situation, generally there need be no force to lead the child to do what it can to add to the general support. But the right of the father to compel him is a very limited one, indeed; and it stops a great ways short of the right to sacrifice the welfare, the future, of that life to this present exigency. Even for the sake of appeasing hunger in the home, I say no father, no mother, has a right to sacrifice the future of the child, so that in the years to come the child shall feel, I have not had half an opportunity to become what it was possible for me.

What rights have parents in regard to exacting instant, immediate obedience on the part of children, and inflicting punishment? Most of you know my opinion on that. I

have had occasion to speak of it before. I think all fathers and mothers, if they will carefully look back on their lives, will confess to themselves that more than half the time, when they have quickly said yes or no to a child, it has been a matter of thoughtless impulse instead of any deliberate judgment as to what was best for the child. Now you have no right, you have not the shadow of the shade of a right, to coerce and compel the child into the shape of your own impulses, your own vagaries, your own fancies, your own whims. Some years ago I heard a man say, and he said it as though he were praising his father: "My father took no nonsense from his boys: If they didn't mind him at the first word, he would knock them down." I do not consider that very manly for a man; and I should consider it pretty mean for a brute. What right have father and mother, merely as a matter of impulse, of whim, to exact this or that, and then compel the child at any extremity to meet their peculiar notions? That is barbarism, not civilization. It is unworthy of men and women. You have the right only to study the nature of your child, to try to find out what is best for the child's development. And then compel that? Yes, so far as you can without injuring the child. More than that you have no right to do. But always let the child understand that it is not your whim, not your arbitrary wish, but that it is your calm and deliberate judgment as to what is best for the child. Then the child will learn to respect you, even though he may differ from you in judgment.

This matter of punishing children in the past has been carried to the extreme of barbarism; and I think that the saying attributed to Solomon, but that Solomon could never have been the author of if he was half as wise as he was reputed, has been the cause of no end of child abuse and of unhappy homes,—"Spare the rod, and spoil the child."* I believe that you could rather reverse the saying. A thousand times more children have been spoiled, ruined, by the rod than have ever been ruined by the lack of it. You have

*This, though the popular phrase, is not in the Bible in these words. See Prov. xiii. 24.

no right to punish a child merely because you feel like it. And here again most fathers and mothers will confess — I do not mean most of those here, but the majority of those I have been acquainted with — that they have been in the habit of punishing children under the impulse of anger, out of personal spite, not as the result of the calm, deliberate judgment that they were doing the child a service, that they were helping the child to be what he ought to be. The answer of the boy to his father is pertinent here; and the solemnity of the meaning will be none the less even if you smile. "Johnny," said the father, "do you know why I am going to whip you?" expecting, of course, a confession on the part of the child of the particular dereliction which he had been guilty of. But the boy replied: "Yes, father, I know: it is because you are bigger than I am." That is generally the reason. You have no rights of this sort. You have only the right to train the child by love, by force if must be, but to train the child into the noblest and highest ideals of right, to let the child feel that you are the servant of that which is highest and noblest in you, and that the one thing you are to do is to cultivate and develop that in him.

There is one other right that is often claimed which I wish emphatically to deny. There are young men and women whom fathers and mothers never allow to grow up, whose lives are absorbed by the selfishness of parental love. I know cases where the mother would stand square in the way of her boy's best future out of what she calls love, but which, if you analyze it, is only a clinging, whining kind of selfishness, which could not bear the boy out of sight, a jealousy of any other love which the boy might cherish,— standing in the way of his future, and yet calling it love. There is no love about it. It is the veriest selfishness when it comes to the point of sacrificing the welfare of the boy to this desire to see him forever by the mother's side.

Then I have known cases of young ladies. Because the father or mother wanted them in the home, because they wanted their service, these parents would stand in the way

of the grandest right that is before the footsteps of any young woman,— the right to love, the right to motherhood, the right to a home, the right to the unfolding of that which is divinest and highest in her. Do not dare to claim this sort of selfish absorption of the lives of your children as a parental right. It is not a right, but a wrong.

What, then, is the outcome? The one thing for father and mother to do is to make themselves needless just as early as possible. We do not know how long we shall be here. We need to make the boys and girls self-centred, independent, masters of themselves, masters of their surroundings, competent to deal with the practical affairs of the world, competent to choose the right and refuse the wrong, competent to walk alone or to choose their companions. We need not to get rid of them. If we bind them by the bands of love, they will stay by fast enough as long as they can; but, if you bind them by any other bonds, they will snap them as soon as they are able. Push them over the edge of the nest as fast as you can,— not because you do not wish them to come back, but because you wish them to learn to use their wings. Teach the children, boys and girls both, to be independent. A healthy body, a sane mind, ability to earn one's own living, a knowledge of right and wrong, fitted with a key to unlock the storehouse of the inherited wealth of the world, love for father and mother that shall be deathless, a happy memory of a happy childhood, the ideal of a manhood that makes service of one's age the noblest thing to be dreamed of, a consecration to the highest ideal of God, of trust in him, of a faith that can walk serenely out into the dark, a manhood, a womanhood, self-poised, independent, able to walk alone,— is not that the ideal? That is the right of every child; and the only right that you have over the child is the right of bestowing this.

Father, as we think of Thee, the ideal Father, whose very name is love, the meaning of which love is service, let us try to keep this image before us, and be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
"	*Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 MARCH 25, 1892 No. 24

SERIES ON

EVERY-DAY RELIGION

IX. MONEY

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

MONEY.*

"The love of money is a root of all kinds of evil." — 1 TIM. vi. 10.

IF I had time, and this were the proper place, I could point out two or three circumstances that tend to justify the feeling of the best people of the time of Jesus against the average rich man. There were circumstances which occasioned this feeling at that time in Judea not only, but throughout the Roman Empire. I shall not take up your time by doing this, but will only mention the fact that it was not probably mere prejudice against wealth. I need, however, to call your attention to the fact that almost throughout the New Testament there is this tone of rather severe criticism against rich men and an attitude of peculiar tenderness towards the poor. It is a question on the part of critics as to whether the form of the beatitude as given in Matthew is the original form of words which Jesus used. It reads there, "Blessed are the poor in spirit"; but, if you turn to Luke, you find the last two words are omitted. Jesus there is represented as saying, "Blessed are ye poor," and as pronouncing a curse upon the rich. I shall not venture to decide as to which was the original statement of the Nazarene; but, if you turn to the Epistle of James, you find that there the bitterest feeling is manifested against the rich, and the poor are asked to wait a little while, and are promised that they shall see judgment done upon their oppressors. So almost throughout the entire New Testament you find this feeling, and throughout the history of the Christian Church as organized there has been a dominant tone of a similar kind. If a man wished to consecrate himself more definitely and distinctly to the

* Phonographically reported.

religious life, one of the things that he generally did was to take upon himself a vow of lifelong poverty, assuming that somehow poverty was a virtue.

But, if the love of money is a root of all kinds of evils, we can say the same thing about the love of anything which manifests itself as a force in the world. The love of man and woman has been the root of all kinds of evils from the beginning of the world. Shall we therefore abolish love, as many would abolish wealth, if they could? Here, indeed, those who have consecrated themselves in the Church to the peculiarly religious life have made the attempt. Monasteries, nunneries, the existence of Shakers in the modern world, show the effort on the part of some to abolish or prohibit the love between man and woman. And the man who has consecrated himself in the Catholic Church to the peculiarly religious life has taken upon himself also the vow of perpetual chastity. So we find that the attempt is made in every direction by men to abolish the possibilities of evil instead of recognizing that all these things are simply centres and fountains of power, and that the thing for them and for us to do is to train ourselves into mastery of these forces, so that we may use them to lift instead of to degrade the world. Thousands of people lose their lives every year by going to sea. Shall we therefore try to abolish the winds or prohibit the life of the sailor? Thousands of persons also die by accident at home. If we carry the principle far enough, we should have to abolish the home. If we wish to abolish the possibility of evil, we must abolish the universe and done with it. We need, then, to recognize that these mighty elemental forces are neither bad nor good in themselves. They are simply means that may be intelligently used for the harm or for the help of man, for the harm or the help of both individuals and nations. Shall we, then, hate money? Shall we oppose it? Shall we single it out as being the root of all kinds of evil? Shall we indiscriminately attack rich men? What shall we do about it?

It seems to me that we shall find ourselves led naturally

and easily into the heart of our theme if we stop long enough here to inquire what money is and as to the relation in which money stands to wealth. For, mark you, at the outset, money is not wealth, though it is frequently and commonly supposed to be. I shall traverse ground here for a few moments which I know is familiar to thoughtful, educated business men; but perhaps it will not be entirely amiss for the sake of those who have not really thought about it.

In the early stage of human civilization there was no money. There were a few things that constituted property, which constituted the wealth of the time; but there was no money, and the people merely bartered or exchanged one thing for another thing. Picture to yourself, for example, a man among the Indians who has developed some special genius for making beautiful and effective bows and arrows. He loves the work; but he cannot possibly use all that he can make. There are others who want bows and arrows; and they cannot make them, or make them more clumsily, less beautiful, less effective. So he naturally develops the trade of a bow and arrow maker. If he wants something which another member of the tribe possesses, he will purchase it by exchange of his bows and arrows. This may stand as representing the first trading of the world. Of course, it is only an illustration of what might be multiplied in a hundred other directions. But by and by a difficulty arises. The man has manufactured his bows and arrows; but here is somebody who wants a bow and arrow who does not happen to possess at the time anything that the manufacturer desires. There is a difficulty, then, a block, in the matter of exchange. But, if this man who desires the bow and arrow could bring something else, something that would serve as money, something that has a permanent value, which the manufacturer of the bows and arrows can keep indefinitely until he wishes to use it in exchange or in the purchase of something else, the matter is plain. It is in this perfectly natural way, out of the exchanges of growing civilization, that money came into being.

But what is money? It has been a good many different things in the course of the world's experience. I need not stop to detail them. I only wish to point out what money really is, so that you may see its value, and may be able to estimate the value of other things as related to that.

What makes value? That is the first step towards finding out what money is. What is it that makes the worth of anything? Once in a while labor reformers or social economists, who do not think very clearly, talk about the labor that enters into a thing as constituting its value, or the time spent in its making as constituting its value. But the time spent in making a thing or the labor put into it, the amount of thought, the amount of brain toil, the amount of muscle labor,— these have necessarily nothing whatever to do with the value of a thing. Suppose I spend a year of hard labor in wheeling sand from one side of the road to the other and then back again. I have put enormous labor into it; but I have not created a cent's worth of value for anybody. Suppose I should spend the winter months in making a beautiful bit of statuary out of snow. I might make as fine a bit of work as Michel Angelo; but it would be absolutely worthless, for the simple reason that you could not transport it, could not preserve it, it could not add to the permanent wealth of mankind. What is it, then, that makes value?

It is simply this,— human desire. Human desire is at the root of all the value of the world. If all men desire a certain thing, and there is only a small amount of it, then it becomes exceedingly valuable. If all men desire a certain thing, and there is plenty of it, of course it is not worth so much. All men desire, need, and use iron; but there is abundant iron in the world. All men desire gold. There is only a small quantity of it: therefore, it is of exceeding value. If there was as much gold as iron in the world, perhaps it would not be worth any more. That, then, which all people desire, and of which there is no very large amount, is of the greatest value.

Now, what are the requisites of money as a medium of

exchange? for that is all that money is. It needs to be something that all men desire, something that there is not too much of, something the quantity of which does not grow too rapidly, in order that the value of it may be relatively stable, fixed, unchanging, because, if I should take something as money to-day which after a year or two I should find not to be worth more than half what I paid for it, I should have lost immensely on my bargain. We need something as money, then, that there is not too much of, that is portable, that can easily be carried from place to place, and something that keeps steadily to its value. As the result of human experience, the world has found out that gold answers these requirements better than anything else; and gold to-day, among civilized men, is the one general standard of value. Silver plays a part as money; but in this country it cannot be considered a standard, because a silver dollar has not the same value as a gold dollar. Greenbacks are not money: they are only promises to pay money. A bank check is not money: it is only a promise to pay money.

Now, then, what is money worth? It is worth only that into which it can be transmuted. It is worth that only into which it can be transformed. It is worth absolutely nothing as an end. It has a value only as a means. A man is not rich, does not possess wealth, merely because he possesses a large quantity of gold. We can easily conceive a man so situated that he should have gold lying in heaps about him, and yet be starving, be unclothed, be cold, not be protected from the weather, not be supplied with anything that is necessary to the real wants of his nature as a man. The wealth of the world, then, consists in things,— its coats, its boots, its hats, its houses, its books, its musical instruments, its pictures, its statuary, all these things that comfort, that lift up a man, that satisfy the hungers not merely of his body, but of his heart, his mind, and his soul. These things, and these only, are wealth; and money is only a convenient medium by which to carry on the exchange of wealth, or by which to help its further production and creation.

Let me now come to consider the real importance of money as related to the development of mankind. I do not at all agree with those who think that wealth ought to be abolished, or that there ought to be somehow a block or hindrance to the creation of wealth. The world needs more wealth, not less. The world needs more money, not less. The only thing I would hinder, if I could, would be that method of carrying on business which is merely a grabbing from the hands of one person by another of that wealth which is already created, which merely transfers money from the pocket of one man to that of another, without increasing by a single iota the store of the world's well-being. It would be nobler, better, in every way, if we could put an end to that kind of business. But the desire for wealth which becomes a spur to the creation of more wealth, this should be stimulated and rewarded instead of being treated as a crime.

Why do we need money? If all the men and all the women of the world were obliged to work twelve hours of every day in order merely to keep life in the body, to get enough to eat, enough to protect themselves from the cold, and then found themselves so tired that they must sleep in order that the next day they might work twelve hours more,—if all the world were in that condition, it would not take one single step above barbarism. Money is a condition of civilization: it is the first step upwards on the rounds of development which lead from the animal to God. Why? Because a man is more than a body that needs food, that needs to be covered, that needs to be protected from the weather. Man is a being with affections, with a mind, with a soul. He is a being that loves books, loves music, loves beauty, and so creates art, pictures, statues. He is a being that loves and cares for all these higher things; and it is only when you get up here that you are on the level of a man.

You must then release those men who are capable of creating these higher things from the necessity of merely earning their bread and butter, in order that they may be [illegible]t for their own sake, but for the sake of mankind.

For never yet has one grand thing been invented or created or wrought by men that had a human value that has not benefited mankind, that has not enriched the world. Suppose Shakspere had been obliged to work for his living, so that he would have had no time or strength to write his great dramas. Suppose the same of Homer or Dante, or the great discoverers and inventors of the world, all those who have added to the mental, moral, and spiritual wealth of mankind,— think how poor we should have been! We should have been still on the level of barbarism. We need, then, wealth enough, so that men can be released from grinding toil and care to the extent of being able to cultivate some of these higher tastes. We need wealth, so that the persons who are able to feed these higher tastes may be released from the necessity of self-support, that they may create the things that the world desires. And by as much as the mere work of feeding the necessities of the physical man can be left behind, can become automatic, by just so much can man outgrow the animal and rise into the human.

We need another thing, which is really only the other side of the same thing. The one thing we need to do to-day, so far as the laborer, the day-worker, of the world is concerned, is to devise some means by which the hours of his labor can be shortened; that is, to find out a way by which the world can get on with less drudgery, that these people may have time to become civilized. Suppose we should suddenly reduce the working hours of the world to eight. I am perfectly well aware of the fact that a great many people thus set free would waste their time. That would be nothing more than is true of a great many people who are already set free by the possession of wealth. They would have the same right to waste their time that the rest of us have, which means no right at all. But they must be set free, and allowed to be free, in order that by their own experience they may learn to live. That is the only way anybody ever learns. A carpenter is likely to cut himself in learning to be a carpenter; but I do not know of any way by which that

risk can be avoided. If we are to have carpenters, we must take the risk of their cutting themselves in the process of learning. So, if the common laboring men of the world are to be released and set free, so that they can learn to be men, we must run the risk of their abusing their freedom, and the risk of some of them abusing their freedom all their lives. But, as I said, that is no worse than the fact that people are abusing it on every hand now,— those who have already won their release.

Here, then, is the good of money, the good of accumulated wealth, the capacity for creating it,— that it enables the world to climb up out of the animal into heart, into mind, into soul; and I know of no other way. Let us, then, accumulate wealth, and obtain the mastery of the forces of the world for the sake of the hope of mankind.

I wish now to note some of the dangers of wealth, possibly some of the things that the writer of this Epistle may have had in his mind when he said the love of money was a root of all kinds of evil. Note one thing. It is not the possession of money itself: it is the love of it, the caring for it more than for anything else. A man may be rich, and yet not come under this curse. A man may be ever so poor, and yet struggle all his life merely for money which he does not succeed in obtaining, and so fall under the curse of him who loves money, and money only.

I wish to note some of the common evils. I am not saying that all rich people have fallen into these evils; but the possession of large amounts of money kept in a family, transmitted from generation to generation,— the tendency of that is to what? The tendency is to barbarize the people. To make clear what I mean, let me recall the saying of Matthew Arnold. He used to talk about the upper classes in England as being thoroughly barbarized. What did he mean? Let us find out what a barbarian is. What are the characteristics of a barbarian? Idleness, having no purpose in life, no thought of working for any one else; sensuality, having veloped no higher tastes than the animal, and so living for

bodily gratification; and cruelty, taking delight in those things that give pain, that hurt. These are the characteristics of a barbarian; and these are the characteristics of large numbers of the members of dominant families in the Old World to-day. They are idle, having no purpose in the world. They live for nothing that reaches beyond self. They are sensual. They have developed no higher taste than the gratification of their physical appetites. They are cruel,— cruel in two ways. In the first place, a man who lives in the presence of suffering week after week and year after year, and does not think of it, and does not care, is at least negatively cruel. It may be cruelty through thoughtlessness; but it is the indirect means of the continuance of suffering none the less. People through being pampered may come into the state of mind of that French princess just before the French revolution. When the people were starving, and they told her the people had no bread, the princess asked, "Why don't they eat cake?" She had lived a life so utterly apart from the thought of being deprived of any gratification that she could not imagine people who could not have cake, who could not have bread. And that, I say, amounts in the end to horrible cruelty.

Then the pleasures of this class of people tend to cruelty. In England, if the younger son of a noble family wishes to go off to travel over the world for amusement, what does he do? He hunts. Some one has said that, when an Englishman has ennui, when he is weary and tired, he says to a friend, "Come, let us go out and kill something." That is his idea of enjoyment. I speak of this to illustrate that the tendency of this pampered, irresponsible life is towards these three essentials of barbarism,— idleness, a useless life, sensuality, cruelty.

What next? One of the greatest dangers that assails the rich is that of giving the world a false and unreal theory of what success in life means, of having a false standard, a false ideal. There is coming to be developed in this country a moneyed aristocracy, which is the poorest, the meanest, the

most contemptible type of aristocracy that the world ever saw. Take the people who are thought to be worthy to belong to the "Four Hundred" of New York. What do they stand for? The ideal of the man who has put himself forward as their leading representative, and who may perhaps be fairly considered as their representative because he has published a book about them, and they have not resented it (I think they have purchased it),—what is his ideal? The ideal of his life centres round the banquet table,—a perfect dinner, perfect wines, perfect service, perfect catering to the stomach. The centre of his kingdom is the stomach,—not brain, not heart, not soul. And thousands of young men all over the country are striving, sometimes at the price of principle and honesty, to follow hard after these leaders, with the one thought in their minds from beginning to end that, if they can get rich, they will have succeeded. Succeeded in what? You know I do not despise money. You know I do not despise wealth. I do not despise wealthy men. But, if a man merely succeeds in making money, what has he succeeded in doing? He has succeeded in getting possession of certain means, certain material, that might be, if well used, a help in the cultivation of manhood. But, merely because he has become rich, he has not necessarily touched the beginning of manhood even in himself.

The acquisitive faculty, the ability to make money, is no ignoble ability. If it be rightly used in the creation of wealth and in adding to the world's wealth, it is of public service. But it is merely a means to an end, not an end in itself, Look abroad over the land, and see what I mean. I have before quoted to you the famous saying of Agassiz. After he had become a distinguished man, and knew that his name was such that he could win great success by it, a man came to him and offered him $50,000 for a course of lectures to be given under his management. Agassiz was busy. He was carrying out a line of study of great importance to the development of some department of science, and so for the welfare of the world. Agassiz said he could not stop to make money,

he was doing something more important. Is not that something higher than the mere acquisition of wealth?

There are thousands of men who have no money-making ability whatever, but who do have the ability to serve the world in grander ways than that. The ability to make money may be peculiar to a man, like the genius for painting or music. A man may be born with it. Certain people are so gifted with this ability that they are like the man of whom Oliver Wendell Holmes said that, if all the houses in the world were burned down, he would get rich in a week by dealing in potash. Some men have this genius for making money; but here is a man who has no genius in that direction at all. But he can paint a picture that the wealth of the world tries to buy, and cannot. There are pictures in Europe to-day that no private gold could buy. No man could own them if he laid all his wealth at the feet of their possessor. Nations fight for their ownership. A man who writes a book that adds to the wealth of the world's thinking, a man who, like Darwin, makes a discovery which is an epoch in the growth of civilization,—this man may have had no faculty whatever for making money. But they are the men whom the money-makers should be glad to release and set free for their own work; for then they are working for me, working for you, working for the world.

But I say that the man who makes the love of money the object of his life is in danger of forgetting that there are things a thousand times more important. He is in danger of forgetting those things in the service of which money should be used.

Then there is the danger that threatens the rich always, of being content down there on the level of their wealth. A man is able to build himself a beautiful house, to put the softest carpets under his feet, to decorate his walls finely; but, not caring much for higher things, the danger is that he will stop striving, and will say, Soul, thou hast goods laid up for many years: eat, drink, and be merry; you need not struggle any more. The world has thousands of industrial,

political, and social problems still unsolved; but shut in here in this beautiful mansion, and surrounded by all these things that can aid and comfort, we can make the walls so thick and soft that the moan of humanity will not be heard. The danger is that a man, being surfeited and filled with these things, will not care to read, will not care to think, will not care to help on mankind; that he will forgot that he is a soul, that the essential thing in him is thought and feeling, and love and aspiration. The danger, then, is that he shall be content on this lower level, and forget that he is a man.

I do not say, by any means, that all rich people fall into these perils; but I do say they are real perils that threaten the rich. They are some of the evils of which the love of money is the root; and the only way to escape them is to keep clearly in our minds what money is,— that it is a means, not an end; to remember the relation in which it stands to the higher things of life, the real ownership of it, to whom it really belongs, and what is the only high and noble use to which it can be put.

The ideal, then, is here. I know it will be many a long year before we shall be very near to its realization. I know through what a long, slow process of experience and growth the average man must pass before he can even gain a glimpse of its desirability. But the one grand ideal that every true man holds in his heart as the thing to be striven for is a condition of the world something like this,— a condition in which all men shall be released from such drudgery as makes it impossible for them to find time to cultivate that in them which is highest.

Let me use the figure of the body to illustrate precisely what I mean. All the necessary acts on which the life of the body depends from hour to hour have become automatic. I do not have to think whether my heart is beating or not: it takes care of itself. And so most of those necessary actions of life are automatic: they take care of themselves. We need socially and industrially to attain such a condition of the world that these lower, common, universal neces-

sities of mankind shall be easily disposed of, become almost automatic, so that a man will not have to grind his heart out, weary his brain, feel his soul crushed in him, by the burden of poverty, merely that he may keep soul and body together. We dream of the time — and I believe it is quite possible — in which the mere sustenance, the supply of the world's necessities, shall be reduced to such low terms that they shall be easily disposed of. Then, and then only, will mankind as a whole begin to live. For a man as a man does not live while he is drudging simply to get something to eat and keep from starving. He begins to live when that is behind him, and he is free to sit down and think, Now, I am a man; when he is free to use his brain, free to use his affectional nature, free to climb into his soul and to commune with those things that are eternal and do not pass away. Every man, then, who has any power of heart, power of soul, power of money, power of any kind, ought to keep this ideal of the world ever in view, and note that the only grand human life is that which consecrates itself to its attainment.

Father, we thank Thee that Thou hast given us a glimpse of these higher things. We thank Thee that some of us do have time to think, to feel, to love, to hope, to aspire. And we ask that we may not be willing to enter into this heaven alone, but may we consecrate ourselves to the work of making it possible for all men to enter. Then, indeed, Thy kingdom shall be realized. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
"	*Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 APRIL 1, 1892 No. 25

SERIES ON

EVERY-DAY RELIGION

X. THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

- 6 - 1892

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.*

"But of that day and hour knoweth no one, not even the angels of heaven, neither the Son, but the Father only." — MATT. xxiv. 36.

LORD KAMES, a Scotch jurist and writer famous in his day, in one of his books, took the ground that there was no such thing as human freedom, and that all our lives are bound under a fixed fate. But he said, if men knew this, it would take away all hope and dry up the springs of human effort. And so, although it was a fact, he said that God had wisely kept it a secret from the world. Whereupon one of his critics very aptly remarked that, if it were the intention of God to keep this important fact a secret from the world, it was a little curious that Lord Kames should have happened to find it out.

And so in regard to this matter of the day of judgment. Lieutenant Totten claims to be a loyal subject of the Christ, to speak for him and by his authority, and to declare the time of his second coming. And yet Christ himself, if he be correctly reported, has said in the most explicit terms that no man knows anything about it; that not a single angel in heaven knows anything about it; that even he himself knows nothing about it; that the only one who does know is the Father. If this be true, it seems not a little curious, since God has intended to keep this a secret, that Lieutenant Totten should have found it out.

There seems to be a curious and irresistible fascination to a certain class of minds about anything that can be regarded as a puzzle to be worked out. I remember crossing the ocean once when among the passengers was a gentle-

* Phonographically reported.

man all of whose pockets were apparently full of puzzles; and the one thing he did, so far as I observed, from one shore to the other, was to bring out these different puzzles for the entertainment and amusement of such passengers as he could attract the attention of. This seemed to be the one thing for which he lived. And, when I arrived in London, I found that a new puzzle had been discovered; and men went up and down the principal business streets with trays suspended by straps about their necks, selling them for a penny to almost every passer-by. There is, then, this quality of the human mind that loves to deal with a puzzle; and never has there been presented to the world more fruitful puzzles than the books of Daniel and Revelation. They have occupied the attention of men in all ages. Men have tried to cipher out what the writer of Daniel — nobody has the slightest idea who he was — could possibly have meant when he said that such and such a thing would happen after "a time and times and a half." To find answers to such questions has been the interest of a certain class of people for two thousand years or more. Lieutenant Totten has attracted a little more attention than he otherwise would, because he is a graduate of West Point and holds the rank of lieutenant in the regular army, and is a professor in the university of Yale. This only means, however, that the vagary of a person who happens to have a title or to occupy a position naturally attracts more attention than the vagary of an unknown man that you might meet on the street; yet it does not follow at all that there is any more ground for one than for the other.

These speculations as to the second coming of Christ and the day of judgment have come — let us at least be thankful for that — to be somewhat harmless affairs. People do not pay special attention to this subject. A friend was telling me only yesterday that he went to market, and, as he gave his orders, he laughingly told the marketman that *he* ought at least to be in agreement with Lieutenant Totten, but that he proposed to indulge all his appetites and eat whatever he

pleased until next Tuesday, and that he supposed it would cost him nothing because the marketman would not think it worth while to send in any bill. I mention this to show the temper of the modern world towards these things.

But it is only a few years ago when these speculations were more serious affairs. Miller prophesied the second coming of Christ, and fixed the day in the year 1843. He gained so large a following that there were hundreds, perhaps thousands, throughout the United States who disposed of their property, closed up their business, furnished themselves with ascension robes, and waited for the stroke of the clock that they thoroughly believed would be echoed by the last trump in the heavens over their heads. Those who were easily worked upon were wrought into a frenzy by these anticipations of the collapse of all things.

To go back a little farther still, to the half-way point between where we are now and the date of Christ. In the tenth century the civilized world of Europe went almost wild from this expectation; for it was the almost universal expectation that that year would see the end of the world.

To go back farther still,—for I wish you to see the different stages of this belief,—when we come to the apostolic age during the few years that followed immediately the death of Jesus, we find this idea to have been universal. There was no question in the mind of the early church that they were on the eve of the immediate second coming of the Christ and his angels in the clouds of heaven. We shall better understand some of the different opinions and teachings of an apostle like Paul if we bear this in mind. I take it that Paul's opinion on the slavery question and his opinion on marriage had very much to do with his belief in the second coming. For he says in so many words, if you read him in the light of this belief: Suppose you are a slave, do not trouble about it: it is only a little while. The Lord is coming very soon to close up all this condition of affairs. Be patient, do your duty, be faithful and true: it is only a little longer waiting. And so he says it makes no difference

whether you are married or single, whether you have property or are poor: nothing makes any special difference except being ready for the coming of the Christ in the clouds. You see, if you start with this idea, the teachings and opinions of Paul are perfectly rational and human, just what we should expect.

The book of Revelation is all on tiptoe with expectation. If Jesus be correctly reported, he taught the second coming in the most explicit way. It is only fair for me to say *if he be correctly reported*, because there are large numbers of people who think it would discredit the other teachings of Jesus to find that he held an idea which was demonstrated to be incorrect. So I say that whether Jesus used these words or whether popular belief in writing the Gospel after he had departed put them into his lips,—at any rate, he says explicitly that before this generation passes away the Son of Man shall appear in the clouds of heaven, the heavens shall be shaken, and the stars, like unripe figs, shall fall to the earth, and the end of all things shall be nigh. Of course, we know that, whether these were the words of Jesus or not, they were mistaken words; for nothing of the sort occurred.

I wish, in order to trace this idea, that you may see how perfectly natural it is to take a step farther back still. Let us go to a period before the coming of Jesus, before his birth. We find that this was a universal Hebrew anticipation. They believed that at the coming, not the second coming, but the coming of the Messiah, the good, the noble, the true, who had died since the time of Adam until then, should be raised from their graves. They believed that there would be a day of judgment in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and that these noble and true spirits should be made to walk the earth once more, and share with the Messiah in the glory of this universal kingdom which he was to establish in the holy city of Jerusalem. You must remember that the old Hebrews had no idea that the people who had died had gone to heaven. According to the Jews, only two people from the beginning had ever gone to heaven, Enoch and Elijah. All

the rest were in the underworld of Sheol. They were to come up, the good ones, to be clothed again with their bodies and share with their fellow-patriots the realization of those magnificent hopes which had kept them true and faithful through their lives.

This, then, was an old Jewish belief. Did they originate it? No. We find that it is similar to those held by the Babylonians, the Persians, and Egyptians. I need not stop to picture to you the ideas of these ancient peoples; but they held in most dramatic and realistic form substantially the same conceptions which have been common to Jew and Christian from that time until this. Indeed, among the Mohammedans, the realistic picture of the judgments that were meted out to the souls of the dead, and to their bodies as well, was something that far surpasses anything that we can find even in the most imaginative flights of the poets and prophets of the Hebrew people. The Mohammedans in some places built their tombs hollow, so that the body could be lifted up in the grave into a sitting posture; for they believed that immediately after the burial two terrible angels visited each man in his grave, and put to him a crucial question to decide as to whether he had been a faithful Moslem in his life, and so was entitled to paradise. If he could not answer this question correctly, then he was beaten, as they said, between the ears with heavy iron mallets that caused such pain that the cries could be heard by every creature, except their fellow-men, even from the east unto the west. So realistic and terrible have been these imaginings of men in their attempts to portray the fates that have awaited the souls of the dead.

I want now to raise the question as to how these and similar ideas have come into existence. There is no belief, however terrible or extravagant, but, if we trace it, we find its genesis as natural as the growth of a blade of grass. It has sprung out of the thought and ideas of the age.

Now, if you will note the great contrast between the conception of God and his government of the world that

obtained in the past and the growing conception of intelligent people to-day, you will see how very naturally ideas like this could have sprung up. The Jews believed in a dramatic, spectacular theory of the universe and of God's relation to it. The curtain rises on the scene of creation, which is performed and finished in six days. It is accompanied by the music of the stars singing together in celebration of the glory and completion of this wondrous work. God is an outside worker, making or building the earth. Then he lifted the dome above it,— a dome that was solid, only a little ways off, with the stars suspended to it like lamps to the ceiling of a temple,— a little tiny affair as compared with the size of the earth, which was flat and stationary. You see, then, how perfectly natural the language attributed to one who speaks of the heavens as being shaken and the stars falling like unripe figs to the earth. Of course, the ancient writers could never have drawn a picture like that if they had known that these stars that they spoke of were thousands, and some of them millions, of times larger than the earth itself, and so far away that it takes their light thousands of years to reach us. It was an easy thing under the old belief to shake a solid firmament and to have the stars tumble down on the earth like unripe figs. They believed that the universe was created by God outside, and that the government of the world was purely arbitrary,— a government from without, God ruling over the inhabitants of the earth precisely as the Tsar over Russia or the Kaiser over Germany, with no law except his law, his will determining what shall be done, and having a perfect right to lift up one and cast down another, a perfect right to do what he pleased; visiting the earth now and then, touching the top of a mountain with his foot and leaving it smoking as does a volcano, now and then setting a new star in the sky (Lieutenant Totten speaks of a new star now hidden by the sun that is to appear very soon), hanging out a rainbow as an assurance that there shall never be another flood,— creating all these startling things as an expression of his capricious will. At

the end, then, after the world has existed a certain number of years he winds up the theatrical and spectacular concern. He takes to himself those who have been obedient to his laws, and sends to chains and darkness and torment forever those that have dared to disobey him. It was a tradition among the Jews that the world, having been created in six days, was to exist six thousand years, a thousand years for a day. Then was to come the millennium, a period of a thousand years; and then the end was to come. You will find, as you read the Bible a first and second resurrection referred to. The Christians believed that at this second coming of the Messiah there was to be a resurrection of the good, because they certainly ought to share in the glory of this Messianic kingdom in which they believed, for which they had lived, and for which some had died. They believed there was to be a resurrection of these faithful ones, and that they should reign with Christ for a thousand years.

This is the explicit teaching of Paul. If you will read the Epistle to the Thessalonians, you will see this. They had got into difficulty there. He had taught them that they were to share in the Messianic kingdom; but people began to die before the establishment of that kingdom, and they asked: What does this mean? How are these people who have died going to share in that? And then Paul answers and says, At the sound of the last trump those who have died in Christ shall be raised up and clothed upon with their own bodies to meet the Lord, and those who are still living shall be transformed into their spiritual likeness, and all make one family of the redeemed. That is Paul's teaching.

Here, then, is the genesis of this belief, because men have figured to themselves the idea of the world as a kingdom governed by an outside king, beginning in time, and lasting arbitrarily till such a period as God has chosen, when it is to be ended.

Now, why cannot we share these opinions to-day? Because there has been vouchsafed to this modern world a new and wider and larger and grander revelation of God's truth

that belittles all this baby-house conception of God and his universe, and gives us a world and a God worthy of the thought, the reverence, the admiration, the love, of free and earnest men. We know to-day,— we do not speculate,— we know that there is no such thing as God *and* his universe with him outside of it. God within, ruling the universe not by magic or miracle. He does not interfere with a nature separate from himself, because there is no nature separate from himself. The laws, the forces, of the universe, are only God at work, God's orderly, eternal, changeless method. So you see there is no such thing in the conception of the modern universe as a day of judgment. There is no day of judgment, and cannot be in the ancient sense, and never can be in the future. The old Hebrew judge sat in the gate of the city, and decided questions as they were brought before him. But God does not sit somewhere in the heavens outside to decide questions that are brought to him.

You all know that picture,— with what horror I dreamed of it in my boyhood,— a picture startlingly like that which Michel Angelo painted on the walls of the Sistine Chapel in Rome, although I knew then of no Sistine Chapel,— the Son of Man on a great white throne, with an immense bound book before him, with a cloud of angels behind, around, and rising above him, and all the trembling souls that had ever lived, clothed again in their bodies, brought before his bar. And these were divided: the good, the sheep, on the right; and the bad, the goats, on the left,— the latter devil-driven down into flames of endless fire, where the smoke of their torment shall ascend up forever and ever, while the few are taken into the paradise of the blest. And this was Jesus, who, I was taught, had died to save me, and who in his last agony prayed, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do! So had he become transformed! Pity no longer in his heart, but only cruel hate that burned to the uttermost deeps of the bottomless abyss. There is, I say, in the intelligent modern world no place for this hideous dream. There is no day of judgment. Why? Because the day of

judgment, the only one that will ever come, is *every day;* for this universe is ruled by the universal, changeless, eternal laws of cause and effect. There are no rewards, in the arbitrary sense of that word, there are no punishments in this universe: there are only results. This is not speculation. It is demonstrated universal law.

Now let me give you a few illustrations, though this does not get rid of judgments, in the rational sense of that word, but only confirms it. It does not set us free to do as we like. Men were much freer to do as they would under the old *régime* than they can be under the new.

How is this universe governed? Let us see. A man builds a cottage near the foot of a mountain. One day a big slice of the rock that made the summit of the mountain comes thundering down the mountain-side, and crushes the home. Is that a judgment? In the old days they would have told you that God broke it off, and flung it down, as Jupiter went about the world hurling his thunderbolts at any one that displeased him. If the man who built his cottage had understood something of natural laws, if he had examined the rock at the top of the mountain, he might have known that it would come down. The process had been going on for years. First, perhaps it was a crack in the rock, then a little more cleavage, the play of the rain and frosts, all natural forces, until at last the force of gravity brings it down as it brings down the gentle rain. That is all. The way to escape that sort of judgment is to examine your surroundings, and not have your cottage in the way of such calamities.

Take the case of the Connemaugh disaster in Pennsylvania a few years ago. Did God come along one day, and on purpose break the wall of the reservoir against which the pressure of water was being felt, just to drown the people? That is the way the old preachers would explain such things. We know that those forces had been at work year after year; and we know, also, that, if the men who lived in the village had been wise, and had exercised proper prudence and

forethought, they would have known what was going on and what was going to take place, inevitably, because the law of gravity does not change.

Take the case of Herculaneum and Pompeii overcome by the eruption of the volcano. Did God come along one day and heat up the volcano, as a man might a furnace, on purpose to destroy these cities? We know to-day that the force which produced the eruption on that particular month and day and hour reached back in the chain of cause and effect to the star-mist out of which all systems themselves are made. There is no break anywhere. If people wish their towns not to be overwhelmed by volcanoes, they must not build them where these results are likely to occur. Take the earthquake that overwhelmed the city of Charleston. Did God come along some day and slip an earthquake under Charleston on purpose to destroy church and saloon in one common ruin? We know perfectly well that the forces which resulted in the shaking down of that city reached back to the beginning of all things. And we know that these forces are beneficent in their operation.

So take any of these natural happenings, and they are resolved into the law of cause and effect,—not less divine because natural, but exhibiting no arbitrary judgment on the part of God. They are a part of his eternal order and law. People have talked for ages about God's righteous judgment in overthrowing the Roman Empire for its wickedness. What should we say to-day of the judgment of God on a great kingdom? The historian, the student of political principles, do not need any arbitrary divine judgment to explain the fate of the Roman Empire. They can read it in the constitution of the empire itself. If Rome had been wise enough to establish a federation after the plan of the United States of America, which of course was impossible in those far-off days, possibly the empire might have been as eternal as they dreamed. The scientific student of statesmanship knows that the fall of the Roman Empire was as natural as the crumbling and crushing down of a house that is not properly built.

So take the overthrow of the old *régime* in France, culminating in the blood and terror of the Revolution. Was there anything supernatural there? Was it all God's judgment? Read the history of the nobility of France. See how they crushed down the people, ground the very life out of them, took their last sou to expend on their own luxuries, fattening and growing rich and proud, and despising the rights and the wrongs, the sufferings and the joys, of common humanity, riding them down with their carriages in the streets. Read the *lettres de cachet*, read the history of the Bastile, and you will see that the French Revolution was as inevitable as any other natural event in the history of the world.

So in political cases. Let us for an illustration come closer home. Take the case of personal illness and death. Oh, the horror of those old ideas of God and the world that come crowding upon my memory every time I touch a theme like this! I have heard an evangelist work upon the feelings and fears of an audience until they were ready to cry out for anything that could be a source of help. I have heard him say, "Unless you repent, unless you accept precisely the ideas which I am preaching to you, God is going to kill that beautiful child of yours,—he will lay a coffin across your pathway." And why? Kill my child because he would induce me to want to live with him! What a conception of God, of his character, of his method of government! Yet that characterizes two-thirds of the preaching of what calls itself Christendom even to-day. Only a little while ago a friend came to me, mourning over the death of her sister, and saying she thought God killed her sister because she herself did not go to church often enough during Lent. Think of a conception of God and of his method of governing the world like that!

How does the judgment of God manifest itself in disease or death? There are certain conditions, certain laws of life, embodied in the very atoms of my physical life; and I cannot break those laws and keep them in the same breath. If I break those laws, I am ill. If I keep on breaking them long

enough, I die. This is natural, inevitable. God himself cannot help it. God cannot create a circle without every part of it being equally distant from the point within called its centre, because it would not be a circle otherwise; and, if I break a circle, it is broken,—it cannot be a circle any longer. Results, then, not judgments, are what we find in dealing with our physical condition.

How is it about our intellectual life? Take the case of the young man preparing for business or the student at Harvard, and see how the law and the principle work there. A young man claims to be getting ready for business; but he wastes his time. He cares more for amusement than for study. He is not quite faithful. If his employer is out of sight, he slights his work. What is that young man doing? He is laying up for himself inevitable disappointment and failure. There is nothing arbitrary about that, nothing supernatural, no day of judgment. When the result of his conduct comes to light, he may call it his day of judgment if he chooses; but there has been a judgment working itself out in his course of conduct every day and every hour. So in the case of the student at Cambridge. He plays billiards, he drinks, he plays poker, he sits up by night instead of studying or sleeping, he throws away his time, he wastes his physical health and strength, he wastes his intellectual faculties until he comes to the judgment of his final examinations, though it does not make so much difference what those may be; but he comes to the more important time when he is set face to face with the problem of life, and he finds himself untrained, unfitted for it. Do you want any other day of judgment than that for him? That is the kind of day of judgment that faces us all in every department of our lives.

Now for one illustration more. Take it in the realm of morals, of religion, of character. I have heard it said a thousand times that we liberals are loose in our theories of retribution. Retribution? Why, I think that we who recognize the scientific law of cause and effect are the only religionists that are not loose in our theories. I remember

having a man pointed out to me when I was a little boy; and I was told that he was exceedingly profane and wicked, that the minister used to labor with him and try to convert him, and he used to reply, "All I want is five minutes before I die, and I can repent and get ready for heaven." That was the logical result of this matter of eleventh-hour salvation. Is there anything loose about teaching like that? Is it not the universal teaching of the old creeds that heaven is substantially a place, and that, if you can only get through before the gate is shut, it is all right, and that you get through the gate not by virtue of what you do, but by virtue of what you believe?

"Nothing either great or small remains for me to do,"

is the hymn being sung in thousands of revival meetings to-day all over the world.

"Jesus died and paid it all, yes, all the debt I owe."

All you have got to do, then, is to accept the fact that Jesus died and paid it all, and have it credited up to you on the books of the one Recorder. Is there anything loose about that kind of salvation? There is nothing about it that is not loose. The priest tells you that, by having a little water put on your forehead before you die, it will be made all right with you. I remember in California one of the most profane and utterly godless men I ever knew came to me frantic, because he thought his little child was to die. He had been brought up a Catholic; and he begged me to come and baptize it, and keep its soul from the certainty of hell. The Catholic, in the last extremity, allows any one who is called a minister to baptize a child, and so save its soul. Is there anything loose in a doctrine like that?

What do we hold? You know. I need not go into particulars. You know that we hold,— and you know that it is not my creed in the sense that I have chosen to believe it, but it is demonstrated truth,— we hold that every thought, every fancy, every dream, every imagining, every word, every

deed, is itself an effect and a cause, and that we are building ourselves up night and day by what we think and feel and do and say,— that we are building character. And you know also that character is not the condition of getting through any gate, that character is itself heaven. In the words of Omar Khayyám,

> "Heav'n but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
> And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire."

We are our own heaven, our own hell; and God himself cannot admit us to heaven until we are fitted, any more than he can make a blind man see while he still continues blind.

I have once told you of an Eastern apologue; but I must repeat it, because it carries the lesson so forcibly. A soul newly passed from the body was flitting through unknown spaces, but hearing the footstep of some one ever on his track. At last he turns in fright, and sees what he thinks a hideous monster, and cries out, "What art thou?" And the reply comes to him: "Thine own actions. Night and day I follow thee." That is the day of judgment I believe in, because it is demonstrated by the truth of modern science. It is the truth of God and his method of managing the world.

Do not fear, then, any outburst or sudden appearance of angels in the heavens. Do not lie awake trembling lest the sound of the celestial trumpet burst upon your ear. Do not fear any eruption of angels. Do not trouble about any gates of pearl opening at your feet. Do not worry about the fire of an abyss. I warn you what you shall trouble yourself about; and that is what you think, what you dream, what you feel, what you do, and *what you are.* There is your hell. There is your heaven. There is your day of judgment.

> How shall come thy kingdom holy,
> In which all the earth is blest,
> That shall lift on high the lowly,
> And to weary souls give rest?
> Not with trumpet call of legions
> Bursting through the upper sky,
> Waking earth through all its regions
> With their heaven-descending cry:

Not with dash or sudden sally,
  Swooping down with rushing wing
But as, creeping up a valley,
  Come the grasses in the spring:
First one blade and then another,
  Still advancing are they seen,
Rank on rank, each by its brother,
  Till each inch of ground is green.

Through the weary days of sowing,
  Burning sun, and drenching shower,
Day by day, so slowly growing,
  Comes the waited harvest hour.
So the kingdom cometh ever,
  Though it seem so far away;
Each bright thought and true endeavor
  Hastens on the blessed day.

Father, we are glad to know that Thou reignest, and reignest in a world of order, of justice, and of love. We are glad that we are in Thy hands, and that no harm can come to us on ocean or on shore. We are glad to know that, led by Thee and loving Thee, we shall be able to build up our characters into Thine image, and so find that heaven which we make. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
"	*Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has ome skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St , Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 APRIL 8, 1892 No. 26

SERIES ON

EVERY-DAY RELIGION

XI. SYMPATHY AND COMPREHENSION

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

SYMPATHY AND COMPREHENSION.*

"Whereunto shall I liken this generation? It is like unto children sitting in the market-place, which call unto their fellows, and say, We piped unto you, and ye did not dance; we wailed, and ye did not mourn." — MATT. xi. 16.

SINCE the announcement of this topic, several friends have asked me what I expected to make of it. This question, it seemed to me, betrayed the thought that I had in mind,— that sympathy and comprehension do not play so large a part in the life as they ought to; that they are looked upon as petty matters, comparatively; that people generally do not appreciate how important they are as related to the highest and deepest things in life. Sympathy is feeling badly for somebody who is hungry or cold or in any special suffering: that is generally the thought that lies in people's minds.

I am not quite sure myself what I shall make of this topic; but, if I do not make something grand and noble of it, it will be only because I am not able to unfold the possibilities that lie hidden in the thought I have in mind. For sympathy, the ability to comprehend, to feel with, this is the secret of all that is best, all that is highest, in human nature, of all that is possible in its unfolding in the uncounted ages that are before us.

When Jesus uttered the words which I have chosen as my text, he compared the people of his age to those thoughtless, careless children in the market-place, who, when the others piped to them, did not respond by dancing, and who, when they mourned, did not respond by wailing. When he brought this indictment against his age, he brought the

* Phonographically reported.

most serious charge that it is possible to put into human speech. Emerson says — I quote his thought, and not his words — that the only incurable malady is incapacity of amelioration; that is, the incapacity of being improved. The charge which Jesus brought against his generation was as serious, as vital, a one as though the sun in the heavens should say to a rose-bush, I have shined upon you hour after hour and day after day, I have lifted the clouds up into the air and dropped down upon you the gentle rain, and yet there is nothing about you to respond,— no bud unfolding, not the slightest whiff of fragrance on the air, no beauty to attract the eye; and impossibility of growth means death. So, when Jesus said, You are like children in the market-place: I have piped, and you have not danced, I have mourned, and you have not wailed, naturally after that comes the curse which I referred to, but did not read. But you are not to think of Jesus as expressing personal indignation, as of hurt pride, against those cities that did not receive his message, when he said, "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for, if the mighty works that have been done in thee had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they had long ago repented in sackcloth and ashes." He was not expressing his personal indignation. He was simply uttering the judgment which was the expression of their condition. For, when any age is not capable of answering to an appeal for that which is higher and better than anything it has attained, it means that there is no capability of growth in that people. If there is the slightest response, upreaching, outreaching, if there is a little life, then, O rains and sunshine, it is worth your while; for here are the promise and the potency of growth, of beauty, of fragrance.

If we go back to the beginning of life on this planet, what shall we find? We find tiny microscopic specks or particles of matter that are like all other matter about them only in this capacity to feel. They are sensitive. That is the very beginning of life, so far as we can conceive it on this planet. But the moment this sentiency begins in one of

these little spots or particles of matter, that moment a competent intelligence sees a Shakspere, a Jesus, a promise of growth in the future, that imagination cannot, as yet, conceive.

What is the chief characteristic of the barbarian? Find out the lowest savage on the face of the earth, and what makes him a savage? Incompetence to feel, lack of sympathy, lack of comprehension. This lies at the base of his cruelty, of his indifference. It lies at the base of that stolidity of nature that sees nothing to wonder at, nothing to reverence, nothing to adore, that sees nothing to love in other people, that is not touched by the needs of others outside of himself. He does not respond to these appeals because he does not feel them.

As this life which I spoke of as existing in the tiny particle of matter unfolds and develops, what does it mean? It means that certain ether waves play upon this sentiency, and the capacity to feel grows and grows to more and more. Certain aërial vibrations play upon it, and ears come out and respond to what becomes sound. Certain ether vibrations play upon it, and eyes come out to see all the wonder and beauty and glory of the world. Some other force plays upon it, and the ability to taste is developed; still others, and all the sweet fragrance of the world can be appreciated by the nerves that are sensitive in that direction. You can measure the degree of the growth of anything by the quantity of its sentiency, this sympathy, this power to feel. You can measure the grade of the civilization of the different ages of the world by the power of sympathy that has been developed at any particular period in its history. You have only to stand in the presence of the lowest barbarism to find a man with very little power of feeling. So, if you find a man with a few ideas only which he can utter in speech, you find a man who cares nothing for the world about him. You find a man who represents only the lower type of animal life. I question sometimes, and I find comfort in this question, whether, in those old ages when there was apparently

such tremendous indifference to suffering, there was as much suffering as there would be now in similar conditions. I do not believe it is possible for a human being endowed with this sensitive power of sympathy to inflict what appear to be such horrible tortures. It would be too much pain for him. So I believe that, as life rises, grows, develops, unfolds, there is a rising, growth, development, unfolding, of this power of sympathy, that which is able to respond to all that is noblest and finest in the world.

Let us take an illustration here from music. As a musical instrument has more keys, more strings, more stops, it is able to respond to a larger number of vibrations, so that you get a greater variety of sounds. So this human instrument, our body, mind, soul, has its differences in power of sympathy, in ability to respond to the touch of the million fingers of the universe that play upon it.

We are ready now, with these thoughts in mind, to touch upon a few illustrations as to how this power of sympathy stands related to the noblest and best things in human life. In the matter of justice, for example, there is nothing in this world that is quite so much needed. Charity is good, benevolence is good, pity is good, spasmodic help is good; but, if we could establish justice around the world, there would be very little need of charity or benevolence. What this world needs more than anything else is a recognition of wherein consist just relations between peoples, between classes, between occupations, between individuals, between men and women, between grown people and children, between mankind and the forms of life beneath them.

And now what is justice? How is justice to be carried out? How is it to be comprehended? how are we to discover what just relations are? I believe that nine times in ten, when people are unjust or cruel, it is not with deliberate unjust and cruel intent. More of the evil of the world a thousand times over comes from stupidity, from carelessness, and from lack of thought than from the intention of being cruel or unjust or wrong.

What is this power of sympathy, then, as related to the matter of justice? We need only to be sensitive, to feel as the member of any nation might feel, to feel as the member of any class above us or below us might feel, to feel as a person engaged in some interest with principles antagonistic to ours might feel. And we need not only this sensitiveness, but we need an imaginative power,— that power which makes us able to dream and create. We need this, because it is only by cultivating this that we can put ourselves in the place of another, and so be able to comprehend and feel with other people. Sympathy does not mean, necessarily, to suffer with: it means to feel with, to appreciate the feelings of another, to be sensitive to that which touches another. Take the matter of our late dispute with England in regard to our rights in the Behring Sea. How many Americans have been trying to take the English point of view, to see whether there was anything in it? And yet, until nations do learn this,— recognizing that, when there is a dispute, there are two sides to it,— until they have developed the imaginative consciousness which enables them to stand in the place of the other and look at the case from that point of view, there never will be anything like international justice.

Take it in regard to differences of classes? Use as an illustration the every-day common relation between mistress and servant in the home. The mistress feels that the servant is simply, entirely, purposely, and perversely unreasonable because she wishes a certain half-day. It happens, of course, to be the particular half-day when, of all others in the year, she can be least spared, the one the most inconvenient for the housekeeper. But suppose in a case of that kind the mistress should stop long enough imaginatively to put herself in the kitchen, try to get the state of mind, the outlook, the point of view, of the servant. Perhaps there has been no very great amount of consideration for the feeling of the servant in the parlor or the sitting-room. Try to get into the state of mind of the person who is perhaps not very well educated, who has not been developed into finer and nobler

feeling. Try, in other words, to look at the problem from her point of view, whatever it may be. It may be the servant is all wrong; but, then, there is the beginning of the possibility of justice in the relation between mistress and servant, and there is no possibility of it until that power of sympathy is developed.

Precisely the same principle holds in regard to the rich and poor, the relation between the employer and the employee. I know how perplexing these problems are, I know how unreasonable many people are; but until we can bridge over this gulf, and, instead of standing the employer on the one hand and the employee on the other, each feeling bitter with the other, each trying to get the better in the contest, until we can recognize that here are two men longing for possession, for comforts, for leisure, for wealth, for happiness, with equal rights to have them,—until you can recognize that fact, and try to make allowances for envy on the one hand, try to make allowances for the differences of the situation, the differences of education, of development, of training, the differences of the entire past out of which these two men have come,—until you can come to that point of view, there will be no justice between the employer and the employee. One will get all he can on the one hand, and the other all he can on the other; and that, when carried far enough, means explosion, and more than once in the history of the world it has meant war.

So in the matter of all the relations of life. I need not illustrate farther. The one thing that is needed more than anything else in the world is the power of feeling with others, this imaginative ability to put yourself in the place of others, so that you can look at things out of other eyes and feel about them out of their past experience.

Then take it in regard to another thing, the happiness of life. It ought to be a commonplace for us to say that this is the root of all possible human happiness, or sentient happiness. If you go back to primitive conditions of social life, you find very little happiness, only an animal kind of

enjoyment, mere content with the coarsest and roughest kind of food, content with the most commonplace kind of shelter, content with the poor conditions of physical life. Why? For the simple reason that there has developed no sensibility to anything higher, and wants are few, because the appetite is developed only for such things. Just note now what it means as the world becomes civilized. A man finds out not only that he is an animal, he learns to develop a higher kind of animal, with finer tastes in every direction, so that he desires better food, better shelter, better conveniences of all kinds. He learns that there is in him the possibility of unfolding a sensitiveness to a thousand aspects of life and the universe of which the barbarian does not dream the existence. Man learns to love beauty; and art is the result,— art of an ever widening type and nobler form. Man learns to love sweet sounds. That which is music in a Chinese theatre is torture to the person who enjoys a symphony concert. What is the difference? The development of the higher sensitiveness, the power to perceive a wider variety of tones, finer shades, nobler perception of harmonies. That means a higher type of manhood.

So a man learns to love books; and the whole field of literature opens to him,— the novel, poetry, history, biography, travel,— until there comes to be an æsthetic delight in the very choice of words. There is a rhythmic arrangement of prose that appeals to the ear that is sensitive to it which gives a refined and exquisite delight to the reader, a something that cannot be defined, but which we speak of as style. But there must be this power of sympathy, this ability to comprehend all these different aspects of life and the world; and there is no possibility of joy except as these are developed. Even the Greeks and the Romans developed no love of nature, in the modern sense of that word. They had no landscape painting. They had no appreciation, in the sense in which Wordsworth had, of natural beauty. Wordsworth draws the distinction plain enough when he says of Peter Bell,—

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

To Wordsworth it was an infinite deal more. He hints the difference in the beautiful poem on daffodils, when he says,—

"And all my heart with rapture thrills
And dances with the daffodils."

Some people might have looked at them, and have said, There are some flowers waving in the wind; and that would be all of it to them. But to the great poet it meant a kinship with the infinite spirit of life. It is in accord with our ideas of religious evolution, and it will develop more and more; and it sums up what I believe to be the profoundest fact,—that this world is all alive, throbbing, thrilling, pulsing, everywhere. It is not dead; it is living, and that means the living God. It is this which the poets feel after, and to which they are leading the way for the rest of us to follow. It was a glimpse of this which Byron had, when he said,—

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore."

It is that which he had in mind in his joy in the thunderstorm, when he says,—

"From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder."

This sensitiveness to all the beauty and glory and life of the world means a high development of that which is noblest and best in us. It means that we have been played on by nature until that in us which is capable of seeing and hearing has come out to see and hear and answer to the God who is in nature.

And so the joy we have in our relation with other people. Just picture to yourself a man who cares nothing for anybody but himself. Think what a little, little world he lives in! His world is just as big as he is, and that is all. He

has developed perhaps one single key in his nature from which we can get any response. There are men, it makes no difference where you touch them,—hands, feet, or what you call their minds,—there is just one key that responds; and that is the key on which is printed "money." So you will find there are many who have developed but one key,—it may be a different one from that,—but there is only one that will respond. There is nothing in them to answer to anything else. Think what a little world that is! A man's capacity for happiness depends simply upon his capacity for sympathy, upon his ability to respond, to be touched, to give out music, to his ability to take in his arms the life of the world, to rejoice when other people rejoice, to be glad in the prosperity of other people as well as in the prosperity of himself, to rejoice over a great crop in England as well as in Dakota, to rejoice in the increasing prosperity of Italy, as well as in that of his own State of Massachusetts. The wider you can make the range of your sympathy and love, the more magnificent the possibilities of your joy.

Then there is another point. Right here is the secret of our ability to help people. There is no other key to the hearts and lives of those who need help save this key of sympathy. There are those who go to men and women in trouble, and meet repulse; and they think that these persons do not deserve help or do not need it, that there is nothing worth any one's attention or care in their cases, when the only trouble is that they have not found out the way to open the door. They have not learned to wield this key of sympathy and comprehension. There are people from the higher ranks of society, as they are arbitrarily classed, who go down among the lower with the idea that they are going to perform a Christian duty. Perhaps some woman is disappointed. Her life has not turned out as she expected; and she thinks it is a good thing to consecrate herself to charity. These people in the upper ranks of society go,—I use a vulgar term, which expresses just what I mean, and which is consecrated, I believe, in the charity world to a certain meaning,—they go

"slumming." They go down into the lower walks of life; but they go with the air of a patron. They go in the spirit of throwing help to people; and they wonder that they meet with ingratitude. They wonder that they are repulsed, that they are warned off the ground and told to go home and mind their own business. The only trouble is that they have not learned what it means to help anybody. They have not developed this divinest of all powers, the power of sympathy. This more than anything else was the key to the character of Jesus. "The common people," it is said, "heard him gladly." He went among the publicans and the sinners, and the most outcast people there were. Those that nobody else would speak to came to him, and broke their boxes of ointment upon his feet, and bathed them with their tears and wiped them with the hairs of their head, just because they felt in him an ability to sympathize,—sympathize even with their sin. I have no very great amount of admiration for a person who has become so good that he cannot possibly understand how anybody ever can go wrong. It shows that he does not understand human nature. It shows, perhaps, that he is not himself human. If we wish to help the world, we must be as all-embracing in our sympathy as is the blue sky. That was one of the phases of the character of that most unique figure in American history and literature who has just passed away, Walt Whitman. That which drew people to him perhaps more than anything else was what he was. Those who knew him best say that literary, cultured, weary men went to him to bask in his presence, as an invalid sits in the spring sun. He himself has expressed the idea in words that I wish I could give exactly. Speaking of the outcast, the troubled, the weary, the wicked, of all the world, he says, So long as the sun does not exclude you, I will not exclude you. There is the sympathy that is as wide as human life; and that is the only kind of sympathy that can help.

Another phase of this subject. I am not sure that I would be willing that my friends should pass through the experience

which I have gone through with religiously, even for the sake of being able to help the world. I should hesitate before condemning them to it. I think I would rather die than go through it again; but I am glad I have been through it, for I know that there are hundreds of people that I have been able to help because I know clear to the deeps of the abyss what it means. I know one gentleman, a name known all over this country and in a large part of Europe, who was speaking of this very matter, and who said it was simply impossible for him to comprehend what this religious struggle means, this fighting to get out of the old religious ideas and into the new. "It does not touch me at all," he said. "It does not mean any more to me than any question concerning Paganism." He is freed from a great deal of pain because he can say that. But I think no one in the midst of this kind of struggle would ever go to him for help. A man must be able sympathetically, imaginatively, to put himself in the place of other people before he can carry in his words and in his touch that balm, that soothing, that inspiration, which result in help and deliverance.

One suggestion more. It is this sympathy which issues in tolerance. I have in mind as I speak a friend whom I have loved and revered for years; and yet I know I could never be happy under the constant influence, in the constant presence, of that friend. And why? Because she lacks precisely this kind of sympathy that means tolerance. She has her ideas of what everybody ought to be, how everybody ought to do, how everybody ought to feel, how everybody ought to act. And her ideal of these things is a bar of judgment before which everybody is inexorably brought to be tried. If a person has this sympathy which is capable of feeling with other people, appreciating their different ways and intentions, instead of being a cutting north-east wind, one becomes a balmy sunshine, that comforts, that soothes, that cheers, that helps.

Then, unless we can develop this spirit of sympathy, we do not know ourselves. Max Müller said, with a great

deal of profound critical philosophy, that the man who knew only his Bible did not know his Bible. A man who reads only one book has no standard by which to judge or estimate another book. He must know other books. A man needs to know other bibles,— the bible of the Moslem, the bible of the Hindu, the bible of the Chinese, the bible of the Persian: then he can compare his Bible with theirs, and learn to know his Bible, not apart and alone, but in its relation to something else. And so we never know ourselves if we sit content with our own thoughts, our own feelings, our own hopes, our own purposes,— if we live selfishly within the limit of our own lives, not knowing how grand other lives or how petty our own may be. If we can get into the point of view of other people, we can, in a certain way from that point of view, see ourselves, and learn to know what we are; and, when we have found out what we are, then we are ready to begin to live.

Do not, then, put this matter of sympathy off by itself, as though it were a petty, poor affair in human life. Do not be ashamed of it under the name of sensibility. Too long the world has been trained into the idea that a stoical character is noble. There are a good many of the old religions that tell us that, if we would be happy, we must cease to feel. People tell us once in a while, If you cannot get all you want, the truest way is to stop wanting, to curtail your desires. I would not encourage discontent, fault-finding with one's conditions, or that sort of irritability that never gets any happiness out of to-day because it is not to-morrow. But remember that discontent, in the true sense of the word, is only the feeling that a plant may be supposed to have in spring, when it is thrilling with the power of growth. True discontent means the possibility of acquiring something more and better. The one thing that distinguishes Christianity over all other religions is that it never tells you anywhere to repress yourself. What it promises is life, and life more abundantly.

Desire, then, longing, hunger, a reaching out in all direc-

tions, a longing for the development of self to the noblest capacity possible, is right. And never can come so many hungers, so many wants, so many desires, but there will be in the universe an infinite capacity beyond all that you have ever dreamed,— a capacity of satisfying those desires; and it is from the development of those desires and hungers that growth, extension, unfolding, come.

Let us, then, cultivate this sensibility, this feeling, this sympathy, this power of response. Do not be ashamed of it. Be grateful and glad that you can find some life that responds to your touch, some one on whom you can lean, some one who can help, some one who can comprehend you, so that you do not feel quite alone in the world. Cultivate this feeling. Reach out in all directions, and trust in God to answer every wish, which is only a kind of prayer. The ideal to which we look forward is the unfolding of this human life, this human race of ours, under the ever new touches and appeals of the universe, until we become like an instrument ever developing new strings and new keys, and so ready to give out a grander and more magnificent music. For the universe is only God round us, touching us, playing upon us, calling to us in this direction or that; and heaven is only a perfectly harmonized individual life and a perfectly harmonized society, so constituted that, as the universe plays upon it, the result is music and song.

God made our lives to be a song
  Sweet as the music of the spheres,
That still their harmonies prolong
  For him who rightly hears.

The heavens and the earth do play
  Upon us, if we be in tune:
Winter shouts hoarse his roundelay,
  And tender sweet pipes June.

But oftentimes the songs are pain,
  And discord mars our harmonies:
Our strings are snapped by selfish strain,
  And harsh hands break our keys.

But God *meant* music; and we may,
  If we will keep our lives in tune,
Hear the whole year sing roundelay,
  December answering June.

God ever at his keyboard plays,—
  Harmonics, right; and discords, wrong:
"He that hath ears," and who obeys,
  May hear the mystic song.

Father, let us ever be listening attent to hear Thee call. Let us ever respond to Thy touch, and go forth whither Thou leadest, whether we understand or not, knowing that as we follow God we find ourselves, we find our fellow-men, we find all that is good to-day and full of future promise. Amen.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 APRIL 15, 1892 No. 27

SERIES ON

EVERY-DAY RELIGION

XII. THE WORTH OF LIFE

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow.	
Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton.	
Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

THE WORTH OF LIFE.*

SUPERFICIALLY regarded, this is an age pervaded by the spirit of pessimism. Perhaps there never was a time in the history of the world when there was so much complaint concerning the evils of the earth and the condition of man. And yet, before we become very sad in the face of this fact, it may be worth while to notice that it is just the ages of growth, of hope, that are the ones that give utterance to these wails that sound like despair. Pessimism, then, is only the shadow cast by an exaggerated estimate of what is possible. If men did not dream, if they did not have magnificent ideals of what *might be*, then they would not become discouraged and troubled in the presence of what *is*.

Man is the only creature that we know anything about that is conscious of what we call evil; and this is because he is a being capable of infinite expansion, of measureless advance. If you could find a dog philosophizing about his kennel, pronouncing it a bad place for a dog to live in, calling into council a circle of other dogs, discussing schemes of reform, methods by which the conditions of their lives might be lifted, you would say, We are here in the presence of another kind of creature than what we had supposed the dog to be. You would at once feel like bending the knee, as in the presence of infinite possibilities.

If you go to some region in the world to-day where the people have no liberties, if you visit a tribe of barbarians where the chief is absolutely despotic, where his slightest displeasure is followed by the instant death of the offender, where no man has a right as against the chief, no right to

* Phonographically reported.

home, to his wife, to his child, to anything whatsoever, you do not find any consciousness of tyranny apparent. You find, at any rate, no complaints against tyranny. It is only on the part of people who are struggling, and struggling hopefully, against hard and restrictive conditions that you find this wail over the evil state of affairs. If you go back two or three hundred years in England, to the time when nobody but the priest and those who were called clerks and scholars could even read a sentence or write his own name, you find no protest against popular ignorance. You do not find discouraging articles published on the illiteracy of the common people. It is only after a nation has risen to the conception of an ideal demanding intelligence, and the power of intelligence, on the part of even the commonest, that you find these lamentations over the fact that there is a certain percentage of illiteracy in a particular city.

So when you go back to a time when there was no humane provision for the insane, when the poor were sold, or their keeping was sold, at public auction, and knocked down to the lowest bidder, and when the bidder was left to take care of them or not, to treat or neglect them just as he pleased, there was no public protest on the subject. It was only when the people had risen to the ideal of a tender humanity towards the insane and the poor that you find such an outcry raised, when there is one case of abuse or neglect discovered, as would make you think that the world was all hard-hearted, and that nothing had ever been done in this direction.

A gentleman of my acquaintance has been writing a series of articles on intemperance, in which he has proved to his own satisfaction that it is increasing in every country in the world; and he has raised the cry that nothing except universal and absolute prohibition stands between us and race extinction. Now, no such wild, hysterical outcry as this was heard during the days when it was considered perfectly reputable for a decent man to be drunk on certain occasions. When there was no temperance sentiment at all, then there

was no outcry. It is only because the world has become so much better, so much nobler, so much more self-restrained, because people have waked up to the evils of these things, that you find this pessimistic condition in the public mind.

A friend of mine has written a novel recently, the sub-title of which is "An Average Man"; and he has pictured life as so sad, so much a failure, as would indeed make us question as to whether it was worth having, after all. But only a hundred or two years ago, when the common laborer had no hope of anything beyond keeping himself from freezing and starving, you found no such book as that he has written, no such picture of the condition of the average laboring man.

I think, then, that a large part of this pessimism springs out of those things which are most hopeful in the conditions of our modern life. I, for one, feel like protesting against a large part of the literature of recent times, because it takes on this pessimistic tone. It calls itself realism. And yet are these the only things that are real? Zola gives us a picture of the vice and crime of Paris, and says that is realism, real living; yet there are thousands and thousands of noble, loving, sympathetic, humane people in France that he does not picture in his novels. Are not they real? Most of the modern novelists seem to think that they must prolong the story through all the varieties of agony and sorrow, and at last, through crime or misunderstanding, separate the only characters that the reader gets interested in, and leave one of them facing blank despair of the happiness of human living. And yet are there not thousands in the world whose lives do not end in tragedy? When, in the old fairy stories, the lovers "married and lived happy ever afterwards," was not that realism, too? It seems to me we have no right to look simply on one side of life, until we become complaining and despairing of the ways of God to man, until hope is eaten out of our hearts.

Miss Wilkins gives us a picture of New England life which is undoubtedly true,—the hard, the angular, the sordid side of New England life. There are such things; but to call

this realism, and the opposite not, seems to me very much as though you should call a biting and bitter north-east storm realism, and the days of lovely sunshine, when the light drips down through the leaves and makes a sunny bed for those who love to lie upon it, and look up and listen to the song of the wind and watch the flitting of the clouds across the blue, all dream and fancy. I believe, then, that the pessimism of modern life, that which underestimates the value of life, is only a sort of epidemic, growing out of the fact that we are advancing towards better conditions, not falling into worse. They are the growing pains of this restless humanity of ours.

Who are these people that think life is not worth living? There are a great many of them, I know. I pass by some for whom I have only the tenderest sympathy. There are persons, prosperous persons, who, through some inherited temperament, can almost never rise into anything like a sunny, joyful mood. The world to them is painted in half-tones, all grays and shadows. None of the sunlight, none of the brightness, none of the color, none of the sun, comes to them. They cannot help it. Perhaps they think that life is hardly worth having.

Then there are some whose lives have been exceedingly sad through no fault of their own. They are getting old. One after another their friends have dropped away. Some, through no fault of their own, have lost their property; and life's meaning seems to them to have dropped out. Almost nothing is left that they love or for which they care. I will not enter into a description of them farther than to suggest that they are recognized, that they are real cases.

I wish to turn now to another class of cases. Who are the people, generally, that you find complaining that life is hardly worth living? Who are they that fling it away as a gift they do not care to keep? I have stood in the Paris morgue, back of the great Cathedral of Notre Dame, and seen the bodies of those who have been dragged out of the Seine, perhaps a betrayed woman or, in case of men, those who have deliberately, year after year, followed a course of

life of necessity tending to take out its sweetness, its beauty, its good,—poor wretches, who simply flung away an orange when there was no juice left in it and only the broken fragments of the rind.

There are some who fling away life because of some sudden disappointment, some fit of passion. They have been crossed in love. They have met with sudden loss at the gaming table: disgrace stared them in the face. They are too cowardly to meet and fight with a fancied enemy, so they throw away that which seems to them not worth keeping.

There are others who do not go to this extreme, who yet tell me that they see no worth in life. I have a case like this in mind. Take a man who has developed one side of him,—one side of his faculties,—whose life runs in one groove,—all the music of it is played on one string. His life is selfish essentially, not in the worst sense; but he only learned to live for himself, and he gets tired. There is no variety in his life. There is no outlook. He has not learned to cultivate a various music, and he gets tired of harping on this one string; and he tells me that he should be happy to get rid of it.

I have another typical case in mind,—a lady of middle age, surrounded by everything that would make what you would suppose to be a pleasant home,—wealth, horses, carriages, carpets, pictures, books, music. And yet surfeited apparently, having to do the same thing over and over again, having enjoyed everything that she had learned to enjoy over and over again, with no more resources of life, and not brought into contact with the lives of others so as to reach out and take hold of wider human interests, she says: "Life seems a poor, commonplace affair. I do not know but I shall be glad when it is over."

It seems to me that, if a person has come into such a state of mind as to feel that there is nothing worthy in life, that is not because of the fault in life itself. It is because of some fault or some defect, if it be not a fault, in the person himself or herself.

Do you ever stop to think what a wonder-world we are living in in this nineteenth century? And yet the wonder increases and grows from year to year, until I find myself standing on tiptoe, with eyes peering wistfully into the future and wondering what marvel next. There never was a time in the history of the world when life was a thousandth part so worth living as to-day.

Go back to the beginning, and see how poor a world it was then. Man was a naked barbarian, a man of the woods, gathering what fruits nature spontaneously produced for food, or with difficulty capturing some inhabitant of the water or woods,—naked in body, naked in brain, naked in heart, naked in soul. All the world unknown and undeveloped. Think of the steps that have been taken since then.

I want to suggest an illustration here and there. Man finds at last that he can float on the water, and makes a dug-out boat. With it he passes from point to point or across the narrow rivers, and that grows until the whole wide ocean is alive with magnificent ships that trade with every port. He is afraid of the lightning, thinking it an angry god, or a weapon in the hands of an angry god. He cowers at the crash of the thunder. Ages pass, and some man discovers that a bit of amber, when rubbed, as the result of friction, will attract light bodies towards itself. He does not know what it means. Ages again go by, and Franklin at last begins to speculate as to whether this thing, this force, this nobody knows what, that has been called electricity, may not be the same thing that used to be regarded as the weapon of an angry deity. And he proves it one day by attracting the lightning down out of the heavens. To-day this same lightning, still as unknown to the wisest as it ever was, gives us power to speak to Chicago, to New York, to Philadelphia, to Washington, to hear the tones, the voices, of our friends as though they were by our side. And discoveries in regard to this are still before us; for we are on the edge of that which promises to put all this into the shade of the commonplace. Think what a wonderful world this is!

I wish, friends, to say what you all know,— for I believe I have always taken this optimistic tone,— that, in spite of the woe, the suffering, in spite of the mental struggle, torment, toil, in spite of weariness, in spite of heartache, in spite of all I have seen or known, I have never yet seen a day in my life when I was not unspeakably glad that I had been born.

I preached a sermon on "Life at Fifty"; and one of the Boston papers did me the honor of taking that as the text for an editorial, and spoke about its being all well enough for a man to be glad to be alive who had been prosperous, successful, who was in good health, who saw the way open before him, who had friends about him, and raised the question — not in a critical spirit, but simply as suggesting the other side — whether the same thing could be true of those who had not been so prosperous, and not found so many pleasant things on their journey through the world.

I wish to say, and say it with emphasis because I wish you to think of it, that you should consider this wonder side, this marvel side, of life. I have had experiences lasting five minutes that were full, abounding, overflowing payment for a year of pain. I have stood on a mountain in Colorado, the magnificence of a sunset on one side and of moonrise on the other, with the plains stretching seventy miles away, and have said, It is worth while to have struggled, to have had the heartache, to have been burdened, to have been through any amount of labor, just for that!

Only last fall I stood by the harbor in San Diego,— such blue of water, such blue of sky, as I never saw anywhere else out of Italy, the full moon floating above in its glory; and I said again, Just for that any number of years of sorrow are worth living!

Not only that; but, if you perceive the significance of it, you will often go still farther. I have been down on my knees in the spring, and watched a tiny grass-blade bursting up through the sod; and there in the presence of that infinite mystery, the mystery of life, the mystery that

needs God to unfold as much as it needs him to account for the grandest constellations in the heaven, I have felt that because I can do this, that I can watch these processes and wonder what it means, it is worth while to be alive. It is worth while to suffer, it is worth while to feel pain, because of just the ability to think, to question,— that one mysterious, infinite fact reveals another fact,— that there is something of the infinite in me, that I can be touched by it; and this suggestion makes it seem to me worth while to be alive.

What is life? You will not suppose that I am going to attempt to answer that question. I ask it for the suggestion that it brings to mind. Life, in the sense which I am thinking of now, has two aspects,— its length and its breadth.

Nobody cares for life merely for its length, merely for keeping on breathing, merely for unwinding the days and nights one after the other. If that were all, mere continuous existence, I think any of us would be ready to throw it away. We care for life on account of another value that it has,— on account of its contents, what we can put into it and what we can get out of it. It is that, and that alone, which constitutes to a rational man's mind the worth of life.

In discussing "Money" the other day, I said that value depended entirely upon human desire,— the value of anything. If a thing is desired only by one person, it has no particular value. If a thing is desired by every one, and there is plenty of it, it has very little value. But, if something is desired by everybody and the quantity of it is limited, the value of it may be exceedingly high. Now, life finds its value in precisely the same principle where resides the value of money. It depends upon human desire. A man is only a bundle of desires.

Life is valuable in the first place, then, for what a man can get. I wish to speak of that phase of it for a moment. It is valuable for what we can get, for what we can put into our lives of the things we desire. Man is only a bundle of appetites. Some one has humorously said that "a baby is a

the root idea of human life,
norous saying did not probably
nly a bundle of appetites reach-
r whatever he can get in the way
and, in so far as we do not injure
be ashamed of the fact that we
e wish to possess all sweet, beauti-
. Life will never be what it is
and more the possibility of meeting
lesires is attained.

so far as the getting is concerned, is
, in the process of getting, we are so
that we render service to them, so that
e the object, not only of our individual
e of mankind. If nobody but yourself
it nobody but yourself cares whether you
ot, then your life is a pretty poor affair.

of value in a broader sense by as much as
lives and is the servant of other lives. I
e number of them, that do not seem attrac-
l to the outside gazer, and yet that are full
ntensest, most heart-felt satisfaction. I know
plain, plain to ugliness. She is old, she is
hardly had anything in her life that an out-
nsider desirable; and yet that life of hers is
a *gloria* from day to day, because she has
such relations of service with her fellow-men
onscious every day that she is of use in the
he is a part of the divine plan of things. She
s of gratitude, she sees tears of gratitude fall
those whose lives she has made easier and
er. This is a kind of getting which takes
es the lives of other people, and so becomes
rsal value.

value for what we can do. If we are in a
condition, then the exercise of any natural
with it joy and satisfaction. Just as a boy's

running or leaping has in it the pure delight of mere physical exercise, so the exercise of these minds of ours gives delight. Have you never felt it? Have you never struggled over some problem, have you never attempted some mental achievement, and at the last succeeded, and had the glow of satisfaction in feeling that this mental power had the capacity of grasping and working out a fine idea, solving a difficult problem? So the doing of the work, if it be noble and true, enters into and becomes a part of the universal value of human life,— not something selfish, not something that ends with personal gratification.

Let us come to what is more important still; and that is the *becoming*. The one great value of life is attained in what we become. In becoming anything great, anything true, anything noble, it is simply impossible for us to be selfish. Here is the beneficence in this order of our human life,— that no man can be true, no man can be good, alone. By as much as a man becomes anything that he ought to be by just so much is he of service to his fellow-men.

A hermit, though they used to think so, cannot possibly be a good man, because, as some one has wittily said, "It is not enough for a man to be good: he must be good for something." And being good for something means being good for somebody else, entering into the life of somebody else.

Let me take one or two of the great illustrations of the world. Let us look at Michel Angelo, dreaming in his boyhood of his art, struggling through his youth, studying, drudging, until by and by, in his old age, he stands at the summit of human achievement in the direction of art,— sculpture and painting. He has become one of the ideal souls of the world, and just because of his becoming that he has bestowed upon mankind a wealth of achievement such as princes and kings are not rich enough to give. He has added to the wealth of every one who thinks, of every one who sees, of every one who feels, of every one who appreciates the beauty, the glory, of artistic achievement. He

could not become a great artist except in the process of serving his fellow-men.

How did William Lloyd Garrison become the Great Liberator? Could he have gone off into the wilderness, and selfishly and alone have become a liberator? In the very process of cultivating his own mind and soul into the greatness which he achieved he was the universal servant of every bondman, of every struggling soul on the face of the earth. By becoming divine he rendered a divine service to his fellow-men.

Take a case in another department of life, that you may see how universal it is. Let us look at General Grant for a moment. If General Grant had lived in Galena quietly all through his life and there had been no civil war, he would have been a commonplace tradesman, perhaps a commonplace nothing. What did he become? He became the greatest general of his epoch. Alone? Without rendering any service to anybody else? He became this by standing at every step faithful and devoted to his country, by rendering such service to his age and human freedom, to the hopes of human liberty on this planet, as no other man, save one, during this era, was able to render.

These are great instances. Is there anything like it for you and me? There is something precisely as divine for you and me. One of the most selfish things is for a person pettishly to say, I will do nothing, I will be of no service, because I cannot become distinguished. The man who places before him as his one ideal the thought of becoming distinguished can never be a man. That very ideal, if it be the topmost one of his dream, is a mean, contemptible, antihuman ideal. We can become in our place, according to our degree, as good as any angel in God's presence. We can become, right where we are,—in our stores, in our offices, on the sidewalk, in our homes, in the common, every-day affairs of every-day life,—merciful, pitiful, sympathetic, helpful, of use to others, and so to the very innermost essence of our souls God-like and divine. A dewdrop can hold the

running or leaping has in it the pure delight of mere physical exercise, so the exercise of these minds of ours gives delight. Have you never felt it? Have you never struggled over some problem, have you never attempted some mental achievement, and at the last succeeded, and had the glow of satisfaction in feeling that this mental power had the capacity of grasping and working out a fine idea, solving a difficult problem? So the doing of the work, if it be noble and true, enters into and becomes a part of the universal value of human life,—not something selfish, not something that ends with personal gratification.

Let us come to what is more important still; and that is the becoming. The one great value of life is attained in what we become. In becoming anything great, anything true, anything noble, it is simply impossible for us to be selfish. Here is the beneficence in this order of our human life,—that no man can be true, no man can be good, alone. By as much as a man becomes anything that he ought to be by just so much is he of service to his fellow-men.

A hermit, though they used to think so, cannot possibly be a good man, because, as some one has wittily said, "It is not enough for a man to be good: he must be good for something." And being good for something means being good for somebody else, entering into the life of somebody else.

Let me take one or two of the great illustrations of the world. Let us look at Michel Angelo, dreaming in his boyhood of his art, struggling through his youth, studying, drudging, until by and by, in his old age, he stands at the summit of human [illegible] in the [illegible] of art,—sculpture and pa[illegible] has [illegible] ideal souls of the wo[illegible] that he has bestowe[illegible] as princes [illegible] added [illegible] who s[illegible] ates

sun, and so the tiniest life can hold God. But we show that we are God-like by appreciating this, and by entering into fellowship with these great noble souls.

And now let me hint at the last and highest worth of life, the worth of the poorest, the meanest, the least developed life. It lies in this: that every soul has about it the touch of the Infinite. Every soul has within itself the possibilities of boundless unfolding; and I believe as we go on, if we only open our hearts to the influences of the universe and they play upon us, that we shall find the world growing richer and sweeter and grander at every step, until the universe ultimately shall be our home. You only need to study the growth of things from the early barbarism until to-day to see how the world has been unlocked and opened in a million ways that were shut to the men of the far-off time. And as yet we have only opened a few doors. We are beginning to unlock others. There is this quality about the universe: that, if we unlock one door and enter one room, instead of being at the end, we simply see other doors opening out of that room in every direction; and, when we unlock another and enter, we find still other doors opening before us, and so it widens and widens to infinity. We have five senses. Do you think those measure the universe? Why, the bat and the owl live in universes to-day that are closed to us! The microscope reveals to us universe below universe, an infinity of which we can only dream. The telescope, on the other hand, opens worlds on worlds of which we can only dream. If we had ears to hear, the silence of the unfolding of a rose would be music to us. If we had eyes to see, there are ten thousand beauties of which we have never dreamed that would be revealed to us.

And so the value, the worth, of life to me, as I stand here and look forward, is in the intense, eager interest with which I look towards that which I know is before me. Some lives are like rivers that sink out of sight, as do some in the Western deserts, disappearing in the sand. But our lives ought to be like those that start on the mountain, flow

down to the plains, bearing the mighty commerce of the world, and then rushing with joy and gladness out into the ocean, not to be lost, but to become a part of that infinite life which flows round the globe.

Father, let us be able to appreciate even a little of the worth of this wondrous gift of life that has come to us from Thy hand. Let us not demean it, brush off the bloom, fling it in the dust, and then say, It is a poor, petty thing. Let us see its divine possibilities, let us rejoice in its beauties, let us make it of service to our fellow-men, let us consecrate it to Thee, and make it a part of Thy life, and we shall see how rich and fair a thing it may become. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
"	*Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has ome skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 APRIL 22, 1892 No. 28

SERIES ON

EVERY-DAY RELIGION

XIII. DEATH AND AFTER

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office, Bo ton, Mass., as second-class mail matter

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

DEATH AND AFTER.*

—

"But as it is written, things which eye saw not, and ear heard not, and which entered not into the heart of man, whatsoever things God prepared for them that love him."— 1 COR. ii. 9.

I AM often asked, What is this Easter day and its significance to you,— to you Unitarians, to you who do not accept the doctrine of the deity of Jesus, to you who do not believe in the raising of the physical body that died to life again? Some years ago I answered this question at length in a sermon entitled "The Human Easter." I wish for only one brief moment to touch upon the theme again, because the question constantly recurs, and because there are thousands yet who do not seem to be acquainted with the answer.

Easter is not peculiarly a Christian festival. It did not originate with Christianity. This hope which we celebrate to-day is as old as death and love. It was born in the human heart when first human love brooded and questioned over the white face of the dead. Easter, in all its essential features, is as old as history,— in China, in Persia, in India, in Egypt, in Greece, in Rome, hundreds and hundreds of years before the Christ was born, before it entered into the hearts of those who loved him to celebrate their belief in his deathlessness. The hope is human, and as wide as humanity.

Not only that. Not one single symbol, not a ritual, not a service, not an emblem, not a flower connected with the day, but is hundreds of years older than Christianity. The Church simply adopted and reconsecrated and used a human festival which it found already dear to the hearts of the peo-

* Phonographically reported.

ple. I rejoice in this great fact to-day. I rejoice that I may believe not that God sent the light of this hope only to a few, but that it has shined wherever the sun has shone, and that its whisper of hope has touched and thrilled every human heart. The shape that the service has assumed, the form that has been given to man's ideas concerning death and that which follows after, has of course varied with the stage of barbarism or of civilization, varied according to national peculiarities and characteristics, taken on color from customs and habits of the world; but it has been held everywhere.

In the main, the common ideas of death which have prevailed in the past have been shrouded in gloom. The images and figures that have been used to set forth the fact of death have been inexpressibly sad, are filled with terror, are anything but inviting. If you read the stories in the "Arabian Nights" you will find that almost all of them close by saying, So they lived in all joy and peace until he came — meaning death — who is the destroyer of delights and the sunderer of companies. Death, then, to the Arab mind is a destroyer of delight and a separater of those who love.

Curiously enough, as it seems to me, some of the most hopeless and gloomy figures imaginable are associated with Christianity. And yet Christianity started on its career, more than for any and all reasons combined, by virtue of the fact that they believed that death had been abolished. That was the one mightiest and most conquering thought in the new gospel, Paul says, "To depart and be with Christ is far better." And he closes this chapter which I have read to you this morning with the cry: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" It was triumph over death, it was immortality, that gave the Christian movement its mightiest hold on the popular heart. And yet, to judge by the mourning, the trappings of gloom, the black hearse and pall and plumes, and the way in which the mourners themselves are costumed, you would suppose that even to the Christian death is the end of all hope instead of being the beginning of another better career, as their creed compels

them at least to say they believe. There is no figure of death in all literature more horrible than that which Milton has given us in "Paradise Lost," where he describes

> . . . "The other shape —
> If shape it might be called, that shape had none
> Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
> Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
> For each seemed either — black it stood as night,
> Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
> And shook a dreadful dart."

The skull and cross-bones, all the horrors of the grave, have been gathered round this ideal of death, until the Christian imagination concerning it seems to have lost its brightness and been completely enshrouded in gloom.

I propose, this morning, not to argue about death and after, not to attempt anything in the way of proof, but only to tell you what I think and believe. I wish to assure you at the outset, however, that I shall say nothing which is inconsistent with common science or any accepted knowledge of the world. I wish to say farther that, for many of the positions which I assume, I have what seems to me satisfactory evidence; and, further, that for all I shall say there exists to my mind, if not proof in the scientific sense of the word, at least good and sufficient reason. There is no time this morning, even if it were the fit occasion, to give proof. I say this merely because, if some one raises the question whether it is possible that this position has been established, they will not say that I have omitted the proof from an oversight or because I had none to offer. Let us, then, consider this great fact of death.

Death, it has been taught us,— this is the universal Christian tradition,— was an after-thought, and not a part of the original divine plan. God made this fair earth lighted by the sun and the stars, and created man sinless and perfect. God intended, if only man were obedient, that he should live here on this earth as immortal, as painless, as are the angels above. This, I say, we have been taught was the original

idea. But man sinned; and so, as the result of that sin, as a punishment sent of the divine anger, death came into the world, and all the train of evils that are generally associated with death.

I wish to deny, as emphatically as I know how, all that class of conceptions. Let us face the fact — for this is fact, this is demonstrated science — that death is as natural as birth, that death is a part of the divine order. It was not an afterthought. It was not the result of any anger on the part of God. It was not the result of any man's sin. Death from the beginning was as natural as birth, as natural as sunset is, as natural as the dawn. I believe therefore that death, instead of being an evil, is a token not only of the divine wisdom, but of the divine love as well.

We dream of an immortal life here on earth; but, if you stop to consider the limitations, the conditions, of such a life, even were it possible, I do not believe you would choose it. Even if we could live here forever on this earth and all be healthy and strong, if we could gain what is at present an almost unimaginable control over the native forces of the earth, would you take it, as compared with that which I believe to be true? I would not. Suppose we lived here year after year and century after century, it would not be a great while — indeed, it would be a very short while — before the earth would be full. Then births must cease. All the people on the earth would be grown up and old. There would be no more family life, no more children, no more of the joy of watching these unfolding minds and hearts and training these uncertain steps. How much of what makes up the happiness of life would be wiped out by that one fact at a stroke! But that would be a necessity. Then I have curiosity enough, so that I should want to explore. I would not like to be kept forever on this tiny planet, only eight thousand miles through, when the universe seemed to be inviting study and opening on every hand its vistas of unexplored glory. But with these bodies that sort of dream would be an absurdity.

For, did you ever stop to think that our lives depend moment by moment on the stable equilibrium of our climate and the purity, the balance, of the particles that make up the air we breathe? We could not live except at the bottom of this ocean we call the air. We could not dream even of visiting our own little satellite, the moon. It would be an absurdity with our earthly mortality, such as we are to-day. Then it seems to me that the horrors that in our minds surround death are almost entirely imaginative horrors, no more real than the creatures that frighten a child as he is asked to go upstairs alone at night,— creatures that exist only in the fancy of the child.

Death, then, what is it? We confuse it with a thousand things that are no part of it at all. The pains and sickness that are the result of our ignorance and carelessness, of our breaking the laws of life,— these are no part of death. Purely natural death is only going to sleep, and, generally, is as painless as going to sleep, is as much a relief, a something sought with as great eagerness. I have watched it within the circle of my own family and friends, and have seen that this natural dying is only ceasing of the candle-flame when the fuel is consumed, is only the slow cessation of the ticking of a clock as it runs down,— no horror, no suffering, but only a sleeping. We have no right to confuse with the fact of death all the evils of disease and suffering which are the concomitant of our ignorance, our carelessness, our law-breaking lives, and then charge this as an indictment against God, and say he is cruel and unkind to ordain death for us all. There is nothing cruel or unkind in the fact of death.

Then we add another horror to it by imagining that there is suffering in the separation of the soul from the body which does not exist. Even when death comes as the result of prolonged disease, it is almost always painless. The muscular movement and nervous activity ninety-nine times out of a hundred are purely unconscious: they do not indicate pain.

We add another horror by our fancies as to what is to

come beyond. To how many people does the grave add a blackness to the thought of dying! Yet what is the grave? I see people every little while trying to preserve the bodies of those they love from what is the sweetest, most natural thing in the world,— their going back, simply and naturally, into grasses and flowers,— dust returning unto dust. We fancy that *we* are going to be buried or we fancy that our friends have been buried. We talk about their lying in Mount Auburn or at Forest Hills. Do you believe that they are there? Even a materialist, who has no hope of a future life at all, does not believe that. Let us face the facts squarely, then, that the body is only an old, worn-out suit of clothes. Put it away with reverence, love the place for the association of the dead, but do not add a burden to the agony and the darkness of death by fancying that any one is ever buried.

Then how much of the horror of dying has come from the terms in which we speak of that something which comes after death. The world, the barbaric world, the cruel world of the past, has let its imagination run riot in creating purely imaginary terrors, clothing God with such attributes as would make him a fiend,— pictures of judgment, of fire, of chains, of the worm that dieth not, with every conceivable pang and shadow. Friends, these are no part of God's sweet, blessed gift of death. Do not create these fancied horrors, and then charge them on Almighty God. These are only the outcome of our own cruel, crude, and barbaric fancies.

What, then, is death? Death is only the transition from this present mode of life to another. It is only another kind of birth,— as natural as birth, as sweet, as blessed, as full of hope as is birth.

Let me here, before I touch farther upon that point, raise another question which perhaps to the minds of many of you precedes it. Where have these that have died gone? It is very interesting to trace the imaginations of the world on this subject. I cannot go into the matter extensively

this morning, even if I would. But all sorts of fancies and dreams have taken shape in the minds of men in the past. As an illustration, some tribe that lived near the mouth of a river emigrated, following the course of the stream up towards its source. With their instinctive feeling that the dead love the places that have been the old home, they fancy that the souls of those who depart return to their original home; and so it becomes a part of the burial service to take a boat and put the body into it, and set it afloat upon the river that they believe will carry it back to the old abode. And years after they have moved away from any stream perhaps, and they have forgotten even how the idea ever came into their minds, they still retain the boat shape for the casket; and the idea still exists that by setting the boats adrift they may be carried by the living stream back to the original home of the people.

Then others perceive the course of the sun in the heavens, and worship it as a god. They see in their poetic fancies the clouds as islands at sea floating in the glory of the sunset; and they picture these islands as a blessed abode of the dead, far to the west. The old Hebrews, when they came to believe in the continued existence of the soul, imagined that the dead went to Sheol, which was an underground cavern. The early Christians believed that all spirits, good and bad alike, went down to Sheol; but they came at last to divide Sheol into two places, one Paradise, and the other Gehenna.

Then in later times, before our more modern ideas of astronomy, it was thought that the home of the blessed might be on some planet, some sun, some glorious orb, far in the deeps of space. But let us think for a moment how utterly impossible for any one to have an idea of that kind to-day. It was easy to picture heaven there, when it was believed that the blue dome was only a few miles away, and a solid dome at that. But now this blue dome of air has become empty space; and, when we have left our little solar system with its sun, its planets and their moons, and started to find our nearest neighbor, it is so far off that it takes the

lightning speed of light three and one half years to traverse the distance. There are suns so far away that it takes thousands and thousands of years for light that travels swifter than lightning to cross the intervening space. Shall we imagine a heaven so far away that souls would be years and years in the journey to find it?

I believe — and I can tell you so this morning — that the spirit world folds this lovely, beautiful old earth around like an atmosphere; and when you ask me where those we call the dead are gone, I do not believe that they necessarily have gone so very far away. Milton imagined and put into words his belief that millions of spiritual creatures walked the earth unseen, when we wake or when we sleep. I believe that this world of those we call the dead is close by us and all around us, and there is a difficulty about that to our imaginations only because we are the fools of our eyes and ears. We fancy that we see all there is, that we hear all there is; while, as a matter of fact, our clear-headed science has taught all those who have cared to find out its truths that it is only the tiniest part of this physical universe that we ever see or hear,— just a little fraction that our senses enable us to explore. It has taught us that the mightiest of all the physical forces of the world are the invisible forces, the intangible forces. We talk about spirit as being shadowy, ghostly, thin, unreal. Why? The things that dissolve, the things that change, the things that disperse like shadows, are what we speak of as material things often, from the point of view of science. The things we cannot see and cannot touch are the mighty physical forces. There is nothing, then, in the science of the world to make it seem unreasonable that those we love may be close to us, watching our lives, able to render us services in ways that we can as yet only partly comprehend. This, friends, I believe.

But, says some one, would not that take away from all the joy and peace of our friends — to see us in pain, in sorrow, to see us grieving over their departure? Could it be heaven to them to know all this? Does it take away all your happi-

ness, all your peace, does it ruin all the brightness of your lives, as you watch a child crying over a broken toy, disappointed at the destruction of some petty scheme that you know will be forgotten to-morrow? If we can imagine these friends of ours as really about us, knowing the outcome that we do not know, seeing the meaning of the discipline, the sorrow, the burdens that we bear, do you not see that our sorrows, our griefs, would be to them only as the griefs and sorrows of children are to us, and need not necessarily interfere with their happiness at all?

But I hasten to another point. What kind of people are these? We have dreamed of ghosts and of hauntings until there is this unreasoning kind of fear in the hearts of thousands of people. I wonder, sometimes, as I think of it. I have known people that you could not hire with money to spend the night in the presence of the dead body of the dearest friend they had on earth. What do they fear? Who are these people that used to live here? Why, they are simply folks like ourselves. There is not an inhabitant in all that world that I know of whom I would not want to see at any hour of night or day. Why should I fear them? I have done them no harm. I have no idea that they wish to do me any harm. They are people like us. They remember this old life here. Indeed, they have never been very far away from it. Why should they forget it? They love us just as of old. There is nothing in the fact of death to change a man's love, to change a man's character, to change a man's purposes or aspirations or desires. Death does not turn us into angels or devils, nor make ghosts of us. It simply leaves us what it found us. By going through a door you are not changed. You were not changed by going to sleep last night and waking up this morning. Neither does death touch or change us in one essential of our nature or characters, our purposes, our desires.

Do they wear a body over yonder? To my thinking, this question answers itself. We talk sometimes about pure force. Now, no man on the face of the earth ever had any-

thing to do with such a thing as pure force. There is no such thing outside the dictionary. Nobody ever knew of any force dissociated from matter. Force and matter go together forever. And, so far as we know, matter is as eternal and indestructible as God, whose garment and manifestation it is.

I believe, then, that our friends in the other life have bodies as substantial and real as are these that we wear. And there is nothing in science to contradict such a hope or belief. Indeed, the scientists themselves are to-day on the verge of such discoveries about the nature and constitution of matter as promise to revolutionize all our ideas even concerning the world we live in. Pure spirit to me means pure nothing. I believe, then, that these inhabitants of the other life are real and substantial, substantial as we are. Which is the more substantial, electricity or a brick? Which is more substantial, a fossil bone or the ether, which thrills through all space? Here, again, we are only the fools of our own tiny, limited senses. We have not learned to think beyond. Substance does not mean something I can feel with my hands. My power of sense is very limited. Substance does not necessarily mean something that these eyes can see. My power of vision is yet limited. Indeed, it is not the eyes that see at all. I believe that we shall see each other in that other life, not necessarily with this kind of visual organ. But do you think that people are blind merely because they lose their eyes? When two persons are conversing over a telephone, and the line gets out of order, does it annihilate either of the speakers? It is the brain that sees; and, when we trace it even to the nerves and brain, we are not at the end. It is *I* who see, not any one part of my body, any more than the telescope is part of the eye.

What do they do over there? I believe they lead purely human lives, just as natural lives as we lead here. There are certain occupations that will be gone, I hope; but, if you will stop to think of it, you will understand yourselves what is the principle that ought to guide your dreaming. Many

things, associated with the body as at present constituted, will be done away with; and here comes the tremendous motive force that ought to lead you to cultivate while here more of those faculties and powers that you can take with you, not go over there stripped and naked of occupation and interest. The things that are connected with thought, feeling, love, the intangible things, music, art, the search for truth and beauty,— these, I believe, will endure. Is Mendelssohn through with his music? I trust not. Is Michel Angelo through with his devotion to beauty and art? I trust not. Is Shakspere forever done with his poetry? I trust not. And then, as thousands every year go over as children, as uneducated, as criminal, as degraded, as helpless, beyond any power of ours to conceive, there will be a wide field and scope for the tenderest philanthropy, for the widest brain culture, to help to uplift all these. So I believe the occupations will be as natural as here.

How shall we be related over there? Those relations which exist here, and which are not true, not central, not based in that which is permanent and eternal in us,— these will pass away and change. But no one will mourn over any such change, because I believe that that which is eternal in us in the way of love and truth and hope will find full sway and increasing satisfaction over there.

One point more. It will be endless growth over there. I do not believe that we are going to be at once perfect, with unalloyed happiness and enjoyment. I, for one, would not have that kind of world if I could. Imagine yourself over there perfectly wise, perfectly happy, every desire, wish, and longing satisfied, and sitting down that way for a thousand years! What would you do next? It is because there is in us the possibility of endless unfolding, it is because there are infinite avenues of search open for the student who wants to learn, because there is the possibility of the joy of achievement, because, in short, this is an infinite universe and we are finite creatures growing in the midst of the infinite, that this dream of immortality is a rational dream. If we could

get through, we should wish some means of suicide. It is because we need not fear getting through that we can dream of still pursuing the pathway which opens up places not only of temporary refreshment, but avenues of ever new delight.

This is my dream of the future. And now one brief matter at the end. There are thousands of people to whom there are two bitter things about dying. One is the leaving of those they love here, and the other is the fear that they are going into the Unknown all alone.

In the first place, if you take away the bitter accompaniments of death, the separation is only like the temporary separations that we voluntarily make every little while. Then, concerning this other matter, just as we came into this world into a place prepared for us, into the arms of love, and waked up with faces smiling down upon us, with ready hands to care for us, so I believe that over there we shall be received into arms of sympathy, arms of love, and not for one moment feel ourselves strange or deserted or alone. The love that has brought us here, the love that binds us together here, is to grow more and more as we go on. And so I dream that death is God's greatest, best gift to man, because it unfetters us when we have learned our lessons here, gives us the freedom of the universe, and enables us to take the next step up and on.

Father, we thank Thee for this great Easter hope, the trust that comes into our hearts, the power that helps us to conquer death, and find in Thee peace and love and joy forevermore. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
"	*Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has ome skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 APRIL 29, 1892 NO. 29

THE HUMAN EASTER

© BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

NOTE.

Mr. Savage being out of his pulpit last Sunday, it is thought best to republish this sermon, which is out of print and frequently called for.

THE HUMAN EASTER.*

You will remember that in December I preached a sermon on "The Human Christmas," vindicating the right and the naturalness of the celebration of that day on the part of those who rejected ecclesiastical tradition, and who held only to reason and experience. I propose this morning to do a similar thing concerning the day that we now celebrate. So my theme this morning is "The Human Easter." And you will not think strange that now and then, your memories being good, you detect me in following lines partially parallel to those that I used on that former occasion.

Every little while some one, immersed in ecclesiasticism, and who seems to suppose that Easter can by no possibility have any rational significance to one who is not so ecclesiastical as himself, wonders, and gives expression to his wonder, why Unitarians or Rationalists, who do not believe in the literal bodily resurrection of Jesus and his ascension into heaven, should continue to celebrate Easter. They say: "You have no part nor lot in the glory, the significance, the brightness, the hope, the flowers of a day like this; for you reject the fundamental historic fact, out of which the celebration springs." And, on the other hand, persons of extreme radical ideas, who are not well acquainted, perhaps, with the past history and religious development of man, join in this same protest, and accuse us of weakly giving way to the popular tendency and current in the direction of superstition, because we recognize the day. But, in both cases, the extreme traditioner and the extreme radical, when they make a protest like this, betray the fact that they have never studied deeply enough to learn just what Easter means; that

* Reported by George C. Burpee.

they have never traced the course of this stream up to its source in its eternal principles and in the heart of man. For it is by no means a fact, as is commonly supposed, that Easter began to be celebrated after Christ was born, after his supposed resurrection and ascension, and that this day has been confined exclusively to the history of the Church as setting forth its belief in this great hope of a future life. Easter is older than Christianity. It is older than any historic form of religion with which we are acquainted. It finds its spring and source deep down in the heart of man. And therefore with all its music, with all its beauty, with all its flowers, with all its faith and inspiration, it belongs not to the Church, not to any race, not to any religion: it belongs to man. The word "Easter," as no doubt you are aware, is simply an Anglicized form of the name of an ancient Teutonic goddess, the goddess of spring. And, although the name occurs once in the New Testament, it is there by a curious anachronism; for it was unheard of in the Church until hundreds of years after the New Testament was written. Known and long familiar in the Church when the Bible was translated, it was put there to stand for the Greek, because it was the popular word that was familiar to the people.

I propose now to give you some illustrations, from the ages long antecedent to the birth of Jesus, of this Easter idea, some hints as to its methods of celebration, so that you may see how old, wide-spread, and simply human it is, and thus may see how we all have a right to share in the joyousness of this festival. There are some twelve or fifteen supposed divine beings, most of whom were virgin-born, many of whom lived or were supposed to live, as did Jesus, in sympathy with the sorrow and the suffering of the race; who fought against evil, and in their early youth, like Jesus, were put to death by the combined forces of the opposing evil of the world; who, in some cases after three days and in others after a longer period, were supposed to have risen from the grave, to have burst the bonds of death, to have

shown themselves again to their friends, and to have ascended at last bodily into heaven. I have not time, neither is it needful, to go into any detail concerning many of these. I will simply give you first a partial list of their names; and then I will give you a slight idea of some prominent beliefs concerning them, and the way in which this Easter idea in connection with them was celebrated. Krishna, whose name will be familiar to you as one of the incarnations of the supreme god of India; Rama, an incarnation of Vishnu; Buddha, supposed to have risen from the dead and ascended into heaven; Lao-Kiun, Osiris, Æsculapius, Adonis, whose name in the Old Testament is Tammuz; Osiris and Horus in Egypt; Atys in Phrygia; Mithras in Persia; Bacchus and Hercules in ancient Greece and Rome; Frey in Scandinavia; and Quetzalcoatl in Mexico,— these are some of the resurrected divinities.

It is simply historic truth, then, that all over the world, hundreds of years, in some cases thousands of years, before Jesus was born, the Easter idea not only was in the thought and heart of the race, but the Easter festival was kept; so that, leaving out the peculiarities of race and time, we might suppose that we were in the midst of Christendom, if we could still join in such a celebration as used to be held. In China, in Mexico, in Greece, in Rome, in Egypt, in Syria, in Persia, in India, all over the world we find it. How did they keep this festival? They began first as we do, with their period of mourning, sorrow, in which they lamented the death of their god. You will find in the prophecy of Ezekiel, in the Old Testament, a graphic illustration on the part of the prophet of the fact that the people are given over to idolatry; and, as an illustration, he tells how he found even in the temple court of Jehovah the women weeping for the dead Tammuz, or Adonis. Sometimes, they had a figure to represent the god; sometimes, a young man, who appeared as if he were dead. And, in the case of the celebration of some of them, they showed the wound in his side by which he was put to death; and they mourned and lamented,

chanting over him an old-time parallel to our modern *Miserere;* and then, at the time when he was supposed to have sprung forth into life again, they burst out into glad hymns and songs, rejoicing that their god was risen from the dead, and proclaiming their faith that through him they also should receive salvation. I want to read you just a fragment of verse from the old Roman poet, Ovid, and let you see how very modern it is. He is speaking here of the god Æsculapius: —

> "Hail, great Physician of the world! All hail!
> Hail, mighty infant! who in years to come
> Shalt heal the nations and defraud the tomb.
> Thy daring art shalt animate the dead,
> And draw the thunder on thy guilty head.
> Then shalt thou die; but from thy dark abode
> Shalt rise victorious, and be twice a God."

And then at the time when Adonis was supposed to rise from the tomb, the priests burst out in glad chant and celebration of the event, expressing themselves in words which have been versified as follows: —

> "Trust, ye saints, your God restored,
> Trust ye in your risen Lord;
> For the pains which he endured
> Our salvation have procured."

You notice the marvellous parallel. Those words could be sung in any Christian church to-day, although they are pagan words, and were first applied to the heathen god Adonis.

What is the significance of this fact? First, you will see very plainly, without my doing more than calling your attention to it, that the wide diffusion of legends, stories, and beliefs like this must cast discredit upon the historical accuracy of the belief in the literal resurrection of Jesus from the tomb. For whenever we find any story told by the writers of many races and many nations, what does it mean? When we find, for example, the story of William Tell, not only in Switzerland, but all over the world; when we find the story of the faithfulness, even unto death, of the brave dog Gellert, told

not only among the Norsemen, but everywhere; when we find the story of Cinderella a fireside tale with which children have been delighted in all other ages and under every sky,—what does it mean? It means first that undoubtedly the literal story as it is told is not true. But it means something deeper and grander than that: it means the intensifying of the reality of the belief itself which the story represents. For what men take the trouble to dress in so many beautiful forms, what they take the trouble to tell themselves and their children under every sky, in every nation and age after age, must be something which they really and earnestly believe deep down in their hearts. The form that the story assumes may or may not be literally true; but the simple fact that it is told is a mighty and undying witness to the everlasting faith of those hearts that have dreamed, of those lips that have retailed their faith. It does not follow of necessity that we must give up the spiritual idea connected with the parable of the Prodigal Son, because no such event may have been historically true. It does not at all follow that we must give up the spiritual truth in the parable of the Good Samaritan, because no man went down to Jericho in precisely that way, and fell among thieves in precisely that way, and was passed by on the other side by one and another, and then helped by this Good Samaritan. But — and here is the point that I wish to bring before you as clearly as possible, and emphasize so that it shall print itself on your very hearts and lives — what is the significance of it all? When men tell themselves these beautiful tales, parables, allegories, legends, it may not be, as I have said, that the outer shell and husk of the story is true; but it must mean that men have believed and continue to believe the spiritual and essential truth which they have clothed in such a variety of forms. To my mind then, because I find this Easter story and this Easter belief in China, Mexico, Greece, Egypt, and India, while it discredits the literal accuracy of the story that comes to me from Judea, it does not impeach my faith, does not take away the reality of my belief, but is only the uni-

versal and age-long witness to this grand fact,—that the human race, in all ages, under all conditions, and under all varieties of ignorance or learning, in all degrees of culture, has given perpetual expression to the reality of this great Easter faith and hope. The world believes that which Easter means, however many of the different Easter stories you may impeach and discredit.

I want then, now, to bring to your earnest thought the significance and meaning of this fact. The old fable tells us that when Pandora was brought as a gift from the gods to her husband, and when her curiosity had led her to lift the lid of that fateful box, all the goods, the graces, the joys of life escaped and flew away to heaven again, leaving only hope behind. But, even were this literally true, Pandora still was a gift for which the race may well be grateful. And, though everything else be lost, this one thing that is retained, hope, is enough to make up for all other losses, and is the power that shall yet redeem humanity from all its ills, and crown it with all possible glory of achievement. For this one hope, the hope which lies at the very heart of Easter, is that without which all human life is worthless, is the mainspring, under the impulse of which all the grand activities of the world go on. No man in any department of thought or life, whether he be artist or student or merchant or discoverer or general, —no man ever did work which was of any lasting worth, who was not buoyed up and led on by the hope that the end for which he labored would some day be attained. Every grand man of the world is distinguished by this. However little he may be appreciated by his time, still this hope buoys him up and leads him to his task; and he feels sure that its promise shall some day become true.

Now and then there passes over the hearts of individual men and women, and there passes over the world, a wave of pessimistic doubt, of hopelessness and lack of faith. We have all been through it. Take those of us that are old enough to have become a little disillusioned, to whom the world is not quite so rosy in its color as it was at the dawn

of our childhood and first fresh youth. We find that we cannot carry our points quite so easily as we expected we should; we find that, as we attempt to realize our dreams of reform, as we whisper in the old world's ear our visions of the things that we and our friends will be able to accomplish, a smile of incredulity and pity for us passes over the faces of the gray heads, and they tell us they have heard that story over and over again; and we lose heart and faith. Or take it in the case of a man, in whatever department of life, who, in the struggle to get on in this warfare in which only those survive who are the fittest, finds that in the department where he is he does not belong to this select few: he falls behind and drops out of the ranks, and becomes a straggler, discouraged, hopeless, almost ready to give up the battle. Or take the man who, having lost faith in those things that are called spiritual realities, the higher, finer qualities of life, makes up his mind to devote himself simply to money and to external success; and he fails in that which he attempts to achieve, and, not having anything else, the whole world seems to him hollow and empty. Or let him succeed and find out — as I believe every man does find out — that, though he gain ever so much of wealth or power over his fellow-men, the happiness and sweetness that he expected to find in it has evaporated, while he hugs only the shell. As we pass through experiences like these, we learn despair and discouragement, and to give up the great hopes that have cheered and led us on. And yet the Easter morning comes round again to the doubter, to the disillusioned, to the one who has failed; and he sees this great mass of humanity reasserting over and over again this everlasting hope and faith. Hope and faith in what? What does Easter mean? I wish to separate the one thread into three strands, that I may trace out each one of them a little by itself.

Easter means faith in the fact that light is stronger than darkness, that joy is stronger than sorrow, and that life is stronger than death, that good is mightier than all things that we call evil, and that it will triumph at the last. Do you

know, as I look over the history of the world, as I see the condition of men, age after age and even to-day, the persistence of this Easter faith is one of the most wonderful things in all the earth. Why, just think against what obstacles it has asserted itself! Think of the ignorance, the past history of man, and then see this same human race, after all this long discouraging experience, asserting year after year the belief in light, the belief in truth, the belief that the darkness is only transitory, the belief that the shadows will flee away, ay, the belief that the clouds themselves are caused by the light! We know that in the physical world. Let the clouds shut down ever so dark, dreary, and drippingly around us, chilling and discouraging in their drizzling mist, and we know that the storm will only last a little while. We know there is a power up there mightier than all the storms of the world; and we know, furthermore, that it is just this all-conquering sun that has created the storm. There would not be a cloud in the sky if it was not for the absolute supremacy of the light. It is sunshine that makes all the shadow.

So men have believed concerning the intellectual, spiritual light, for which the external in all ages has stood as a symbol. Take, for example, the significance of that passage in the life of the great astronomer, Kepler. I use it as illustrating the truths of human experience, repeated over and over again in the history of the world. Kepler had made his grand discovery concerning the laws of planetary motion. There were only a few people in the world who were capable of comprehending the demonstration of that fact, or who were ready to accept it. He was heretic in the Church because he had made this grand discovery. He dared not even publish his book while he was alive. But, on his death-bed, the volume which summed up the results of his great achievement was brought to him and placed in his weakened, dying hand; and while the tears gathered in his eyes, the whole world — and heaven, too, if the Church represented heaven — being against him, yet in the face of it all the grand Easter hope was triumphant; and he

said, I trust that, now and then, one or two or three in a century will be able to comprehend the significance of this discovery, and by and by it will be mankind's. A similar thing in the life of the famous Lord Bacon. Think of the grandeur of that trust when in his will he said, I bequeath my body to the dust, my soul to its Maker, and my discoveries and my fame to all after-time. For he knew that the world would not let die any grand, significant truth that had been given to it. We talk sometimes of lost arts. We talk of the world's not appreciating the grand things that it discovers and achieves. We waste our breath and befool ourselves when we give utterance to any lack of faith in man. It is slow, this development of truth, sometimes so slow that it seems as though it would never come. And yet Emerson never wrote a truer line than when he said,—

> "One accent of the Holy Ghost
> The heedless world hath never lost."

Not one star has gone out in the firmament of humanity. Not one grand achievement or great truth is ever lost. The world gathers the truth in the long run in its arms, nourishes and cherishes it, and holds it close until, under sunnier skies and in more congenial soil, it can plant the seed or bury the bulb that shall spring up into blossom and fragrance and beauty.

Let us see how another element of this Easter faith has asserted itself in the face of most stupendous obstacles. I wonder sometimes that men and women continue to believe that joy is possible or attainable. Take any one of our human lives, as we look back over it from the time when we were ushered upon this stage of earth with a wail. Our whole life seems one valley of sorrow. We call the earth a "vale of tears." We remember the disappointments, the sorrows, the many bright hopes withered as we held them, leaving the bare stems in our hands. How many friends have gone away from our sides! How many disappointments we have met! How many of the things we expected

to do have eluded us! In some phases, as we look at it, our whole life seems to us a failure and a disappointment. And, as we look over the history of the world, they tell us the same story. How many times has the human race, with a cry of joy such as the French uttered on the eve of their great Revolution,— how many times has the human race thought it was entering the promised land! They stood on the hither bank of the Jordan; and over there was the "land flowing with milk and honey." They crossed with immense difficulty, and found themselves in the midst of giants, walled cities, and year-long conflict and disappointment. Empires have risen, spread themselves over the earth, and crumbled into the dust. Men have thought they had achieved freedom and civilization time and time again, only to find that they were slaves of another master,— despot emperor, despot mob,— some sort of despotism seeming to endure through all the ages. And yet, in the face of all these things,— and it is the significance of this fact that I am wishing to bring out,— in face of all this disappointment, humanity still dares to assert its hope, its undying faith that there is "a good time coming." And, in spite of all disappointment, the race refuses to surrender that trust. It paints a picture of an ideal condition of things, and calls it a paradise in the past; and then, by its march up the ages, it is going on toward the realization of that antique dream. Men believe to-day that in some shape a perfect condition of the world is to come. The Easter hope animates them, in spite of all disappointment,— a perfect republic, a perfect monarchy, a perfect condition of things in some shape and in some form. Men believe in the millennium; and, if they despair of it here on earth, still they cling to the dream in the heart, and will have heaven in the skies. Think of the significance of this deathless hope, this deathless belief! How Tennyson has sung it in words that ring in our ears, and call us into readiness for battle, that it may be achieved:

"Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change."

And we will believe in this Easter hope; and, just because the hope cannot be crushed out, the achievement some day shall come.

And then one more aspect of the Easter faith, the grandest and strangest of all. Doesn't it seem strange that this old world of ours still persists in believing that there is not any death? It is one of the most wonderful things in the world to me that men have not surrendered this faith ages ago. Why, the whole human race from its beginning down there in the dark until now at every step of advance has marched over a grave. And still the world says there is not any death. It is all an illusion. Only life persists. And it tells itself this tale of faith, in story after story, parable after parable, legend after legend, clinging to it and refusing to surrender the trust. And yet what have we as a ground of belief? Scientific evidence, perhaps, we have none. The wise men of the world tell us that all these stories from the ancient time were illusions or dreams. They tell us that Jesus slept like any other man, and has never waked again. They tell us that the dead Osiris is still dead underneath the sands of ancient Egypt. They tell us that Tammuz sleeps in Syria, and sleeps there forever; that these divine and human legends are only fairy tales that the world croons over to keep up its courage and feed its undying hope. And to-day we sit down by this blank wall of silence, which, from the zenith to the nadir, seems to us utterly impenetrable. We listen. Now and then we fancy we catch a whisper, and then it is gone; and we wonder whether we only dreamed that we heard a friend speaking to us. Now and then we catch a gleam of a face, and we rub our eyes and wonder if we were sleeping, if it was all illusion. And, though the majority of the race has passed over to the other side, we ask one another still whether they are wandering ghosts thin as air, whether they are really people like us, or whether they have utterly ceased to be.

We have learned one thing as to matter, and know about that to a certainty,— that nothing in this physical world ever dies. Not one slightest particle of matter, not one unit of invisible, intangible force, has ever ceased to be. This dust we tread beneath our feet to-day, or that the wind blows in our faces, is not dead: it is alive. Next year it will come up in a grass-blade: it will be a part of the tint or perfume of a flower. Next year, perchance, it will be a part of the bloom of a little child's cheek, a part of the shining of a little child's eye, a part even of the brain that thinks those "thoughts that wander through eternity." Nothing in this world ever dies, only, Proteus-like, changes infinitely its form; disappearing, eluding us now entirely, to take another shape more beautiful somewhere else. And in spite of the fact that we so often — mothers, husbands, wives, children — look upon cold, silent faces, turned white because the flush of life has left them, still this faith remains in the heart, and it will not down. It cries out and asserts itself, and says, This death is not real: it is an illusion. The body is here, we say, but where is the love, where is the thought, where is the generosity, where is the friendship, where is all that subtle combination of qualities and powers that made my friends? Those are not here. And so the world moves on and marches over graves, asserting all the while that the graves are a lie, and that only life is. Our hearts thrill to the echo of words like these that our Boston poet, Holmes, has sung: —

> "Is this the whole sad story of creation,
> Lived by these breathing myriads o'er and o'er,—
> One glimpse of day, then blank annihilation,
> A sunlight passage to a sunless shore?"

And our hearts cry out, This universe can come to no such aimless and contemptible issue as that.

I want to read you two or three more lines for their exquisite beauty and their powerful bearing on this thought that I have in mind. It avows concerning one what each of us ls concerning all. When Bayard Taylor died, you remem-

ber what a burst of songful lamentation there was from the poets all over the land. Nothing finer, at that time, as I think, was produced than this little threnody which I hold in my hand, written by Aldrich. I shall only read you a few lines. You will understand that Taylor was noted more than for anything else for his journeys, going away and returning again; and that his home was called Cedarcroft, by the Brandywine.

> "What new, strange quest has tempted him once more
> To leave us? Vainly, standing by the shore,
> We strain our eyes. But patience! When the soft
> Spring vales are blowing over Cedarcroft,
> Whitening the hawthorn; when the violets bloom
> Along the Brandywine, and overhead
> The sky is blue as Italy's, he will come!
> Aye, he will come. I cannot make him dead!"

Is not that the feeling that we have concerning all those we have loved and lost? We may look into their coffins, we may stand beside their graves; but our hearts keep saying, we "cannot make him dead."

I offer no argument that claims to be demonstrative this morning. I simply want you to fasten your thought on the grand significance of this fact: that in the face of universal death, from the beginning, in all time, this wonderfully contradictory human race of ours says: "I will not believe it: life and not death is the reality. There is no death: what seems so is transition."

And now just one last thought. I wish to emphasize the reality of this fact, and to hint its meaning, by pointing out the significance of the truth that this growth of hope that we set forth and celebrate year by year on our Easter morning seems to be native to the heart of man. That is, it is real. It has a right to grow here because it does grow. What right has the little delicate white flower to blossom away up the side of the Alps, just on the border of the snow-line? It has the right that it asserts by its own existence. It belongs there. It sprang out of a seed, it found congenial

air and soil; and so it is a part of nature, a part of the order of things. And so it seems to me, in spite of the lack of demonstration that we seek many and many a time and are not satisfied we have found, the simple fact that in all ages this white sweet flower of hope has grown in the soil of the human heart is so significant as to make it little less than demonstration of the reality. How does it happen, if there is no reason for it, that the universe, our old nurse, as she has taken her child, man, in her arms, and carried him all through the ages, has whispered to him this hope of another life, this hope of the final supremacy of good? I believe that the universe never lies. I believe this whisper is true. I believe because this flower springs out of the soil of the human heart, and rejoices us with its perfume and its beauty, that it has a right to spring there, as being a part of the divine order of things; and that it bears in its white bosom a seed and a blossom that shall unfold into an immortal life.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 MAY 6, 1892 No. 30

THE GOSPEL OF SUNSHINE

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

THE GOSPEL OF SUNSHINE.*

My subject is "The Gospel of Sunshine," and I have taken as my text from the eleventh chapter of the book of Ecclesiastes the seventh verse: "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

I shall not be surprised if, at first thought, a large part of my congregation this morning dissents from a good many things which I propose to say; but, fortunately for us, that does not at all stand in the way of my saying them.

I think it must have been intended that I should be born in the tropics, and that somehow I got misplaced, and waked up in one of the coldest parts of our country. If anything I say shall seem to you unduly biassed by a great and absorbing love of sunshine, I trust that you will account for it in the light of this personal equation.

It is said that a Londoner, in the midst of one of the typical London fogs, was one day talking with a Parsee, a fire-worshipper, a sun-worshipper of the Orient, and expressed his wonder that anybody should ever be so superstitious or unenlightened as to worship the sun. The Parsee replied, "Possibly some of you Englishmen might be inclined also to worship the sun if only you could see it once in a while." To me it is no wonder that, in those far-off days, men did worship the sun. Put yourselves, if you can, imaginatively, into that far-away period of the world,— a time before fire or any artificial means of heat had been invented, a time before any of the arts were known, before people had learned how to build themselves adequate shelters from the cold, a

* Phonographically reported.

time before they had discovered any way of weaving textile fabrics by which they might clothe themselves warmly,— and then, in that untrained, ignorant state of the human mind, when all natural forces, forms, and movements were mysterious, insoluble, imagine them seeing the sunlight, a wonder-birth out of the darkness and the cold, the sun struggling in that eternal battle with the dark, conquering, rising at last triumphant, revealing all the beautiful world, bringing life, bringing warmth; and then, as not only his daily course was fulfilled, but as they watched his annual progress, apparently going far to the south and then returning to the north again, and as they noticed how, when he withdrew himself, when he seemed shorn of his beams, when the light-locks of this Samson were cut off, all his strength and power departed from him, and how the old earth shrivelled and shrunk and faded, how the leaves fell, the flowers disappeared, and everything died and seemed to be only longing for his return; and how, when again the sun-god was new born and started on his career towards the north, his footsteps all the way were strewn with life, with flowers, with fruits, with all beauty, when they noticed that he was the giver not only of warmth and comfort, but the giver of food, how he unloosed the brooks and the rivers, how he drove away the snow, enabling them to carry on successfully their work of fishing and hunting, how they saw day after day, month after month, year after year, that all their life depended upon the favor, the kindliness of the sun,— is it any wonder that they imagined him a god, and paid him their devout and grateful worship?

It is a very striking thing — not strange, I think, but very natural, and yet none the less striking — that all the great religions of the world are shaped and moulded to-day in ways that their adherents little imagine by the old-time sun-worship. All the man-gods of the world are born on the day of the sun's birth. They struggle with the fiends of darkness, and triumph, scattering their foes; they become sources of light and life, and peace and joy. Then at the last, as the sun sets and is conquered himself, in spite of

all his power, by the darkness of night or by the cheerlessness of winter, so these man-gods at last are conquered by their foes, and are hidden away for a time. But always, on the day of the sun's, the spring's, resurrection, the man-gods rise again to newness of life, forever proving victors over their eternal enemies, the darkness and the cold.

So, if you study any one of the great religions of the world, you will find that the legendary tales of wonder, of marvel, are shaped forever by these eternally-interesting stories that are told of the sun-heroes, their labors, their struggles, their defeats, their victories.

The sun! It is the source of all the light we see in the world; and yet how little that means to us, these things are so commonplace! I do not know quite whether I can quote those words of Byron's that give such a tremendous picture of a sunless world: —

> "I had a dream which was not all a dream, —
> The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
> Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
> Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
> Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air."

Picture to yourselves a moment, if you can, a world without sunshine; and then do not wonder that the Orient nations bent their heads in reverence towards the east in recognition of the comer that brought to them light in the darkness, and do not wonder if still, in all the churches of Christendom, keeping a reminiscence of this old sun-worship, they place the altar to the east, and bow towards it as the source of light and guidance.

And, then, the sun gives us all our warmth,— warmth and light combined; for the two always go together. We talk about other sources of light than the sun; and yet, if we analyze them, we find that they leased their light and warmth from the sun. We sit by our open grate of an evening, and bask in sunshine which was stored up in the earth thousands and thousands of years ago. Gas, electricity, and all these sources of light and warmth are only transformed sun-

shine. The beauty that glistens in the diamond is only sunshine locked up there, and sending out to us its deathless radiance. Light, warmth, life, all the life of the world from the tiniest grass-blade, the tiniest bit of protoplasm, the lowest form that life has ever assumed, up to the brain of a Shakspere or the aspiration of a Jesus, has its physical basis and condition only in the blessed light of the sun.

And, then, the sun is the only great artist. We go into raptures over the glory of the sunrise. Painters try to copy a sunset. They try to reproduce, to imitate, the marvellous shadings of this great, eternal artist who paints all the beauty, all the wonder of the world; and in this one ray of commonplace light are all of the secrets of all the beauty pictured by all the artists that ever lived or ever will live. Analyze this light ray, untangle it, take it apart; and every shade and tint that the cunning of man has ever discovered is found there concealed. Is not the sunshine, then, the source of all the light, all the warmth, all the life, all the beauty, of the physical world? And we shall find, as we go farther, that in the spiritual world this has its counterpart.

I wish now to note a few things that at first you will not be disposed perhaps to accept. I have come to the point that I had in mind in my opening sentence. We here in the North have become adjusted to the conditions of things until we fancy that the cold itself, the winter, is a good instead of an enemy forever to be fought and conquered. As a matter of fact, sunshine is life; and cold, everywhere and forever, is only another name for death. We northern nations talk about our strength and vigor, and we are right so far; but we speak as though it was the cold, as though it was the ruggedness of our winter, that made us strong. I dare to suggest, at any rate, another interpretation. Is it not rather true that the cold kills off all except the strong, and thus the strong seem to be the product of the cold? I am not familiar with the statistics in this direction, but I imagine that the physicians would back up my statement that the cold, the ruggedness of our climate, is the cause of the im-

mense majority of the diseases from which we suffer and die; and it is at least suggestive in this direction that the one place on this planet that has yet been discovered that is in itself a panacea for a certain class of diseases which peculiarly afflict our northern climes, one of the healthiest places on earth, is a spot where for the last thirty years the sun, on an average, has not been hidden more than three days in all the round of the year.

Another thing I hear often spoken of: they talk about the warmth of the summers taking away our vigor, of the lassitude of spring. It occurs to me again that here there may be another interpretation of it. As a matter of fact, have we not been living a stretched, keen, tense, earnest, striving, struggling life for six long months at least; and may not this lassitude of the spring be possibly explained by the fact that we are a little weary, and need rest? And is it not suggestive that during the summer months we go away and recuperate, store up strength enough to enable us to live through another winter?

There is another point I wish to suggest right here. The only way by which we are able to live in these northern climes at all is because we have learned, after ages of experience, to create artificial tropics. We do not live in the cold. We live and do all our work in a tropical heat of from 65 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit that we rescue from the cold. And is it not true, also,—and it seems to me a very suggestive and curious fact,—that the most of us here in our beloved New England spend about six months of the year in hard labor in storing up materials by which we may live through the other six months? If you should blot out all the industries that deal simply with the one question of subduing and conquering the cold, you would blot out at least one-half the business of New England towns. Half our time at least, half our energy, half our thought, are spent in the endeavor to create conditions so that we can physically exist; and all that is just so much force taken away from the real living. Think how our charities in Boston would be

simplified if we did not have to think of keeping anybody from freezing,— how large a part of the charitable work of the city would be done at once by the sunshine if we could only control its action!

There is one other point, and this of a great deal of importance. It is commonly said that winter is favorable to intellectual effort, that the world's intellectual work has been done by the northern nations; that it is in the winter time, when men are vigorous, that they can accomplish the finest and highest intellectual results. Curiously, however, here, though it seems to me that this is a prevalent idea, the facts of the world happen to be precisely to the contrary. Consider, for example, all the world's religions. Where have they originated? By what peoples were they thought out and lived out? All the old world philosophies,— in what soils and surrounded by what climates have they grown? All the old world science, all the painting, the architecture, the sculpture, the music,— think of the contributions in these directions that have been made by India, by Palestine, by Greece, by Italy! Blot out the contributions of these sun-lands, and the world would be impoverished in a moment. And then, curiously enough, the world never in any other part of it except the sun lands attained any distinguished results in these directions until able to create the artificial tropics of which I have spoken. The lands of cold are as barren intellectually as they are of flowers and the fruits of the earth.

I came across, the other day, some facts that I know will be of great interest to you as touching on this matter in our northern lands. It is very striking to note the time of year or the conditions under which the great writers and artists of the world have found themselves able to work. I give you only a few specimens, assuring you that the main trend of fact is all in this direction. Napoleon, who defined man as "a product of the physical atmosphere and the moral atmosphere," suffered from the faintest wind, and loved heat so much that he would have fires even in July. Voltaire and Buffon had their studies warmed the whole year round, in

summer as well as in winter. Rousseau said that the action of the sun in the dog-days aided him to compose, and he allowed the rays of the mid-day sun to fall on his head. Byron feared cold "as much as a gazelle." Heine wrote in one of his letters, "It snows: I have little fire in the room, and my letter is cold." Spallanzani, when in the Ionian Islands, found himself able to accomplish a great deal more work than in his own misty Pavia. Leopardi testifies to the same thing, saying in his letters: "My temperament is inimical to cold. I wake, and invoke the reign of Ormuzd." Giusti wrote in the spring, "Inspiration is becoming favorable." Paisiello could only compose when he was covered up by six quilts in the summer and nine in the winter. He was one of the great composers of music and operas. Similar facts are told of Varillas, Méry, Arnaud, and Sylvester. Giordani could only compose in the sun, or in the presence of abundant light and great heat. Foscolo wrote, in November: "I keep near the fire. My friends laugh at me, but I am seeking to give my members heat which my heart will concentrate and sublime within." In December he could do nothing. Milton tells us that his muse was entirely sterile in the winter, and that he could not begin to write until the opening of the spring-time, and the time of the year when he could work was confined entirely to the summer. And so with almost all the great German poets,— Goethe and others; and I find, by looking over a carefully prepared table of statistics, that the months when artistic creation has been possible in the history of the past have been, overwhelmingly, April, May, June, July, August, and September. These months include nearly two-thirds — yes, three-fourths, and sometimes more than that — of the creative and artistic work of the world. I assure you that the general facts in this direction all over the world bear out this idea,— that man needs sunshine as much as a fruit-tree if, intellectually or spiritually, or in any other way, he is to bud, blossom, and bring forth fruit.

We talk about the vigor of our New England thought.

Did it ever occur to you — I wonder how many people it has occurred to — to note this strange fact: that the substratum and basis, the fibre of all our hardy, virile, New England religious and theological thought, almost every particle of it, was wrought out by Augustine, the Bishop of Hippo, in North Africa, and by Calvin in Geneva,— products of the tropics, both? So our hardy New England thought is an exotic that grew in the sun lands, and was only brought here by the vigorous men who proved themselves able to fight the conditions of life here and create an Eden where it would not naturally have grown.

It has seemed to me necessary to bring out in this way so forcibly this line of thought, in order that you might appreciate how much the world owes to sunshine, and then carry the force, the beauty, the suggestion, of this thought into the realm of the moral, the social, the industrial, the spiritual world.

It is true that too much sunshine, too prolonged, too continuous, sometimes brings desolation; for it is a curious fact that while Vishnu, the Indian name of the Creator, is only a name for the sun, Siva, the Indian title of the Destroyer, is only another name for the sun. So you find in the old religions that the sun is creator and destroyer both; and, if the sun pours its flood of rays too continually upon some particular spot of the earth, it is likely at last to become dried up and parched, and turned into a desert. And so do we not find it in our human lives? Have we not learned that too much sunshine withers, that it scorches, burns, devastates, makes fruitless, all of beauty and all of good? Who are the men, who are the women, whose lives have brought forth the noblest, tenderest, sweetest, fairest results of hope and help for their fellows? They are not the ones who have had uninterrupted sunshine. People who bask forever in the sun's rays are apt to forget that anybody else may be sitting in darkness, apt to forget that there are those whose hearts are breaking, that there are those who need sympathy and need care.

Then there is another striking fact: the sunshine produces directly opposite results according to the conditions of the soil on which it shines. On a sandy soil, a clayey soil, too much sun means barrenness and death; while the same amount of sunshine on a lower land, with a different mould, with a larger water supply, produces only abundant fertility. I note the spiritual parallel of this a thousand times in the course of life, in contact with men and women. I see that one person becomes filled with doubt, with rebellion against God, with question as to the justice and truth of the universe, by passing through a certain experience. Another soul passes through — so far as I can discern from the outside — a precisely parallel experience, and comes out of it tender, trustful, and submissive, and living with a great faith in God and a great charity for all the world. There is the same experience; but we see the different conditions of heart, of life, the different way of taking things, the different way of meeting and mastering the facts of life.

And, then, there is another truth about the sunshine that to me is full of infinite suggestion of comfort; and that is that the sun not only shines with these living, beautiful rays, not only enfolds us and bathes us in its balm, but it is the sun which has lifted the cloud that shuts out its own light. It is the sun which has created the tornado that devastates a country and overwhelms a town. It is the sun that has covered the mountain tops with snow. It is the sun that drives the blast that cuts us from the north-east. The sun is king of all the climatic conditions of the world: only we need to remember that away above and back of all the north-east blasts and blizzards, back of the hurl of snow, back of the drench of rain, back of the tornado, the waterspout, the cyclone,— back of all these forces that seem to us relentless and cruel,— is ever the light, ever the sunshine, ever the brightness and the calm. There would be no shadow if there were no sunshine; there would be no rain if there were no sunshine, no cloud if there were no sunshine, no storm if there were no sunshine. The sun is back of all these, the

sun shapes all these, the sun controls all these, the sun uses all these, for the sake of sculpturing, moulding, beautifying, fructifying, the earth.

And so I believe it is the sunshine of God's eternal, changeless love, up there in the blue heaven, in undisturbed calm,— I believe it is that light, that sunshine, of God's love, that creates all that we call pain, all that we call sorrow, all that we call heart-break, all that we call death; God's love that lifts the clouds into the sky, shutting out our vision of that love; God's love converting these clouds into the rain of tears that blind us and make us lose our way; God's love that creates, God's love that shapes, God's love that uses, God's love that ministers, through all these.

There are one or two points now, at the end,— practical ones,— that I wish to suggest for a moment. In our dealings with the world, which is the better,— that we try to represent the sunshine of sympathy, of tolerance, of love, or the forceful powers of attack, of opposition, of hate? They are hard sayings, some of those that Jesus uttered, where he tells us that we must not render evil for evil, that we must learn to love even our enemies. We can, however, as we get to the edge of those sayings, appreciate a little better that one of Paul's where he says, "Overcome evil with good." And I love to believe, love rather to know, that these ideas of life are older and broader than our religion. I find one of the sayings of Gautama, the Buddha,— you would think that Paul had seen it and copied it,— "Overcome evil by good," precisely the same as the famous saying of Paul; and another saying of the Buddha's, "Conquer your foe by force, and you will increase his enmity; conquer by love, and you will reap no after sorrow." And we find also in Gautama the saying, "Return good for evil"; and another one I must quote: "For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time. Hatred ceases by love. That is an old rule." Gautama, six hundred years before Christ, calls that saying, even then, old. So the world began to learn the force and might of moral, personal, social sunshine even

then. If we attempt to overcome hate by hate,— by mightier, stronger hate,— we only increase the quantity of hatred in the world: if we attempt to fight down bitterness with more bitterness, we only increase the quantity of bitterness; but if we attempt to conquer evil by good, hatred by love, we are playing the part of the sunshine, that does not batter darkness with stronger darkness, but simply wipes it off the blue heaven by a touch of light.

So in the family, in treating our children, do we not learn as the years go by that temper, anger, cruelty, force, do not accomplish much, but that a patient love is bound to conquer all things?

In our religious controversies,— perhaps I condemn myself in saying it: I say it, however, none the less forcibly and earnestly, even if I do,— in our religious controversies we accomplish little by simply attacking an opponent, by simply striving for victory over an opponent, by simply calling him hard names. We accomplish everything if, in the first place, we can put ourselves in the positions which our opponents occupy, learn sympathetically to understand them, and then join with them in an emulous contest for the discovery of the truth, not for victory over each other. This is the way of this sunshine method, by which truth at last is to conquer in the world.

In dealing with every form of evil, in dealing with the criminals and the outcasts of the world, the past is full of bitterness, of cruelty, of hate, full of torture on the one hand and bitter defiance on the other, full of an attitude on the part of the good in society that has made the evil their bitter foe. The world is learning here that sunshine is mightier than storm, that kindness and compassion is a mightier force than all the bitterness of punishment, than all that which casts out and burns and attempts to destroy.

You remember that old fable, which I used to read as a boy,— I think in Webster's old spelling-book,— containing the illustration, which I shall never forget, of the contest into which the sun and the wind entered in their endeavor to get

the traveller to throw aside his cloak. The wind blew and beat fiercely and cold upon him; and the only result was that he held his cloak closer and closer to him in self-defence. And, when the wind had exhausted all its energies, then the sun looked out from behind a cloud, smiled upon him, and he dropped it off of his own free will. The sunshine, then, is not only the secret of physical and intellectual life, it is the secret of the moral and the spiritual life as well; and the finest and most alluring picture to me of that other land is hinted in such phrases from the old Bible as, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw herself; for the Lord God shall be thy everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

Father, we thank Thee that Thou art a sun and shield, a guide and helper, in all our hours of sorrow and of trial. We are glad that we may believe that these clouds and rains of tears are the products of Thy love, of Thy sunshine, as well as the light and the warmth in which we bask ourselves; and we are glad that we may look forward to a time when, cloud and storm having done their work, we may enter into a land where there shall be no more darkness at all. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
"	*Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has ome skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 MAY 13, 1892 NO. 31

THE RIGHTS OF ANIMALS

OR

Man and his Poor Relations

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow.	
Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton.	
Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,
141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

THE RIGHTS OF ANIMALS;

OR,

MAN AND HIS POOR RELATIONS.*

"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn."—DEUT. xxv. 4.

"For it is written in the law of Moses, Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. Doth God take care for oxen? Or saith he it altogether for our sakes? For our sakes, no doubt, this is written. that he that plougheth should plough in hope; and that he that thresheth in hope should be partaker of his hope."—1 COR. ix. 9, 10.

I WISH to call your special attention at the outset to what is perhaps not an indictment against the Scriptures or against the Hebrew people on this subject, but which, at any rate, is a curious fact: that there is almost nothing in the Scriptures dealing with the relation of man to the animal world, almost nothing which recognizes animals as having any rights to be respected, or as being entitled in any special way to our mercy, kindness, and care. There is a passage in Proverbs which I had in mind in selecting my text, which says, "The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel"; and there is this tiny bit of Mosaic legislation in Deuteronomy, which says the ox shall not be muzzled while threshing out the corn. This means, I suppose, that the ox shall be at liberty to catch a mouthful of food in the midst of his labors now and then. It was considered an undue severity to muzzle him while engaged in this occupation. To understand this, you need only to recall that, not only in Palestine, but in the ancient nations usually, the method of threshing was to have a hard beaten place on the ground where the grain — not the corn

* Phonographically reported.

in the sense in which we use that word in America — was laid, and the kernels were threshed out by driving oxen back and forth over it. The hoofs beat out the kernels in passing over them. But it is striking that in the New Testament Paul, as he argues on this subject, seems even to retrograde from the tenderness and mercy of the Old Testament; for he quotes this passage, "It is written in the law of Moses, Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," and then he says: Does God care anything about the oxen? Does he write that for their sake. Probably not, but entirely for our sake, as bearing upon the spirit of hope in which men should plough and gather in their grain. I do not recall any passage in the New Testament which enjoins tenderness and care towards the animals, our poor relations, beneath us. I would not have you for a moment suppose that I bring any charge against the Hebrew nation by this statement. So far as I know, they have been no more guilty in this direction than other people. I am inclined to think they have been much less so,— less at any rate than the English or the American people, or than many of those who have borne the Christian name. Christianity, indeed, does not seem to me to have played its proper part in cultivating the tenderness and kindliness and, what is more important still, the sense of justice that ought to be developed in regard to the lower forms of life. Christianity has prided itself, I know, on the fact that it abolished the gladiatorial combats of imperial Rome; and it did well. Let us recognize this service here, and pay it our tribute of honor and respect for its grand achievement; but from that day to this Christianity in its organized forms has not rebuked and has not abolished combats that seem to me unspeakably more brutal and inhuman. Brutal! I like not the word: it is an imputation against the brutes which they do not deserve. The most Christian nation on the face of the earth to-day, if we are to test Christianity by its allegiance to the Church, is Spain. And Spain from time immemorial has kept up as its one national characteristic amusement something that seems to

me infinitely more contemptible than the gladiatorial show, unspeakably more cruel; and that is the bull-fight. The bull-fight is patronized by the court. The dignitaries of the Church, after their worship of God in the morning, attend this fight for their amusement, for their recreation on Sunday afternoon. I saw a bull-fight. I have been haunted by it ever since. I find myself instinctively putting my hand to my eyes, as though I could shade the inner vision as I did the outer on that occasion. I must confess, as I sat there and watched the temper of the crowd, and saw what a great nation regarded as a typical amusement, that my sympathies were, from first to last, with the poor, bated, abused, hopeless animal. When two men, two gladiators, stand up and fight each other, there is at least a little sense of equality. You feel that each of them has a chance. But where the animal is driven into the ring to be tormented and abused and bated until, weary and bleeding and confused, the time has come when the temper of the crowd demands its death, and the *espada*, with almost no personal risk, stabs him to the heart, I say this seems to me infinitely more cruel than does the gladiatorial show that Christianity is so proud of having abolished.

Then Christianity has not abolished contests between animals. The cock-pit and the rat-pit still remain,—tokens of what beings in the semblance of men can call amusement. If we wish to find people and Scriptures that have recognized the rights of animals in any sense in which we speak to-day of the rights of men, we have to go to the Parsee and the Hindu and the Mohammedan. There was a time, far off towards the beginning of the world, when the people instinctively seemed almost to foresee what is the result of our highest and latest investigations in this direction. They felt and acted on the idea that there was a real kinship between them and the animal world, that the same life was in them and in their god which was also in the beast and the bird. We shall see how near they came to the truth before we are through.

Possibly I ought to abate some of the praise I have given to the Hindu and the Parsee. The Hindu believes in the transmigration of the soul. He believes that his friends, his ancestors, may become animals, wearing an animal form instead of a human; and perhaps some of the kindness and consideration of the Hindu may spring from the fact that these may be human beings, possibly his own friends, thus disguised for a time. The Parsees held that there were two divine forces in everlasting conflict, one the god of light and of good, the other of darkness and evil. They taught that the good god created all the good and helpful animals, and that whatever was evil and venomous and injurious was created by the other power. So part of their religious teaching was to show kindness and justice towards those animals that they regarded as good and helpful towards men. Possibly this kindness to animals, then, may have sprung out of their religious ideas and teachings.

I wish now to note several of the relations in which the human race has stood, and does still stand, to the animal world, and some of the ideas of mercy, kindness, and justice that ought to be recognized in these relations.

I wish to speak first of the age far off towards the beginning, when there was only a condition of warfare between man and the animals, and when this warfare was justifiable, because it meant a battle for standing ground, a battle for life. It is difficult for us to-day to imagine that the animals ever really disputed with men the ownership of this planet. Animals had been in possession for uncounted ages when man appeared. Man was at first helpless, ignorant, feeble, as compared with many of the animals, with none of the natural weapons of beak and claw, without the strength of the elephant or tiger, without any weapons save a rude spear or bow and arrow, standing apparently the most feeble, helpless animal in the world, but destined to be king because of that power centred in his brain which enabled him to control in time all the natural forces of the earth and to bring into subjection all the various forms of life upon the planet.

Even to-day in India there are parts of the country where people are slain by wild animals by the hundreds every year. They are in a state of warfare still. This warfare was justifiable then. Men were forced into it by the necessities of the situation. But there seems to be a lingering remnant of this old warfare still, perhaps inwrought in the very fibre of the brain and become instinctive in us, one of the feelings of the heart. At any rate, men, until they have learned to control themselves, stand in the attitude to-day in general of enmity towards every wild thing that runs in the woods or flies in the air.

Especially is this true with children. Though it does not seem to be true of girls, it is perhaps one of the most distinguishing traits and characteristics of boys. A boy is naturally a barbarian,— cruel, relentless, thoughtless. I do not believe it is anything but thoughtlessness; but we parents ought to remember the meaning of these words:

> "But evil is wrought by want of thought
> As well as want of heart."

If you abuse or are cruel to an animal or a bird, it hurts just as much whether you meant it or not, whether you intended it or not. This children ought to learn. Why is it a boy cannot see a bird on a fence or a tree without instinctively flinging something at it, making it feel that he is its natural enemy? He cannot even see a cat that does not belong in his own household without slinging a stone at it. He cannot see a dog without shouting at it to see it run, if he does not do something more cruel.

I do not know why it is, unless, according to the Darwinian doctrine, it is a survival of that age when men were in a state of perpetual hostility to the animals, were fighting for their very lives. I do not know any reason in the nature of things why there should not be a lovely, sweet fellowship between men and women and every animal that walks the earth and every bird that flies and sings in the air. If we treated the birds properly, they would not fly at our ap-

proach in terror; they would not hide their nests, tremble, and cry out at the approach of a human being; they would not do their utmost, as they do, to deceive us and lead us astray, feeling sure that, if we find their little nest of fledglings, it will be destroyed. I have sat of an evening in the plaza of San Marco in Venice, where hundreds and thousands of pigeons and doves come to be fed; and they were as familiar, as loving, in their relations with human beings as are the cats and dogs of our households. There is no reason in the nature of things why wild creatures should not learn to love us and trust us.

Not to spend any more time on that side of my theme, let me come to consider a little more that which I incidentally hinted in opening,—the relation in which men stand to the animal world from the side of sport or amusement. It is a constant source of amazement to me as to what it is in human beings that makes them feel that they are not having the best, the manliest, kind of a time unless they are killing something. It is only a little while ago that a law was passed abolishing the use of live pigeons to be sent from traps by springs into the air to be shot at by sportsmen in trial of their skill. It is only since men have *had* to, that they have invented the clay pigeon, which answers the purpose just as well. What is it that makes us desire to coin our enjoyment out of tingling nerves, out of fright, out of flight, out of fear, out of pain, out of blood?

I can remember my own boyhood, and how I outgrew those feelings. I was not taught it. We boys were a set of savages in more than one sense. We had bows and arrows and guns from the time we were able to carry them, and were accustomed to go into the woods two or three times a week and shoot anything and everything we could get our eyes on, anything that was alive. We did not consider it fun to shoot at dead things. But I can remember, as I grew to be twelve or thirteen, that it came over me at last, "Why, these squirrels, these birds, perhaps love life; perhaps they love each other; perhaps they love the trees, and

the singing of the winds, and the sunshine." And from that time on I could not find any pleasure in killing them. I was called a "baby" because of my sensitiveness on the subject, but I could find no pleasure in killing anything from that time to this; and, though I am a partaker of the blood of thousands in that I am an eater of animal food like everybody else, I must confess that, if it came to the choice of killing my own food, I should become a vegetarian from this time forth forever.

What is it, I say, that makes us love to kill things? Men go off into Colorado or the West, and after a trip of months come back proud if they have killed a bear, if they have shot a deer or stag. They travel throughout the East and in Africa, and a man feels as though he had won a decoration if he has shot an elephant. And many times it is not instant death to these animals, but a prolonged agony. It is first wounds, then starvation, pain, and then lingering death, merely to please a man who wishes to hit a mark that shows it is hit by jumping, by a thrill of pain. The whole round world is traversed by men of the English-speaking race who find their pleasure in giving pain to their poor relations,—the animals beneath them.

There are two forms of this amusement that I will speak of. I need not dwell upon them.

Take, for example, that which a few Anglomaniacs have attempted to introduce into this country, so far, I am glad to say, with only partial success; that is, a fox-hunt. Picture what a fox-hunt means. Bravely attired men and women on splendidly trained horses, a pack of hounds, and one or two poor, little, frightened animals fleeing for their lives; while the men gallop and halloo over the fields for miles, and triumph at last in winning the "brush," which perhaps some dainty lady takes away as a trophy of the spoils of the day!

Or take another form of amusement popular in England. Every Englishman who can afford it keeps a preserve. What does it mean? A place where he can raise birds and animals merely for the pleasure of shooting them. The

Prince of Wales, if he has some distinguished guest, goes out to his preserve, and has his keepers beat up the birds; that is, drive them within a given space. Then he has half a dozen men to load his gun as fast as he can discharge it, and shoots the poor birds that the keepers have driven up so that they cannot possibly escape. And this is sport! The late prince, the son of the Prince of Wales, the next in line of heirship to the throne, got his death, it is said, in an amusement like this. He was playing the part of a true Englishman by indulging in this manly sport of slaughter.

Let us turn to another phase of our theme; and that is the relation in which we stand to animals that we have captured and turned into slaves. I know in the early part of the Old Testament it is said that, after God had created the animals and Adam, he brought all the animals to Adam, and let him name them, and then conferred upon him kingship and dominion over all the lower forms of life. But I wonder into how many minds the question ever entered as to what natural right a man has to capture and turn into a slave some wild, free animal of the world. I am not going to wax sentimental, and say you have no right to hold your horse and dog and birds. I only want you to think as to the basis of your right, and what should spring out of that right on your part, and from your exercise of that power whether it is a right or not.

Take the horse; for I may not have time to refer to any of our other slaves. I do not believe that the Almighty had in mind, when the horse came into being, the mere matter of serving and blessing us. The horse has a being and nature of his own, a life of his own; and he lives a good deal more useful and less harmful life than is lived by thousands of men. A horse has a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness as much as a man has. And if you take him and make a slave of him, at least for decency's sake, for mercy's sake, for the sake of justice, you ought to recognize the horse's nature, the horse's instincts, the horse's feelings, the horse's affections, the horse's rights, and make his captivity

as little irksome and painful as possible. But men have assumed from time immemorial that they had a right to take a horse and abuse, maltreat, starve, beat, deform, do anything they pleased with him, get out of him the last ounce of blood, the last thrill of nerve, in the way of service or pleasure, and then fling him one side as they would any worn-out piece of refuse. Have you any such right? Did it ever occur to you that a horse has feelings, affections? If you have kept horses and studied them, you know not only that you can win the horse's love, but that horses love each other. A horse frequently loves his mate; yet you part two horses that have learned to love each other, who love to go together, without the least question as to whether it gives pain to the horses. You give them other mates that they are not acquainted with, that perhaps they dislike or hate,—for they show these emotions as plainly as men do,—without any thought as to whether you are trespassing on the rights or the happiness of another creature of God. There is hardly a day goes by that I do not witness the abuse of horses on the street by careless boys or drivers, who have no sentiment of pity and no thought concerning the rights of the animals they are dealing with. And when you have used a horse for years, after you have got out of him all the life there is in him, when he grows rheumatic, as you do in your old age, instead of treating him tenderly, lest he should be a source of loss by keeping him on your hands, you turn him over to some common carter or to drudge on a farm, until the last bit of life is worn out of him and he is thrown aside. I believe that, when the world gets civilized, men who are able to keep horses will learn to know and love and understand them; and, when they have worked long years in their service, they will give at last to these horses a quiet and peaceful old age, or, if they cannot afford that, they will do what is infinitely more merciful than to sell them into the hands of strangers who care nothing for them except to get what work out of them they can,—give them a merciful death.

And, when the world is civilized, it will stop the cruel

fashion of mutilating horses. This English custom of docking the tails of horses, if it were not so merciless in its cruelty at the time of the operation, might possibly be permitted in the hands of rich people, who can afford to keep not only horses, but grooms to brush them, to cover them with nets in summer, to keep off insects and tormenting flies, and to blanket them in winter. But by and by, after they are old, and are sold into the hands of other people, with no longer any means of protecting themselves against all sorts of discomfort, they are left to suffer and wear out their lives in misery. The faithful service of a horse should win him something better in the way of treatment from those who call themselves masters than this wicked and unlovely mutilation and abandonment.

I learned a lesson on the care of animals when I was last in California that I wish to suggest to you. I believe the world will find that justice towards animals means not outlay, but income; that it will be proved to be economical as well as charitable and kindly. I was invited by ex-Governor, now Senator, Stanford to visit his place at Palo Alto, about twenty-five miles from San Francisco, where he has hundreds of blooded horses. I think it requires something like one hundred and twenty men to take care of them on this one ranche. He took me out to see what he called his colts' kindergarten, and showed me the method of training the young horses. Here they have their little trotting circus, and are taught from the time they are a few months old, or are able to run, in this kindergarten to develop whatever speed or peculiarity or power they may possess. And there they are taught as tenderly as children are taught in the kindergarten. The senator told me that it was his invariable and universal rule, if any one of his keepers swore at a horse or even spoke roughly or crossly, or under any provocation struck a horse, to instantly discharge him. He says that he treats them like intelligent creatures, studies them to find out of what they are capable, and trains them to do that which they are able. What is the result? The result is

that his yearlings, his two-year-olds, and three-year-olds have beaten the record of the world on the race tracks of the world. He finds it pays not to abuse, but to treat them tenderly and kindly and well. I wish that all the world that deals with animals could see his methods, and learn the same lesson. What he could teach along that one line should be enough to win him the gratitude of the ages.

I am not one of those who believe that speeding horses is wrong, even on the race track, provided they are properly treated. The question whether gambling is carried on with it is another one. But, if horses are well, and are trained properly and kindly used, they find an ecstasy and delight in running, just as boys do or as the athletes in our universities do. Speeding is not necessarily cruel. It depends on how it is conducted and carried on.

I must pass hastily to another aspect of my theme,— the relation in which we stand to animals as companions, as pets. I am amazed, as I have gone through the world thus far, to see how humane people, as they suppose they are, can treat their pets, and how they will let children treat the dog and the cat in the home. I have been in a family sometimes where I had no right to do anything more than mildly protest, where I have wished I could make the boy and the cat change places, and let the boy for a while see how he liked it. I wish I had the magician's power of transforming these people in this fashion, and letting them learn a lesson of mercy by suffering, if they cannot in any other way. I believe that one of the best things in the world that can be done for children is to let them know the members of the animal world. Let them learn to treat them sympathetically, tenderly; let them learn to understand them; let them learn to care for them. What shall we say about it?

Now for one or two suggestions that shall traverse the whole theme, or any part of it. As an illustration of what kindliness can do when force has ceased, I have a picture in mind as it was described to me by a friend, who is a member of this congregation. It was in one of the suburbs,— I

believe in Newton. He one day saw a man driving a horse with a very heavy load up a hill. The horse had been kicked, beaten, abused, until it had become discouraged as well as wearied, and perhaps angry as well as discouraged. At last he stopped and refused to go further, or even to attempt to pull the load another inch. How many times a week do we witness a scene like that! but how many of us have courage or manliness to do anything about it? What was done here? Just as this friend of mine was on the point of doing what he could, a lady — God bless such ladies, say I! — who lived opposite came out. She did not abuse the driver, but asked him to let her try what she could do with the horse. She had some bits of sugar in her hand. She went up to the horse and petted him until she won his confidence, and he laid his cheek against hers as lovingly as a child. Then she fed him with the sugar, and at last took him by the bridle and said, "Come." And the horse strained himself to the utmost, to the last ounce of his power, and started the load and went on, as much as to say to the lady, "For you I can do anything. Under this kind of treatment any load may be made to move." Part way up the hill the lady stopped; and the horse stopped also. The man again attempted to drive him, but he would not budge an inch. He said, "No: after the treatment you have given me, you have got out of me all you will," as plainly as a horse can say anything. So the lady had to complete the task and lead him by the bridle till he had carried the load above the rise of the hill and on to the slope beyond. Kindliness will get more out of any animal, human or equine, than abuse, any time. It is good policy as well as justice. I might multiply instances of this kind, were there time. If Henry Bergh or some friend of his could only take up a contribution among the animals whom he served by teaching people to be kindly to them, he might have a monument higher and grander than Washington's.

Let us join in with those who are trying to teach tenderness and loving care for all forms of life beneath us until the

world shall become civilized; for it means simply that. Let us look with unsparing contempt upon that meanness which can use this kingly power merely like a tyrant. There is no meaner thing on earth than that. We tell a big boy who is teasing a little one to take some one of his size. So I wish to say to every man who is teasing an animal or a bird: Take one of your size, some one that is a match for you, some one that is intellectually your equal. Take somebody that can stand up and defend his rights, and not abuse and kick and maltreat a creature merely because you *can*.

I must not close without suggesting the meaning and force in the title which I have given to my sermon this morning, "Man and his Poor Relations." I do not know but I ought to apologize for calling them "poor relations." They are relations. I said at the outset that primeval man had an instinctive feeling that it was the same kind of life in himself, his god, and in the animals. And his instinct was true; for Darwinism has taught us on a basis of impregnable science that it is the one divine life in what we call dead matter,—in the tiniest grass-blade, in the trees and flowers, in the smallest particle of protoplasm, in the first form of life that was capable of living and moving in the ocean slime on the seashore, and in every form of fish, reptile, bird, or mammal clear up to man. Did you ever notice how many of the characteristics of man these animals show? Animals reason, animals think, animals remember, animals anticipate indulgences, animals dream, animals have fear, animals have hope, animals can feel shame, animals share with us almost every single characteristic on which we pride ourselves as the faculties of human beings. Animals have speech. We must revise our use of language, and no longer call them dumb animals. They are not dumb, not a single one of them. Professor Garner has been showing the world during the last winter, by using the phonograph and other delicate instruments for recording speech, that apes can speak. He has discovered a good many of their sounds, which are as genuine words, with which they communicate with each other,

as any we are able to use. Because we are not able as yet to translate their language, it does not follow that they do not talk. We know perfectly well that they do communicate with each other, so far as the necessities of their lives are concerned, as unerringly, as successfully, as do we. I can remember how I learned one lesson in that direction when I was a boy. The crows used to trouble our farmers' cornfields; and, when the crows went on their raids, they had always a watchman sitting on a tall tree where he could overlook the whole thing. We might go along with empty hands, and he said nothing. We might go with a cane or a stick, and still he was quiet until we got near. But, if one of us appeared with a gun, he told them all in an instant; and they were off in a twinkling. He knew what he was saying; and they knew as well as did we.

I want to give another instance, though it is from my own boyhood. We had a cat that I loved, I think, as I did the other members of the family. She lived until she was fourteen. Then she lost her teeth; and in mercy we felt that we must give her up to death. But no one of the family would do it any more than he would commit murder: so we had to get one of our neighbors' boys to shoot the poor, aged, decrepit creature. The morning when it was to be done, as we were talking about it, and before the gun was brought in sight, she disappeared. She knew what we were talking about, what was going to happen, as well as we did; and it was a long hunt before she could be discovered, and then she fled from the very sight of any one of us whom she had always so tenderly loved. There is intelligence here. There are human attributes here that we give animals little credit for.

But I do not make my plea on that basis. No matter whether they have any human characteristics or not, they have their animal characteristics, which give them certain rights. Because they have less than we, is that any reason why we should trespass on their rights and diminish them still more? I do not ask for mercy. I ask you to treat the animals of the world justly, regarding their rights as inherent

as your own. Treat them tenderly, because there is a touch of the divine life in them. Treat them tenderly for the sake of the civilization of the world. For, when all the creatures that live can contribute their note to the perfect harmony, then, indeed, a song worthy of the Creator will arise,— a song to which the stars and the earth shall contribute, the waters and the winds, the birds in the trees and the animals crouching in the shadow, and the fishes in the sea and in the streams. All life shall sing its praise to the one Author of all.

Father, we thank Thee that we are endowed with this superiority over the lower forms of life: we are glad we are men. But let us not use our tyrant's power like a tyrant, but be all the more tender towards those who are less than we, and thus make up for the inferiority, and not add cruelty to carelessness. May we embrace in our arms of love all things that live and breathe, and thus share in the universal beneficence of Thee, our Father and our Friend! Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper,	*per*	*Copy,*	. . . .	*20 cents.*
" "	"	*Doz.*	. . . .	*$1.50*
" *Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	. . . .	*30 cents.*
" "	"	*Doz.*	. . . .	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has ome skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 MAY 20, 1892 No. 32

OUR LATEST NATIONAL DISHONOR

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

OUR LATEST NATIONAL DISHONOR.*

I HAVE two texts, the juxtaposition of which may seem a little strange to some. The first is from the seventeenth of the Acts of the Apostles, part of the speech of Paul on Mars' Hill: "And he made of one blood every nation of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

My other text is one that for years was familiar on the lips of William Lloyd Garrison, and which was commonly associated with his name. The real author of it, however, was Thomas Paine: "The world is my country, and to do good is my religion."

Next to being ashamed of one's mother, and having to apologize for her, it seems to me that the hardest thing for a patriot and lover of his country is to be obliged to be ashamed of his nation and to apologize for her. There have been several periods in the history of this country of which no true man can be proud. When the history shall finally be written from the time of the commencement of this government until now, there will be at least three long chapters that every true lover of his people would be glad if he might blot out. One concerns the relations in which as a nation we stood to the colored race, slavery, and all the innumerable injustices, horrors, and cruelties connected therewith. We hope that we are nearly at the end of that chapter, though every now and then something occurs to reveal the fact that it is not quite yet completed. Even this last act of Congress, the Chinese Exclusion Bill, contains one clause which stamps the colored man afresh with the old-time

* Phonographically reported.

degradation. I shall have occasion to refer to it before I am through.

The next chapter in the history of our national dishonor is the attitude in which we have stood toward the Indian. We came here a strong people; and, if there is anything in the right of possession, we stole a continent. I would not call it stealing, I would not say we did wrong to come; for the lower races of the world cannot stand in the way of the progress of civilization. And yet, since we did come, taking possession of a great country, it seems to me that we were under the highest and most sacred obligation to treat these inferior people at least with justice, with kindness, and to give them adequate protection and care in return for the wide forests and the broad acres that we wrested from their grasp. We have given them injustice and cruelty. We have turned them over unprotected into the hands of consciousless greed. We have committed almost every namable crime against the red man, and are not yet through with the record of broken pledges and inhumanity.

I am to consider, however, this morning the third chapter in the record of our national dishonor; and that is the attitude in which this country stands towards the Chinese. I beg any of you who may occupy on this subject different views from those which you may suppose my own to be to listen without prejudice, and wait until I am through, and see whether I make any statements or draw any inferences unwarranted by the plain facts.

At the outset let us see just what we have done. The united great races of the West, especially England, France, and America, broke down from without the wall of Chinese exclusion. We battered upon their gates with cannon-balls, we compelled them to admit us; and we promised them equal rights in return. They did not ask to come here. We invited them. It was only a few years ago,—hardly any one here is too young not to remember it,—when we received with wide national acclaim our envoy, the Hon. Anson Burlingame, who was going, as we proudly said, to

wear diplomatic honors to the end of time because he had achieved the working out of a great and advantageous treaty between our country and the vast empire of the East.

About the year 1880, however, there was what was called the sand-lot agitation in San Francisco. What was it? It was simply an *émeute*, the coming to the surface in San Francisco politics of the meanest and most contemptible elements of the whole city. They had votes, they had power, and the Chinese had not; and they compelled the attentions of their legislators, and the result of it was a Chinese Exclusion Bill, but with almost none of the features of infamy that attach to our last one. The chief points of that bill were the forbidding any more Chinese to come to this country. But this was coupled with permission for any Chinaman in America to travel freely or reside where he would, to go home when he pleased. They were granted all the rights and immunities of persons who had come here from any part of the world, only no more were to come. That was the substance of the law that was passed about ten years ago. That law was to expire in ten years. What, then, does our national Congress do? In the greatest haste, lest between the expiration of the old law and the passing of the new one a few Chinese should gain admission, they made haste to pass this new bill.

Let us note now what are the principal features of that bill. Remember in the first place that our treaty with China still stands. By sacred contract we have given to the Chinese residents or travellers in this country all the rights, amenities, and privileges which are granted to the citizens of the most favored nations. That is the part of our great national contract with the great Flowery Kingdom. Now, right in the face of that, we have passed a bill which makes it a crime not only for any new Chinaman to enter our country from any other land or from any direction,—a Chinese prince on the way home from Europe cannot cross our territory unless by special permission of the authorities,—but no Chinaman can come for any purpose. He cannot come

here to study and take his degree at Harvard without special permission of the public authorities such as is demanded in the case of the people of no other nation on the face of the earth. And what of every Chinese laborer? Every Chinaman in this country must either go home inside of a year or else he must hunt up proof showing that he has been resident in this country from the year 1880 on to the present time. He is considered guilty until he proves his innocence. The ordinary method of legal procedure is reversed. Any Chinaman found within the limits of the United States after one year from the passage of this law, unless he is able to present a certificate proving that he is a *bona fide* resident and has been since the year 1880, is liable to fine, imprisonment, or both, and forcible exclusion from the country.

Now consider some of the difficulties of a poor laborer procuring this certificate. He may have travelled during those ten years from San Francisco to the South, or different parts of the country. It may be an unspeakable hardship or an impossibility on account of his poverty to procure the adequate evidence. And here is the point that I have referred to, and which seems to me to come squarely in collision with some of our recent amendments to the Constitution guaranteeing all the rights of citizenship to the colored man. A Chinaman cannot prove that he has been here during all this time unless he can get at least one *white* witness. Colored witnesses are not good in the case of the Chinaman! Perhaps he must travel five hundred miles, and be at no end of expense. Then, as he goes about the country afterwards, this poor laborer must keep his ticket-of-leave, like a convict, on his person every day and every night. If he is caught anywhere without his ticket of leave, he is liable to arrest, fine, imprisonment. Never, except in the case of the Negro and Indian, did this great country demean itself in so petty and contemptible a way towards any people.

A friend handed me an item last night, which will make you smile; but the truth contained in it is none the less

serious for that. It purports to be a conversation between a Chinese mandarin and an American. The mandarin says, "You Americans are very smart, but you are inconsistent." "In what way?" asks the American citizen. "You spend millions of dollars in sending missionaries to us." "That is true." "And the object is to fit us for the Kingdom of Heaven." "Yes." "But still you refuse us a residence in the United States. Now explain that." "Well, you see we are afraid, if you go to our country to live, you will get into American politics." "What of that?" "That would unfit you for the Kingdom of Heaven." If we are to judge American politics by this last specimen, this act of Congress, then I think the American citizen was unquestionably right.

That is the attitude in which we stand. We have broken or disregarded our treaty obligations in a way that we should never dare to do, were it England or any first-class power on the face of the earth. We should have a war on our hands in three weeks if we disregarded our treaties in such a way as this with any other people. It is only because we are *big*, and they cannot help themselves. It reminds me of the saying that I used to hear in my boyhood, illustrating this contemptible spirit of the tyrant, when a boy was maltreating one smaller than himself. As he had him down, the other boys would say, "Hit him again: he has no friends." The Chinaman has no friends. He has not any vote. He is not able to defend himself; and so we are at liberty to treat him precisely as we please.

Now I wish to give you a few figures. What is the reason of our action? There must be something called a reason. What is the history of the Chinese coming to us, and how many of them are here? I wonder how many of you know. They began coming when first the rumors of the discovery of gold reached the Chinese Empire, under the same impulse that brought the people from all parts of the world who flocked there,— a perfectly natural impulse. But by the year 1860 there were only 34,943 Chinamen in America,— not enough, certainly, to swamp us. During the next

four years they increased about four thousand a year; that is, about sixteen thousand more came. In the four years following, the tide turned the other way, and many more than came went back again to their old home. Then came that sand-lot agitation that I referred to, and the exclusion act was passed. Did you ever notice the immediate effect of that first law against any more Chinese coming to the country? Curiously enough, it resulted in a sudden influx of thirty thousand of them. The explanation was perfectly natural. They heard that the law was going to be passed preventing their coming; and they took advantage of the time before the law was passed to come in, perhaps because they knew the door was going to be shut in their faces. Thirty thousand came within the year and a half. But up to that time the tide was a fluctuating one. They came as there was demand for them, and they went as the demand ceased. They came in large numbers, because they were needed to help build our Pacific railroad. When that was done, many of them returned again. Then, when factories were established, the boot and shoe business, the packing of fruits, the packing of fish on the different parts of the Pacific Coast, especially on the Columbia River,—as these new industries arose, calling for laborers, the Chinamen came, under the perfectly natural law of supply and demand.

How many of them are here now, after all this change back and forth? Perhaps you are hardly aware that the number is so small. I confess I myself was surprised as I looked up the figures. There are not more than a hundred and fifty thousand Chinamen in the entire United States. A hundred and fifty thousand Chinamen only, about whom all this disturbance has been made! You would suppose at least a million of men had come to invade this great strong country, such an excitement has been raised about it. One hundred and fifty thousand Chinamen — less rather than more, probably, and most of them on the Pacific Coast, some of them in the North, some scattered throughout the country, a few in the South — are all that we have.

Now let us look as squarely as we can at the charges that are brought against them, and the reasons for this bitterness of feeling against them.

In the first place, we are confronted by two reasons that are as fine a specimen of the Kilkenny cat argument as I have ever known,— reasons diametrically opposed to each other. If one of them has any sense in it, the other cannot possibly have. After I have stated them, they may be left to devour each other. First there is a cry,— I have heard it for years,— a cry that we are being overwhelmed by millions of starving Chinese, crowded in their own country, and having no room there to develop any more. That has been one of the popular cries for years. As I said a moment ago, these swarming hordes, up to the present time, have reduced themselves to a hundred and fifty thousand.

Look at the figures still further. There are one hundred and fifty millions of Europeans living outside of Europe on this planet at the present time, and only five hundred thousand Chinese outside of the Chinese Empire over the whole globe,— only a half million in the world outside of China. Where are the swarming hordes that are going to flood and overwhelm the civilized world?

On the other hand is this other one of the Kilkenny arguments. It is one of the commonest things, I used to hear it when I lived in California, that the Chinese do not *stay* here. They come over and earn some money, and go back home, carrying the money with them. Now, if they do not stay here, the danger of our being inundated by them cannot be very imminent, so that we may leave those two arguments to take care of themselves.

Now let us look at the figures about their taking money away. A barber was finding fault in California with the Chinese because they did not spend their money in this country. They carry our money off out of the country, he said, and people ought to spend money in the countries where they make it. Think how pitiful an argument that is! Some of our most eminent Boston families laid the

foundations of their fortunes in China. We do not feel that we ought to drive them back to China to spend their money where they made it. Millions of American money are spent in London, Paris, and Rome. Why don't we make laws preventing people from spending their money out of the country? Millions of it are spent in other countries against the pitiful few thousands on which we found our complaint against the Chinese.

Let me give you two or three figures here. The Chinese in this country earn about fifteen million dollars a year. They spend in this country about thirteen million dollars. They send home to their friends and needy poor about two million dollars a year. We make a great deal of that. Let us look at another figure. According to the authority of John Boyle O'Reilly, the Irish send every year out of this country back to their friends in Ireland about seventy millions of dollars. I have no fault to find with them for doing that; but I have a good deal of fault to find when the Irishmen or any others, turn about, after sending seventy million dollars home, and howl and cry for the exclusion of the Chinese because they send two million dollars back to China! Let us have a little decency and fairness all around in a problem like this. So much for these two arguments.

Let me now look at one or two more. They say that the Chinese do not assimilate themselves to American ways; they do not become citizens; they are a foreign, and therefore a dangerous element in the midst of our body politic. I think that there is always danger in an unassimilated element in our political body. But did it ever occur to you that here, on the other hand, we have a United States law forbidding them to become citizens? We cry out against them because they do not assimilate themselves to our American ways, and we put it into a fundamental law of the land that they shall not! It seems to me that we ought to stop complaining about their not becoming citizens, or else abolish the law forbidding it, one of the two.

Then we say they do not bring their families, and do not

establish family life, as other foreigners do. Wonderful thing this, that they have not appreciated the courtesies of our hospitality to such an extent as to bring their wives and children with them! Brickbats and paving stones and curses loud and deep, exclusion from citizenship and every indignity possible heaped upon them! If these are not invitations enough to make them feel that they would be welcome in bringing their wives and children, what could any people ask? Think of the stupidity of the statements that we make against them in the face of facts which we ourselves have created.

Then they say the Chinese are ruining us with their cheap labor. Any one who knows what California needs understands perfectly well that there is none too much labor there to-day. If the labor market is overstocked, how does it happen that every year they send up for whole swarms of even Alaska Indians to come down along the coasts and pick their hops for them? It does not look as though the labor market is overcrowded, when they have to resort to expedients like that to get their work done.

Then there is another thought. Suppose the Chinese could monopolize some one of the industries of the country, with the simplest, cheapest living and the lowest wages. Instead of being a threat or an injury, they would be public benefactors. For, whenever any class of citizens gets under the mud-sills, so to speak, of our industrial system, they simply lift that system by just so much to a higher level. They release laborers of other classes, and set them free to go into higher and better paid occupations instead of taking anything away from anybody.

The crowning charge against the Chinese is that they are immoral. After the revelations of Dr. Parkhurst lately in New York, and what every man knows, not only of the cities abroad, but of our cities here, it seems to me that this sort of charge is a little too flippant to be made. What is one of the Chinaman's great sins? It is opium-smoking. Let us look at two little facts about that. In the first place, it was the great Christian nations, the ones that are sending mis-

sionaries to China, who forced opium on the empire against the protest of the Chinese government. That is the first little item we must remember. In the next place, we ought to remember that we have no sort of right to make charges against a whole people on the score of immorality. The number of opium-smokers as compared with the whole number of Chinese is not more than the number of drunkards among ourselves.

Opium-smoking, while it is a good deal more fatal to the smoker, and probably kills him a good deal quicker than whiskey, kills its victim in a more decent way. The opium-smoker goes into his dive and lies there out of sight, and sleeps and dies like a rat in a hole. He does not go home and break the furniture and smash the windows, and beat his wife half dead and abuse and frighten his children. I believe the opium habit is not nearly so bad as the whiskey habit in its effect on the general public. I have been to the bottom of the opium dives in San Francisco; and I know what I am talking about. I have seen an equally bad dive in Spain. You can find them in other places than China-town. That has no monopoly of them.

When we come to other forms of immorality that I cannot speak of here, I venture the statement that there can be found in Anglo-Saxon America a Roland for every one of your Olivers.

The Chinese are not angels. If they were, they would be dreadfully lonesome in this country. I would not have you think that I am extolling them over-much. I am simply investigating the validity of our right to abuse and maltreat them here.

I am now going to give you one or two individual testimonies concerning the Chinese that I came across during my trip in California and on the Pacific Coast last year. I shall not say that all the Chinese are like this; but I will give you these facts.

As I said last Sunday, when I was in California, I was invited to spend a day with Senator Stanford at Palo Alto.

After the elegant luncheon was over, and we had withdrawn into the next room, a fine-looking Chinaman came into the dining-room. Mrs. Stanford touched me on the arm, and said: "I wish you would look at that man. I want to tell you about him." Then she went on to say that he had been her head-servant for eighteen years. She said he was housekeeper, the head, the manager, of everything there; and that was their palatial country home. He had in his hands the hiring and discharging of all the servants, French, Irish, American, as they might be. He was at liberty to discharge the cook with cause and to engage another without even consulting Mrs. Stanford. He purchased all the supplies for the house, even to the linen. He had charge of everything, and she said, "When I step out of this house to go to Washington, I leave it as though I were going to San Francisco for the day." The house is full of pictures, bric-à-brac, and ornaments of every kind. She leaves everything in charge of this Chinaman. He puts everything away; and, when she gets ready to return, everything is in perfect order again to receive her. He has been in this position eighteen years; and Mrs. Stanford said she had never found a trace of dishonesty or incompetency of any kind in him. That is one man. I think it would be difficult for you to match cases of that sort.

There is a Unitarian, an old stanch Unitarian, doing business, I believe, on Jackson Street in San Francisco, who told me that he had been engaged in this business for twenty-eight years. He deals almost exclusively with the Chinese. He acts as their factor, their go-between, in transacting their business with the government in regard to imports and exports; and he says that in twenty-eight years of almost exclusive business with the Chinese he has lost just one bill, and he did not feel sure that that was intentional dishonesty.

Another testimony. Mr. Van Ness and I went to the largest bank in San Francisco, where I wished to get a draft on New York. I was left in the front part of the bank while he went to the proper department to have the matter attended to for me. He was gone a long time. When he came back,

he apologized, and said, "I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long; but I have got a point for you on the Chinese question." Then he went on to say that every single check or draft that left that bank for any city or State outside of California, or for any other country in the world, went through the hands and had to be inspected and indorsed by one Chinaman. He occupies that position for the simple reason that, under the law of the survival of the fittest, he has come to the top as the most competent and trustworthy man they could find for the place.

Here is another fact that I discovered there. Within the last few years the Chinese in California have organized a great fruit packing company, and almost all their employees are American girls; and these girls testify that they have never worked for any one who treated them with such honor, such consideration, such honesty, such care.

Now, here are these four testimonies for what they are worth. They do not prove that no Chinaman ever lies, that no Chinaman ever steals, that no Chinaman is incompetent. But it does seem to me that cases like this prove that we need not be specially troubled over the matter of being swamped in this country by a matter of a hundred and fifty thousand Chinese out of whom you can pick examples like these.

We have only sixty millions of people in this country; and five hundred millions can easily live here. Sixty millions could live in Texas alone, without being very much crowded. And yet we talk as though, if any one else should come, we should not have elbow room. Perhaps we feel a little larger than there is any call for by the nature of the circumstances, and should not be so crowded as we fear.

I come now to what, in one way, is the other side of the subject. In the first place, it seems to me that this one principle ought to be adhered to, unless there is strong ground to the contrary. The ideal is — is it not? — that any man that God sends on to this planet shall be free to travel freely, unmolested, over any part of it that he pleases,

unless there is strong reason to the contrary in some particular case. Now let us look for a moment at the ideal of our republic, and how it ought to be preserved. This human race of ours has been experimenting for many a long age in the matter of government. The wisest men in other countries believe, and I believe, however poorly we may put in practice our principles, that we have here wrought out the ideal republic, that we have discovered at last the true equation between freedom and order. And if it be necessary, in order that we may preserve this republic intact, that we may work out and develop the principles of freedom and order which we have discovered, I would help build a wall as high as the blue above us to keep out all comers from every direction. We need to preserve this republic intact, because it carries not only the hopes of the people who are its citizens to-day, but it carries the hope of the liberty-loving people of the world. We need, then, to guard, to defend, this republic.

Now let us look a little carefully as to how that can best be done. It is utterly uncalled for,— this sort of law that has recently been passed. It is not only cruel, not only unjust, not only a breach of our national faith, but it is an inhumanity, an infamy. There is no excuse for it. But I do believe that immigration, not only from the east, but from the west as well, should be guarded and regulated. We protect ourselves from everything except people. I will not introduce any politics here; but I think that a little more free trade in some directions, and not quite so much free trade in men, would be well. We have too much free trade in people. On what principle, however, would I exclude or regulate immigration? I will tell you.

In the first place, I would have absolute prohibition of abject pauperism, crime, and disease. I would keep out disease, keep out crime, and keep out pauperism; and the principle of exclusion should stop right there.

Then what in the way of regulation? What do we need in order to keep this country intact and free? We need that

the people who come here should understand us, should become part of us. We need that the great national body politic should digest and assimilate its raw material. That is the one thing we need in order to insure the safety and perpetuity of this government. Were I despot and could have my own way, I should insist on three things, and three alone.

I should insist that all the people in this country should read; write, and speak our language. To-day there are battles in Wisconsin serious enough to threaten the political overturn of the State over the question of the school-house and compelling the children of Norwegians and Germans to speak English. We cannot afford in this country to have nests and settlements of people shut out from the possibility of coming into some sort of ability to know our political ideas, because they do not understand our language, who cannot read our papers and books, and follow the course of our legislation. I would compel every young man or woman coming to this country either to be able to read and write and speak English before they came or to acquire that ability inside of three years after coming, on the penalty of going back whence they came. That is the first thing I would do.

I say all young men and women, because I would not carry it out in regard to little children. If young men and women, the heads of young households, or those who are going to make young households, were compelled to do this, the children would take care of themselves. I would not make it apply to old people, because it might work the separation of parents from children on whom they were dependent. But in some way I would compel the people of this country to know English.

Then what next? I would compel every person of fit age, after the three years had expired, and they had learned to read, write, and speak English, to become citizens of this country or else leave it. Of course, I would make exceptions in regard to scholars resident in this country for special

purposes and not intending to remain. There might be other exceptions; but, in the case of every one who expected to remain to live in this country, I would compel them to become citizens, and exercise the rights and powers and take the responsibilities of citizenship.

Third, I would have the education of all the children of the country, whatever their nationality or color, compulsory, either in the public schools or in other schools superintended by the republic, in order to see to it that the education given there should be adequate.

I would then compel all people who come here to know English. I would compel them, if they intended to stay, to become citizens; and I would compel the education of their children. I would bar out pauperism, crime, and disease, and then leave the wide world open for travel.

Friends, the dream of the world-wide kingdom of God has been the dream of the ages. It has inspired the poets, the seers, the prophets, the discoverers, the heroes, of the world. Every time we read our Bibles we are reading about it. Every time we lift up our voice in prayer it is to *Our Father*.

The very fundamental principle of the religion we profess is that all men are brothers. We look forward to a time dreamed of by Tennyson, when

> "The war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
> In a parliament of man, a Federation of the world."

And it seems to me it is peculiarly fitting for us, a great strong, free, vigorous, hopeful people, to live up to this dream; at any rate, to guard ourselves against the pettiness, the contemptibleness, the injustice, the infamy, of a law like that which constitutes our last national dishonor.

Father, let us know that we are Thy children, and are under obligation to be like Thee, and that, if we are high and strong, it is for us to lead and help those who need to be guided in the way. So let us consecrate ourselves to this better ideal, and so give ourselves to the service of the world. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
"	*Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has ome skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 MAY 27, 1892 No. 33

HOLY GROUND

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

HOLY GROUND.*

Now Moses was keeping the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, the priest of Midian: and he led the flock to the back of the wilderness, and came to the mountain of God, unto Horeb. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. And Moses said, I will turn aside now, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt. And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I. And he said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.—EXODUS iii. 1–5.

THERE seems to me to be a wide-spread popular belief that there is less of reverence, less of regard for holy places, for holy days, for holy bodies, holy institutions, holy services of all kinds, in this modern world than there was in the olden time. And there is a feeling that this has been brought about by what some of us gladly, and perhaps at times boastfully, speak of as modern progress. You know it was only a little while ago, only a few years, that, in a famous encyclical, the late pope, Pius IX., denounced this whole idea of modern progress as godless. He believed that the drift was all away from that which was sacred, that which was holy, and that what the world needed was to be recalled, to come back to those things that it was rapidly leaving behind.

As you look over the newspapers, you will find ideas like this referred to on a large variety of topics. You will be told that children, for example, do not have the reverence which they used to have for parents, for superiors. I recall

* Phonographically reported.

that, when I was a minister in the town of Framingham in this State, one of the gray-headed men of the town told me that, when a certain famous old doctor of divinity was the minister, the great parish minister of the whole town, when he saw him coming, when a little boy, he was accustomed to step one side, perhaps out of the road entirely, take his cap off and hold it in his hand until this grand spiritual functionary had passed by. Facts like these, changes of this sort, are now and then instanced as illustrations of the fact that children no longer are moved by the reverence which used to fill their hearts for the constituted powers and authorities of the family, of society, of the Church.

We are told constantly that the young ladies, the young women of America, have lost all reverence for the social conventions and proprieties of the world. You know how, when they go abroad, they shock and astonish the people, who are accustomed to entirely different methods and ways. It is an apparent fact that there is no such formal reverence for a great many things as there used to be. Those who hold to the stricter ideas,— stricter? no: I have used that word inadvertently, for I believe that there are no such strict ideas held and represented by any Church on earth as ours, — those who hold to the older and more formal ideas, are accustomed to say that there is no longer reverence for the Bible such as there used to be.

The newspapers are accustomed, and of course I speak of them because they represent the drift of popular thought, to turn a good many of the old Bible stories into ridicule, and use them to point a jest. Noah's ark with its inhabitants is sometimes irreverently spoken of as though it were a menagerie. The story of Jonah and the great fish, instead of causing a feeling of reverence as if in the presence of some mighty and incomprehensible power, instead of being treated as a miraculous manifestation of God, is treated as if it were a joke. And so it is true that many of these things which used to be reverently handled are treated to-day as though

the sacredness, if it had not gone out of the people themselves, had at least gone out of *them*.

Sunday is not looked upon popularly as it used to be. In conventions of those who hold still to the old ideas, you find it is spoken of as though there were a tendency on the part of the people of the modern world purposely to disregard what they ought to know is the explicit command of God.

So in regard to the church. People no longer look with such reverence upon bishops, upon ecclesiastical authorities of any kind. And even in regard to other matters people seem to be irreverent, with regard to things which are considered as sacred, as connected with religion. The same is true as to the bases of our social and political order. In this country there seems to be no reverence for government. In England they caricature the prime minister. They caricature even the Prince of Wales,—in their better publications, I mean. They carry the spirit of ridicule, of satire, of sarcasm, to the foot of the throne; but I do not believe there has ever been a case in which any reputable publication in England caricatured the Queen. There is at least this formal respect for that which stands to them as the symbol and embodiment of their ideas of government. But we, in this country, do not stop with members of Congress or members of the Cabinet. We take as much delight in caricaturing and ridiculing the President of the United States as though there were no dignity attached to the office whatsoever. Mark you, at present I am not expressing any opinion about this. I am merely giving you here and there some illustrations of what is undoubtedly a tendency of our time, or which seems to a great many people to be a tendency,— to disregard the sacred things of the world. They say — that is, a certain class of critics say — it is because of our spirit of modern science, this audacious questioning of everything, this unwillingness to take anything, even the existence of God, for granted, this unwillingness to take fifteen or eighteen hundred years of religious tradition as establishing anything. We take up all these points, and think we will go to

the root of them, as though no grave and reverent people had ever considered them settled from the foundation of the world. And, indeed, I suppose it is true that there is a certain class of superficial people who suppose that, when they have found out the law in accordance with which anything happens, say, "Oh, yes, we have found that out. Now we understand all about it"; and the spirit of reverence leaves them. People used to talk about the lightning as being a god. At last it was suspected that it was only an electric phenomenon. Franklin proved it. We have got control, within certain limitations, of the lightning now. None of us fall on our knees when a flash appears in the heavens. We dare to look it straight in the face; for we know it is only a force, not a deity. We have turned it into a post-boy; we have made it a common carrier; it is our servant. We rule it, we control it in every direction. And there are people shallow enough to suppose that, because we are able to do this, there ought to be no more reverence in the presence of such a phenomenon. But do we know anything more about electricity to-day than the poor barbarian did who called it a god? He labelled it God: we label it electricity. But apart from the fact that we have discovered something of the methods and conditions by which it works, and are able to command these conditions, do we really know more about it than the barbarian did? It is still a mysterious, awful, inexplicable manifestation of that eternal power from which all things proceed. Those who really study modern science, those who really comprehend modern science, know that the tendency of it is not to take away reverence out of the world, although it may transfer our reverence from that which has been regarded as sacred in the past to some new thing which seems to us more sacred to-day.

I am one of those who believe that reverence is not dying out of the world. I am one of those who believe that modern progress is godlike, is sane, is helpful, is hopeful, is toward that which is still higher, holier, better, and that, instead of losing those spots which were considered holy

ground in the past, the outcome is to be a conception of holiness such as the old times never dreamed.

Let us face this matter of reverence for a moment, and see what it means. What is reverence? What is the part or office that it plays in a high human life? Would it be a healthful thing for the world to lose it?

Reverence is not awe alone, though that is a part of it. A person may be overwhelmed with a feeling of awe in the presence of a thunder-storm or a tempest, in the presence of any sublime presentation of natural force, in the presence of any great danger. But that alone does not make reverence. Reverence is awe touched with tender regard. When we stand in the presence of something that seems to us above us, and at the same time nobler than we, though perhaps not nobler than we may become, something above us, grand, mighty, then there is a sense of reverence, as in the presence of a mystery, of that which is infinite; but there is also the presence of this tender regard, this half-love, half-worship, which, mingled with the feeling of awe, constitutes what we call reverence. It would be, indeed, a serious indictment against the modern world and so-called modern progress if it could be proved that reverence were really dying out of the world. Reverence is one of the highest and finest qualities of our human nature not only, but it is that which is the seed, the vitality, of all nobler growths.

Find me an artist, or one who dreams that he is an artist, who does not stand with bowed head and bowed heart, with reverence in the presence of the world's great masterpieces, who has no reverence in the presence of that which exceeds, not only the possibility of his execution, but perhaps the highest dream of his ideal,— find me a man like that, and I will find you a man who will never take any high and grand steps towards becoming an artist himself. A man must revere that which he desires to attain. It then becomes in him motive, mainspring, for grand and year-long endeavor.

So the man who does not revere womanhood, who does not revere heroism, who does not revere noble faithfulness,

wherever or however manifested, the man who does not revere all the sanctities on which social help and progress turn, the man who does not really revere government, his own government, the man who does not revere the possibilities of humanity in the meanest man or men, who does not revere life, that mysterious thing, however it be manifested, in the forms that we call bird or brute or reptile or worm beneath him,— such a man as this has not in himself the possibilities of the highest and noblest humanity. So much, then, for this element of reverence, not only in religion, but in all life.

Now let us look for a moment at this question as to whether the present age has less reverence than the past. I cannot cover the whole ground here. I shall only give you a few illustrations which may stand for the whole.

When we call people irreverent, is it sure that we do not misinterpret them? Suppose I should go, as I have done, into a Chinese joss-house and watch the methods of worship going on there. They seem to me petty, childish, superstitious. I may reverence the spirit that is manifested, I may keep an outward form of reverence for that which is going on; but, though I speak with carelessness, with ridicule, with contempt, *afterwards*, for these forms and ideas held sacred by a great nation, do I show that I am essentially and at heart irreverent, or only that I revere something else, that my ideals are not like theirs?

At the fall of Jerusalem, when the temple itself was at last captured and the Roman general penetrated through the outer court into the inner, and then into the very holy of holies, he stood in blank amazement because he found it empty. To him these Jews must have seemed atheistic, irreligious,— they had no gods. He had been accustomed to associate his god with an image, and perhaps found it almost impossible to understand that people should not have an image. But the Hebrew race was unspeakably more reverent and religious, in the deepest and highest sense of that word, than was the Roman, and that which the Roman gen-

eral would take as indicating a lack of religion was one of the very points which the Hebrews held from the days of Moses as indicating the highest and grandest type of religion. Thou shalt make no image of the divine, is one of the oldest of the Hebrew commands; and that is because their conception of God was higher than could be expressed by any image.

Let us take an illustration, as I have alluded to it, concerning the attitude of the American people towards government. I have said that we do not hesitate to ridicule the President of the United States and every man in office from him down. But is there less respect in this country for government than there is in other lands? Go back just a few years for an illustration, one that carries the whole truth. At the time of the inauguration of President Hayes I suppose it is true that the majority of the people in this country believed that another man had been elected. The people perhaps had no special respect or reverence for Mr. Hayes, nor for Mr. Tilden, or for the court that decided the question; but they had such a reverence for their country, for government as such, for the fundamental principles of popular election, for public order, for liberty, for freedom,— they had such unbounded respect and reverence for these that for the sake of them they tolerated what they possibly regarded as a miscarriage of justice and what would have led to a revolution in almost any other country in the world. In the face of one illustration like this, I dare to believe that there is no body of men on the face of the earth that so dearly, so truly, so completely, reverence law and order, the spirit, the purpose, the soul of government, as do we. I believe, if I had time, I could bring up illustrations from other departments of life to show the same truth.

If people ridicule certain stories in the Bible, it is not that they do not reverence truth: it is because they believe that these stories are not true, and, further, that they believe that these beliefs stand in the way of the acceptance of truth. It is, then, for the sake of God's word that they ridicule or

reject what certain religious people *call* God's word. If the people of England to-day are considering the question, which seems like blasphemy to many, of disestablishing the Church, it is not because they do not reverence that for which the Church stands, but because they revere it so much that they have come to believe that the Establishment stands in its way.

So you will find everywhere, if you study carefully, that those things which are popularly taken as indicating irreverence and disregard for holy things and holy places mean precisely the opposite. Let me take an illustration, a personal one, of a man whose name is known to you all, and who will pardon me for mentioning his name for the purpose I have in mind,— Colonel Robt. G. Ingersoll. I suppose by the orthodox people of the country Colonel Ingersoll is regarded as the typically irreverent man of the age. He ridicules Moses, he ridicules the Bible, he ridicules the Church, he ridicules the Presbyterian confession of faith, he ridicules the doctrine of everlasting punishment. He has made the country, from one end to the other, laugh time and again over things that the people have been accustomed to regard as too sacred to speak of except with bowed head. But does that mean that there is no reverence in Colonel Ingersoll? I think you would misjudge him if you take it to mean that. He speaks slightingly about the God of the Presbyterian confession of faith. You speak slightingly of Jupiter. Colonel Ingersoll does not regard this Presbyterian God as any more real a being than you regard Jupiter. When you analyze his character and study his life, there is no man in America who reverences love, tenderness, friendship, kindliness, help, order, peace, freedom, the things that we believe lie at the basis of the world, more thoroughly than he does. Let us be sure, then, when we are charging the age with irreverence, that we are rightly interpreting the facts of the life around us.

Now, I wish to turn to a great change from the old times, which is the explanation of those facts which, superficially

considered, are so apt to mislead us. In the old time what was it that people reverenced and regarded as holy? They had a conception of this universe which made God what Carlyle called an absentee God. Here was this world ruled very largely by evil forces, or forces at any rate that we do not associate with God, while God was up in heaven, and now and then came down and manifested himself. Take that case of Jacob that I read to you as a part of our lesson in Genesis. He is on a journey; and he lies down in a certain place. He thinks he is deserted: it does not occur to him that God is anywhere about. He falls asleep and dreams, and sees a ladder, with angels descending and ascending. He wakes up, and says, "Surely, the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not"; and he takes the stone on which he rested his head while asleep, and sets it up as a pillar, as a memorial, and afterwards that place becomes a holy place, which was not holy before. No one had thought of God's being there until Jacob had this vision. The Hebrews had certain oaks in Mamre which they held as especially sacred. And why? No other oaks throughout the country were particularly sacred: why were these? Because tradition said that beneath these oaks God spoke to Abraham about the wickedness of Sodom and the relation of Lot to the city. This, then, became one of the sacred places. The priests, even in these old times, began to gain a glimpse of the eternal. You will remember how I read to you the story concerning Elijah,— how he went out of his cave, and the wind swept by, and God was not in the wind. Then the lightning came, but God was not in the fire; then the earthquake, and God was not in that; but he recognized God at last in the still, small voice that spake to him.

Throughout the ancient world, not only among the Hebrews, but in Greece, Rome, and everywhere else, spots were sacred which were supposed to have been made so by the appearance of God. God was not conceived as being everywhere. If a Greek wanted to find God, he would go to his altar or to the oracle at Delphi. If a Roman wished to

find God, he would go to some sacred place or consult the augurs and the seers. If a Hebrew wished to find God, he would go to his sacred place, to the temple. So God was in special places, but not in all places. He was in certain times, but not in all times. Certain books were holy, but not the truth in all books. God was in the unusual, the super-normal, and especially in the terrible. If a pestilence came, God sent it. When the sun shone sweetly and pleasantly, and the soft airs breathed about one day after day, and the grasses grew up through the sod, God was not thought of as connected with them; but, when something strange occurred, God was there. Jesus taught his people what the Church has not half learned, the grandest lesson, when, talking with the woman of Samaria, and discussing whether the best place to find God was Mount Moriah or the Samaritan hill, he said: Neither of them: God is not located in any place. He is spirit, and he that worships in the spirit finds him, wherever he may be. This is the thought and the spirit of modern science which has come to us as the result of our modern progress. God! Where? Where is he not? God up in heaven? Yes. God down in the depths? Yes. God in Orion and the Pleiades? Yes. God in the mountains or in the majesty of the ocean? Yes. God in the secluded valley? Yes. God in the grass-blade? Yes. God in the tiniest grain of dust? Yes. Take that tiny grain of dust, which is as large as a planet as compared with the atom which science deals with every day. Analyze it, take it to pieces, try to find out the secret of this little particle of dust, and you will at last stand face to face with what the world is compelled to think is divine and eternal power,—faoe to face with God, whichever way you go, wherever you stand, however you think. If you interpret the universe correctly, you will not stop at phenomena, at changing facts: you will deal with that eternal power of which all power is only the partial or transitory manifestation.

Where, then, is holy ground in the modern world? Where shall we take the shoes from off our feet? Where shall we

bare our heads in reverence? There are sacred places, places more sacred than others. What makes them so? Because God is there rather than somewhere else? No; but because of some human experience that has made them sacred to our thought, to our heart, made them places that stimulate and thrill and elevate us. Where is God? He is in the common; he is in the ordinary. Do you know it is the thought of the modern world, though you are not perhaps accustomed to look at it in that way, that God is more in the ordinary, that he is always chiefly in the ordinary? Suppose, for example, in the case of an eclipse that the shadow should be the thousandth part of a minute late, that there should be the slightest manifestation of that which is not ordinary, the uncommon, the unexpected: the wise men of the world would turn pale, and look at each other aghast. They would not take it as a special manifestation of God: they would take it as a manifestation of the fact that the eternal power which had never failed them before had lost its grip, as though the universe were ready to crumble into nothing. It is in the common that we find God to-day. Take it in our ordinary lives. It is the common people and the common virtues, the things that we pay so little regard to, which are of infinitely more importance than those which we speak of as distinguished and remarkable. It is a good deal more important that three hundred thousand people here in Boston should perform their ordinary duties faithfully every day than that some one person should be a hero for three minutes. And, if the three hundred thousand do their common duties every day, they are manufacturing the stuff in their hearts and lives which will flame up into heroism when the condition calls for it; for it is precisely this commonplace, ordinary faithfulness which does flame out as heroism when it is touched by the proper conditions.

We find God, then, in the ordinary. If we should find a bush burning, but not consumed as Moses is reported to have done, we should not take off our shoes from our feet as though it were a special manifestation from God. It would

appall us if we were easily frightened, or it would throw us into a scientific state of mind, and lead us to investigate this new thing and find out what was happening. We should not expect to find God there more than anywhere else. Every bush aflame with its October red is as much a manifestation, infinitely more a manifestation of God, than was the reputed burning bush of Moses.

Where, then, shall we find the manifestations of God in this modern world? I will give you two or three places as hints as to where I look for them. Take the common carpenter or bricklayer of yesterday, who, for sake of wife and child, and who, for the sake of meeting his obligation and paying his debts, laid every board straight and drove every nail right, or laid every brick after the best fashion of which he knew, who simply performed a good day's work yesterday in these commonplace departments of life, and then went home to his family at night. That man created right there holy ground. There God was, there he dwelt with God, there he obeyed him, there he found God, if his heart was sensitive, and if his eyes were open, so that he could appreciate what he was doing. Take the mother who, at the cost of weariness and health, and perhaps life itself, bends over a sick child, never thinking of shrinking from it or fleeing away, though the disease be ever so contagious. There is holy ground, there is faithful performance of duty. Take a bank clerk who, in his office during the last week, has added up his accounts correctly, has been faithful to the last penny, has had an opportunity to falsify the accounts or pocket money, but has not done it; who, in spite of the fact that he wanted and needed more money, was true to what he knew to be honest. That bank clerk's stool is holier ground than any oak of Mamre or any burning bush of Moses: there is God, there he is dwelling with God and obeying God. It is more important that a person should be true here and now than that he should show any amount of reverence for things which the world may have reverenced in the past. We have had a curious exhibition of reverence of a certain

kind in New York for the last few weeks. There has been exhibited a fragment of what tradition says is a part of the arm bone of St. Ann, the reputed grandmother of Jesus. Crowds have been trampling over each other to get near it and kiss the place where it has been kept; and no end of diseases are represented as having been miraculously cured in its presence. That is one kind of reverence, though no one tells us what the logical relation may be between a relic of the past and the cure of a disease. But the person who at his own table obeys the laws of God in eating and drinking, who reverences his body as God's temple, is ascending infinitely higher in his reverence for that which is really sacred.

If you will pardon me the personal reference, I have memories that take me to holy spots whenever I think of them. I should not dare to allude to them, did I not know that I am only voicing what is uttered in the hearts' experience of all the rest of you, and that this is only a typical example. In my boyhood, my father, having lost his property, was working on a tiny farm in Maine, a very few acres, from which year-long, early and late, he was able to win only a scant supply of the necessities of life. Instead of making his boys work for him and earn money, he encouraged them to study and make something of themselves, to be able to get into something better and freer than the life he was leading. His life year after year, as I remember it, was one long patient sacrifice, never complaining, wearing himself out at following the plough or the harrow, or using the hoe, the scythe, the rake, or the sickle; treading over every foot of that little farm, until to my thought there is no place on earth that is nearer the ideal of holy ground than that,— not merely because he was my father, but because there was a display of true, faithful, sacrificing manhood. And the little farm-house, with two rooms on the ground floor, where mother did her own work year after year, cooking food, mending clothes for the rough-and-tumble boys, after each meal cleaning pot and kettle, cup and spoon and pan,— these humblest of the

household furniture are infinitely more sacred to my mind than all the golden tongs, snuffers, and lamps of king Solomon's temple that are supposed to have been wrought after a divinely-revealed pattern. I could go back to-day and kiss the floor over which those patient feet walked, and feel that I am nearer heaven than in any cathedral or in the presence of any sacred relic that the world has ever seen.

Were there time, I could speak of the holy ground of our nation's battle-fields. These are holy grounds,—holy because here manhood flamed up into heroism. Here our common boys from the cities and the farms showed themselves consecrated to a call, showed themselves able to give health and life for an ideal. But I should be untrue to the memory of those old days if I forgot that the mothers and sisters, the wives and the sweethearts at home, gave as much as did they, and so made the home hearth as sacred as Gettysburg, or any of the cemeteries where sleep the brave ones whose bodies were never brought back to their homes again.

It is, then, human truth, human duty, human faithfulness, human love, human consecration, human sacrifice,—it is these, dealing first-hand as they always do with God, that makes sacred the places that we revere and love. And, as these qualities grow, and are more and more common as the years go by, the whole world through them shall become holy ground.

"That's hallowed ground where, mourned and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed;
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

"A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound:
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven!

"What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom,
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind,—
And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

"What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground."

Father, Thou art here. Thou art always wherever we are. We need not look for some special manifestation of Thee to consecrate any place. It is for us to recognize Thee and consecrate ourselves; then each place is holy ground. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50*
"	*Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
"	"	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has ome skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single cop

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 JUNE 3, 1892 No. 34

IN HONOR OF OUR DEAD

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

IN HONOR OF OUR DEAD.*

"But we would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that fall asleep; that ye sorrow not, even as the rest, which have no hope."—1 THESS. iv. 13.

AFTER my subject was sent to the press, it occurred to me that possibly, taken in connection with the day, the day before the 30th of May, it might be misleading to some,—that they might suppose I was to preach a strictly Memorial Day sermon this morning, a sermon in memory of our national dead. This is not, however, my purpose. I intended this sermon to follow almost immediately after the one preached a few weeks ago, entitled "Death and After." It was to be a sort of supplement to that sermon. But I was hindered from giving it at that time, and almost inadvertently decided to give it on this day. Many things which I intend to say will be as appropriate, however, to the way in which we regard the loved and lost, the honored of our national dead, as those to whom we stood in purely personal and private relations.

In old times, and among certain barbaric people still, there have been found, and are found now, barbaric customs, barbaric ideas, connected with death, with the thought as to where the spirit has gone, with the disposition of the body, and with all those things connected with the going away from us of friends. Among these barbaric people it has been very common to disfigure, to mutilate, the body on the part of the mourner. It has been very common to stand in awe, sometimes even in positive terror, of the spirits of those

* Phonographically reported.

that have gone, who are supposed still to linger about the place of burial. There have been barbaric methods of disposing of the bodies of the dead. Among the Parsees, for instance, it is still the custom to place them in high towers, called "Towers of Silence," leaving them for the birds of the air to devour. Among the ancient Egyptians an attempt was made to preserve the bodies by turning them into mummies, so that they have existed in this state for thousands of years.

We look back at those old times, we review these customs, with a certain air of repugnance. We wonder that people can be as it seems to us from our present point of view so uncivilized. But, friends, we ourselves as yet are only partially civilized in the ideas we have of those who have gone, and in the methods we adopt to show our sorrow and pay them reverence and honor.

That old fear of the dead still lingers somewhere in the chambers of the brains of most of us. Friends will watch night and day by the bedside of some loved one as he sinks down towards the shadow, linger lovingly with him so long as there is a trace of a heart-beat, so long as a mirror can be slightly moistened by the last remnant of breath, with all love, all tenderness, all care. But the moment that life has ceased this inexplicable fear seizes upon them; and it would be almost impossible to persuade or hire them to spend a night alone with the body of the one they have so loved. Are we civilized so long as we can imagine that death has the power to so change our loved ones as to turn into a source of fear that which was a source of tenderness and love but a moment ago?

Then it seems to me that we are hardly more civilized in regard to the methods by which we conduct our funerals, the methods by which we dispose of the bodies of our dead, the methods by which we honor, as we suppose, their memories in connection with the place of their rest.

I know it is a somewhat hopeless task to declaim against popular customs, popular prejudices, deep-rooted sentiments and feelings; and yet it seems to me that it is worth our

while to consider carefully a few of these matters, and see if we can bring our methods of honoring those who have left us into accord with the great hopes that thrill us and into accord with our own belief. For we profess to believe that they are not dead, but are alive forevermore.

Let me, then, go over some of these matters with you in as familiar and simple a way as I can, and suggest certain directions in which we should labor to bring ourselves to think not only, but to act.

In the first place, note the conduct of the ordinary funeral. It seems to me very unreasonable, very unwise, and many times something more than that,—a source of positive harm to the living instead of being a tender recognition of the dead. I have been present in my life a great many times,—sometimes when the conduct of a funeral has been in my own hands and sometimes when it has not,—when I have beheld scenes like this: the body in the casket surrounded by those that loved the one who has gone away, a crowd made up of friends and of curious on-lookers; the body looked at for the last time, wept and sobbed over by those who stood nearest, while, clear to the outskirts of the gazing crowd, were people critically looking on, ready to go away and in the afternoon or morrow make their comments as to how the others "bore it"; asking one another, or perhaps some one who was not there asking them, if the friends seemed to "feel it very badly." I do not know how many times I have had such questions asked me; and I have felt insulted that this should be what people were thinking of at such an hour: "How did they feel?" "Did they show much grief?" "Did they cry a great deal?" If they did cry a great deal, perhaps there would come the comment, "It is not the one that cries the most that feels the most." If they did not cry, then that was possibly taken as a lack of feeling. I cannot understand how people can expose themselves in this public way to this sort of thing.

Then the friends themselves, who have watched through the long, long, painful illness, weary and worn, physically

weak, nervously excited or prostrated, are expected to listen to warnings about the future, to the talk about the suddenness and horror of death, in the midst of a crowd to be preached at, to be comforted in public, to be wrought upon until perhaps the nervous system itself, from the strain, gives way, and illness is the result. The whole thing seems to me a lack not only in taste, a lack not only in caring for the health of the living, but barbaric in its entire nature.

What would I have? I would have one of two things. I would have the service strictly private, with nobody but the intimate friends there, and with nobody but the friends at the burial. Then, if you choose, have a memorial service a week or two afterwards, when there has been time to rest, and when people have somewhat recovered from the numbness of the first shock, and are perhaps ready to listen and think and accept comfort and consolation.

Or I would have the service, with the friends gathered, if you please, but those in immediate relation to the departed one not present, not seen. Let grief be quiet and secluded. Then let those who have attended the service depart, and the burial be in the hands of those who loved him, in their hands alone.

Does it mean grief or vulgar display when there is a procession of fifty or a hundred carriages through the streets on the way to the cemetery? Here, again, is a touch of barbarism. It was very common among barbaric people to burn everything that belonged to the dead. His house, furniture, clothing, and property of every sort were burned, and the family left stripped and poor. Do we not to day frequently approach very near to that by expenditure for the sake of display, that we may say we have given a great funeral? Enough for that. Let me turn to another phase of the theme.

How shall we dispose of the bodies of the dead? This is not a matter merely for taste to decide. It is not a matter in which we ought to be free to follow our own inclination alone. It is a matter for conscience. It is a matter in which

we are to consider not only the honor to the dead, but the rights, the health, often the life, of the living.

I think that the methods which we use to-day are frequently not so wise or civilized as were those of ancient Egypt. The body then was so thoroughly embalmed, so carefully prepared, and so carefully entombed that at least it was not a constant menace to the living.

The method of the Parsees, though it might not commend itself to us to-day, was at any rate a good deal wiser in a sanitary way and a good deal more considerate of the rights of those who were left behind than some of our methods.

What would I have done with the body? Pardon me as I speak of these things this morning. I believe it is more than a matter of sentiment. It is a matter that touches the question of right and wrong. Do not understand me as speaking in any way except with the gentlest sympathy, while I try to express what seem to me right views on the subject.

I would choose in my own case, if I might, cremation. What are the reasons that stand in the way of this? Popular prejudice, mingled with hardly traceable remnants of theological ideas. The old Greeks burned the bodies of the dead. When Christianity came and took possession of the civilized world, it brought with it this universal belief in the physical resurrection of the body; and for ages this was the belief of the Church. In some quarters it has been supposed, and I believe is to-day, that the soul itself sleeps in the grave until the resurrection at the time of the day of judgment, so that the soul and the body are there together underground. Others believe that the soul exists in some intermediate state, waiting for the resurrection of the body. It has been taught, I think by men like Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Talmage, that the life is not complete in the next world, either in hell for suffering or heaven for delight, until the soul gets back again its own body, and so is the complete person it used to be here. I need not stop to argue with you this morning about the utter absurdity of this doctrine

of the physical resurrection; and yet I take it that in the mind of a great many people to-day cremation is looked upon with suspicion, and is opposed because of the lingering ideas of this physical resurrection in the minds of people who perhaps do not clearly accept it. There is supposed to be something pagan, something irreligious, about burning the body.

But suppose one did believe in the physical resurrection: why should that stand in the way? Mr. Talmage, not a great while ago, described the resurrection in a very vivid style, representing lost legs and arms and other members coming from different quarters of the earth where they had been scattered, flying through the air, attracted to each other, called together by the omnipotence of the divine power, in order that the body might be made one again. We know perfectly well that the body passes into a thousand forms of life, even when it is buried, so that it is scattered to the four corners of the earth and the four winds. Now, if God is able to gather the remnants of the body from every battle-field, from places where some accident has occurred and the loss of limbs was the result, to gather the particles of the body from different places where it is buried, could not the same omnipotence gather the same particles from the places whither they may have been carried, under the process of cremation? You are aware of course that the fire destroys nothing, that not one particle of that which makes up the body is annihilated or ever ceases to exist.

Another thing. The process of combustion and the process of natural decay, chemically considered, are precisely the same. What is the difference, then? In one case, the process is swift, is sweet, is clean, is healthful, so far as the living are concerned. In the other case, it is slow, unclean, it is horrible, it is unhealthful, so far as the living are concerned. And yet I know a great many people who seek to hinder the process of natural decay, even on the part of the bodies that are buried. It is the custom to have a brick vault made, select a metallic casket, and have every-

thing done for the purpose of prolonging the process, a process that is absolutely inevitable and that must come. Prolong it through what? Friends, if you would only use your imagination a little, if you would only think of what is beneath the grasses and the flowers that you lay on the grave, if you would only think as to what is going on beneath, you would wish that it should be rapid, you would wish that it should be sweet, that it should be clean and healthful.

If I could not have my body cremated, the next best thing and the one that I should desire would be that it might be enclosed in an open-work willow basket in such a way that the loving world-mother might fold it in her arms as rapidly as possible, and speed the disagreeable process of earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. As at present the matter is managed, our cemeteries are nurseries of corruption, nurseries of disease, nurseries of everything that is horrible and undesirable. We are not yet civilized enough to dispose of the worn-out garments of the soul without making them constant and year-long menaces to the living.

I found in the last number of *Harper's Magazine*, the June number, a sonnet "On Cremation." Do you wonder that it can inspire a song? The sonnet is so beautiful in the main, and fits so perfectly the ideas which I hold and would convey on the subject, that I will take the liberty of reading it to you. It is by Mr. George Horton, a writer with whom I am not familiar.

"It matters little to the winged sprite
That flits and flits the clustered stars among
What fate befell the useless vesture flung
So sadly earthward at the time of flight.
Eyes dazzled by a sudden flood of light
Cannot look into darkness; hymns are sung
In vain for spirit ears, on which has rung
God's perfect music, heard at last aright.
Yet for this worn-out garment seems more fit
Than beak of Parsee bird, or wormy shroud,

Or grinning ages in Egyptian pit,
A chant of merry fire tongues singing loud,
While deft flame fingers shall unravel it,
And slim wind fingers weave it into cloud."

What better thing can we wish for these bodies, when we are done with them, than that as quickly as possible, and with perfect safety to the living, they should go back, not to festering corruption, but into grass-blades, into flower leaves and flower fragrance, into trees that climb up and play with the winds and drink in the light, into all fair, sweet, beautiful forms? This is our natural destiny: let us then hasten it, hasten it. God's process is of life and of beauty, not a process of decay and ugliness.

One more point I wish to speak of; and that is our method of honoring the dead in the matter of personal dress and habit, and in the management of our cemeteries.

It is natural that those who have lost friends should for a little time withdraw into seclusion, into quiet. They cannot bear for a while too much light. They cannot bear the gladness of the outside world; for they are bereft and alone. All this is fitting and sweet and true. But I do wish to suggest to you whether there is not something barbaric in our ordinary methods of mourning. There is but one excuse for temporarily wearing black; and that is to shield the mourner, who might be wounded by the careless talk of the outside world, and who thus may warn those that she approaches that she carries a fresh sorrow too deep, too sacred, to be profanely touched. But much of that which goes by the name of mourning is only hideous, and a good deal of it is unreal.

When it comes to measuring sorrow for the loss of a friend by the width of black on white, and when you taper off the sign of your mourning, measuring out so many weeks and months until by and by you blossom out again into the gorgeousness of the past, so far as the world can see, there seems to me something formal, something perfunctory, something ceremonial, something repellent about it. I do

not believe that our loved ones would wish, as they look back, that we should deck ourselves after this fashion. Where are they? If our belief means anything, they have gone into life. We are sad at being left alone, but not sad for them. Let us show our sorrow, then, in wiser, more human, more fitting ways.

Then as to our cemeteries, it seems to me lamentable. You go through Greenwood, through the great cemeteries of our great cities, and there is little beauty and no art: there is only expensive display. Every year thousands and thousands of dollars are spent in this sort of ostentation of no benefit to the dead who live forevermore, while it is a serious tax upon the living.

If money be spent, let it be put into something that shall fitly memorialize the loved one, something that shall suggest what this loved one lived for, something that shall go on vivifying and lifting and not taking away from the already scanty supply of the wealth of the world.

How shall we then honor our dead,—the dead who have left our homes, the dead who have made famous our nation?

In the first place, if you believe that they are alive, make that a living, controlling, shaping power in your action. Live as though you believed it. Dress as though you believed it. Speak as though you believed it. Spend your money as though you believed it, in so far as it touches them. It is life, not death, we celebrate. Let us then let the world know that we believe that the grave is only a gateway, not a charnel-house.

Cherish the thoughts, the memories, the virtues, of your loved ones in your hearts, and let them become mainspring and motive force. I think we may most fitly honor the dead by seeing to it that the influence of their lives does not cease. We say, If only those who have gone away could have left behind their experience, if they could have left their virtues, their accumulated knowledge for us! In one sense, they may, if we will help to carry out such a bequest. Instead of going apart into yourselves, in the selfishness of

a sorrow that leaves the world because a friend has left it, go out into the world and labor in such a way that the life that seems to have ceased may be carried on and completed. In other words, see to it that the world is not poorer because these loved ones have gone away. See to it that the things they cared for are perpetuated, that the work they left incomplete is finished. See to it that they still live as a power in society, a power in the church, a power among men, a power for high ideals, a power for noble patriotism and devotion.

Then let the memory of that be the mainspring of all high hope and noble purpose on the part of our own lives.

There are thousands of noble instances where lives have been made grand in memory of some one who has gone. We are familiar with one noble example that happens to be so conspicuous that the whole nation may look on. Young Leland Stanford, Jr., died when hardly more than a boy; but he seems to have been a boy of singularly gentle nature, sympathetic and kind. There are works of charity going on in the city of San Francisco that sprang up through his personal interest and personal request before he died. He would become interested in some object, and go to his mother and say, "I want you to help that on, for it seems to me it is something that ought to be done"; and for his sake the mother endowed charity after charity. When he was taken away, they built indeed a beautiful monument over his grave, but not an expensive monument for them. The one great thing that has been done is to start into activity a university that shall speak his name all down the ages, that shall do a work of education, of uplifting of the popular life such as probably never would have been dreamed of but for his death. That little grave becomes the mainspring and motive power of a great service to humanity. This, I say, is a conspicuous case. But there are cases by the thousand in the world and in our own country, there are cases in this room to-day, where the memory of some loved one is every day a power in the life and aspiration of the

living. Is not this the true way of honoring our dead? They live indeed forever. They carry on their work in the unseen. They live in our hearts, consciousness, thoughts, lives, and are part of ourselves. But, if we make them the mainspring of character, then we continue their service, we continue their labors, we continue their inspiration, here still among men.

As giving a fine and beautiful expression of this thought, I wish to read to you a part of that poem which has become trite, and which will become more trite as the years go by, because of its surpassing power and beauty,— these words of George Eliot: —

"Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.

. . . . . .

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious,
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

They live, I say, as do we; but we can make them live here still as well as yonder. If they could speak to us,— those

loved, those heroic souls,—would they not tell us not to bow down our heads like a bulrush and cover ourselves with sackcloth and darken our lives? They would bid us lift up our heads and look to the country whither they have gone, and then, cherishing the inspiration of their lives and memories in our hearts, go out and make them a part of that "choir invisible whose music is the gladness of the world."

Father, it is one family, seen and unseen, one Father, one life. Let us then live here not as those who are to die, but as those who are to continue to live. May we go on cherishing in our hearts this trust that shall turn the grave into a gateway, through which the light shines of that country where there is no more darkness and no more death! Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper,	*per*	*Copy,*	. . . .	*20 cents*
" "	"	*Doz.*	. . . .	*$1.50*
" *Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	. . . .	*30 cents.*
" "	"	*Doz.*	. . . .	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has ome skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single cop

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

VOL. 13 JUNE 10, 1892 NO. 35

ANGELIC MESSAGES

BY

REV. E. A. HORTON

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

Mr. Savage's Books.

Religious Reconstruction. 12mo.	$1.00
These Degenerate Days. Small 16mo. Flexible	.50
My Creed. 12mo	1.00
Poems. 16mo. Full gilt. With portrait	1.50
Light on the Cloud. 16mo. Full gilt	1.25
Social Problems. 12mo	1.00
The Religious Life. 12mo	1.00
Belief in God. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about Man. 12mo	1.00
Beliefs about the Bible.	1.00
The Modern Sphinx. 12mo	1.00
The Morals of Evolution. 12mo	1.00
Talks about Jesus. 12mo	1.00
Man, Woman and Child. 12mo	1.00
Christianity the Science of Manhood. 12mo	1.00
The Religion of Evolution. 12mo	1.50
Life Questions. 16mo	1.00
Bluffton: A Story of To-day. 12mo	1.50
Helps for Daily Living. 12mo	1.00
The Signs of the Times. 12mo	1.00
Life. 12mo.	1.00
The Minister's Hand-book. For Christenings, Weddings, and Funerals. Cloth	.75
Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, ... 20 cents. Per doz.,	1.50
" Cloth, " . . . . 30 " "	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Unity Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass

ANGELIC MESSAGES.*

"Some said it thundered; others said an angel spake."—JOHN xii. 29.

IT is not needful for me to enter into any textual consideration of this passage. It is simply an open door for me of symbolism. Far from that Judean scene its import stretches to you and to me. In this passage lies the heart of the troubles of to-day. No one more than myself admires the array of victories won in the outer world. I know, with you, how different in size and significance is existence to us to-day compared with a century ago. But the same somewhat personal key is for you that was for the Greek or the Roman, unlocking the mysteries of life to this extent that one may have self-possession and a reserve of confidence whereby to stand firmly in life and do the duty in hand. Without a solution yet of the ultimate secrets of existence, it is possible for you and for me, amid these aggregated wonders and dazzling splendors of modern thought and life, to have a calmness of mind and a firm allegiance of sentiment whereby we shall not experience earthquakes of distrust or whirlwinds of dismaying trials.

In other words, it is the trained hearing related to an intelligent mind which gives an interpretation of life satisfactory, so far as human needs are concerned. To-day the great difference among men is this of intelligence of hearing. Go on the thoroughfares, make yourself a part of any popular assembly, join the group discussing some recent essay, study the dividing line between the elements there, gather their thoughts,—some say it thunders; others say it is an

* Phonographically reported.

angel speaking. Is it a chaotic, muffled outcome of conflicting sounds and messages, or is there coherency, is there a purpose, is there a pathway, is there a clew, in all these distracting affairs? When rationalism in religion is decried, it is all a mistake founded on a misunderstanding; for, with reason as a clew, we are proud to be able to say, "We are rationalists."

When the battles of the Civil War were raging,— and your pastor during the recent week has surveyed one of those memorable scenes,— the dull, heavy surge of sound was to many listeners simply thunder, truly and literally. But to the patriots who wanted to see an unblemished flag, and desired to have the principles of this republic firmly embodied in some permanent form, even at the point of the bayonet, an angel spoke, the messenger of God saying, "Out of apparent destruction and chaos the Eternal is making symmetry and grand results."

It would be very vague to leave you here. The application is what I wish briefly to make. We meet many phases of thought and life which disturb those who are earnest. The superficial are never troubled in this way. They are chips that like the beating of the frothy waves. The serious person wants to know what life means. This question comes ever before us: Can we make the angelic message out of what seems to be black fatalism, the battling of fortuitous atoms, or the injustice of events?

Now let us apply this confidence. It is not, dear friends, a weak, fair-weather optimism. It has sinew. It has been obtained through centuries of struggle. It is for Christianity all along the line, if it would progress, to put that faith before the people. The toiler in the shop, the artisan at the bench, the heavy-laden professional man, the inventor starving in the attic,— we must take them and all who are working out plans, and give them assurances that behind the mutterings and discords there is an angelic symphony of a divine intent, co-working with human nature. It is fulfilling its destiny, and gradually creating a superb kingdom of righteousness and of love.

How is it in the first place with this outer world? The unenlightened mind hears nothing but confused utterances in the voices of nature. The preacher who brings the regular message to this pulpit has this truth greatly for the undertone of all he says to you,— that in the beginning there were no ears to hear. There were simply reverberating vestibules, material on which the sounds of nature clashed and warred. But when the brain became finer, when man developed, character grew and the hearing ear came. The universe was just the same. Old Jupiter shone on; night and day, the storm and shine, followed each other; seasons revolved. But why is nature different to us? Because there has come into the arena a man, a woman, a soul, chorded so that the vibrating strings recognize more and more intelligence and design.

The scientific view does much: it installs law and order. The poet sings of the beautiful in nature and how God has placed it there. So, too, religion has something to contribute. Pure, strong-eyed religion brings that vision which Jesus called insight, and which every soul may claim to possess,— not simply a conviction, not simple knowledge or the use of facts, but combining with those an intelligent and trustworthy faith whereby we affirm more than we see, and are not to be laughed out of it, either. A rational faith in spiritual existence and realities, with just as much foundation as the things that give us sight in their sequence and order before our eyes. That ought to be the distinctive mission of the religious message, an ethical and moral religion, so that we trust a God who is ethical, and not a God who is arbitrary in his methods of dealing with this primary school of the great university over which he has charge. That is a point to be learned to-day in the matter of the phases of nature; that there is no clashing; we believe the world is sane; that the outer world brings its educational influences upon the soul, and it is the duty to-day to understand that existence, and to study it intelligently. Religion has put it off. Piety of the vaporous kind has held it to be a snare

and a trap; but we friends, gathered here to-day in the light of continued revelation, see clearly the lesson and hear distinctly the divine tones. We see it in the flower, the bird, the star. The laws of the universe are now types to every preacher of every sect, and concern every worshipper.

In other words, there is a general conviction that this is a universe to be understood; and, if you and I fail to understand it, we are going to suffer. The Lord will not take a Christian or a pious person away from the action of those laws because he thus calls himself such a character. Rightly to relate ourselves to that outer world is one step at least in an ability to hear the angelic message spoken when the morning stars sang together over this wonderful and beautiful cluster of planets.

There is another confusion that troubles the modern mind; namely, the contradictory utterances of experience. I dare say I speak to those who are anxious to get nearer to comfort. They often say: Those are brave words of the preacher, but they come naturally to the minister because they are his vocabulary; and his language grows stronger every year with words that he does not appreciate. He utters them glibly. Do life's varied events strike to the toilsome hearts of young men and women as thunder, or are they angelic voices heard in their vicissitudes? What have I done? is the cry of the sensitive soul. Why is God angry with me? I have lost money, I am ill, I have lost fame, I am a foot ball kicked about by circumstances. Why am I treated thus by the Almighty? And yet out of these mutterings, when the mind faces correctly, we say an angel is speaking. It is hard and confused perhaps; but, when the true spirit is in you, there is this power of correct interpretation. If Longfellow says that "into each life some rain must fall," that is only a poetic way of stating what is logical, that you cannot get grass and flowers and fruitage without the cloud. It is the old story over again that we have fought in darkened sick chambers or felt in the push that sent us up against the wall. As a result, we have come into

more open places. We are now grateful for what we have gained from those hard times.

The angel says this about the confusion of the voices of experience: There is a world to be conquered. That is the voice of the nineteenth century. March on! Run away from the duty you cannot. I am not speaking of the universe, but of the world of humanity and its events. You are to be with the bad men; you are to be with the incompetent and the stupid; you are to be with all humanity; and out of all these strange, warring elements, if you are steadfast, incomparable results for human welfare will follow.

There is another phase by which we are confused to-day, — the clashing utterances in regard to society, the startling wounds of the soul that seem to be made by social strife, the dynamite explosion, the stiletto stab in the dark, mutterings in the wilderness of the poor, alarming deeds in the hiding-places of human beings, who want to dash civilization down because of wrongs that have come to pass. There are ominous sounds all round, not simply on the edges of society, but in its midst. Is it thunder, or is an angel speaking?

Now, friends, do not misunderstand me if I say that even in many cases where there is the stigma, the opprobrium resulting from this, I cannot but feel that frequently it is the better part in the men that has brought the indictment and invective against them. Perhaps they ought to be punished; but it is because human nature is noble, and has never had its true deserts and wants to better the world here, that many of these mutterings and clashings and frictions are going on. Let there be a deep and wide charity,— the principle of love, a love that is forbearing to the last. Throw your money, your scholarship, your social position, whatsoever you have,— throw those things into the problem, and see how rapidly matters will come to a nobler solution.

Let us live that truth and that humanity, and then we shall find that this is what the message says: There is a kingdom to be established; and your business down there on such a street is not simply a little local affair, though men know you

chiefly as being there. The effect, the spirit, of your daily rectitude and purpose, knit you in with a kingdom as broad as this whole community and still far extending beyond our limits. Whether you will or no, this is going on, built up on the scaffolding of our laws and usages; and its fair proportions will some day be seen. It is called civilization. It is called the brotherhood of man. It is called the true life of the soul. It is called, in other phrase, the city of God. Back of all these shiftings and conflicts which come in this struggle of humanity to-day we can still see that city grow.

There is another troublesome aspect. When death comes, even with some of us who have said such brave and beautiful things, then, alas! we bow the head. The household says, It thunders: why was death ever permitted to come into this world? This will come home freshly to some of you, considering what happened this morning. From the ranks our friends drop out constantly. Let us resolve here in the peaceful surroundings of an hour of worship that we will not hereafter be so disloyal to what we profess.

You love to use a word, one that I will bring in, though it is technical, because it is a key-word. You are fond of speaking of the correlation of forces. You tell your boy how powers live on in the outer world, no matter what changes they reveal externally. It is just the same in regard to spirit forces, only here we are not so consistent and steady. Death is not a loss, a breakage, a crumbling. We have great unfolding powers, and because of their might and worth we share the change called death. It is, alas! one of the great shadows on Christian faith,— this failure to carry out our belief. I do not say it to you in reproach. I am as troubled and at times as disconsolate as any of you. I am not saying this to make sorer the tenderness of sorrow's wounds. I am only pointing to a standard which ought to receive our attention. It is wrong for us to show such a decrepancy between what we say we believe about life and death and our actual usages. We always have the flowers and songs at funerals, that they may carry us away from the

valley of shadow to the uplands where the light perpetually is. Why not make these symbols permanent in our thoughts, in the habiliments which we wear, in the tokens to be used? If we believe — and I do with all my soul — that the other world is joined with this by divine currents and purposes, that our beloved live on enfranchised and emancipated, let us have the jubilancy that comes from such a conviction. Let us see the angel smiling upon us in the place of the thunder-cloud that seems to speak of desolation and punishment.

A character to make,— that is a sentence embodying the answer to that confusion. Make to-day what you want to stand, and then you need have no fear about these coming changes. The good, the true, the beautiful, in a life here on earth, will survive in God's own appointed way and place hereafter.

There is another phase that I will mention. When we see the clashing proclamations of modern thought in this city to-day from all the inhabitants, what wonder that so many stay at home? What wonder that so many declare their utter scepticism, that they say there is no possibility of a unity in Christendom? One pulpit denounces another. Even in the household, where love binds the members together, there is still an inherited feeling that they will not come together in another world. Out of the very same passage of Scripture two honest and intelligent minds will find two conflicting interpretations. It does seem to some as though the union of forces in Christendom would never come. I hear the angel all the same: it is not thunder to me. In the glorious blue, arching the possibilities of religion, I see the white-winged messenger, saying: Go on. Do not smother one fraction of intellectual debate. Go out into the arena, and let your faculties have play. I predict that in the twentieth century there will be such a power in the Christian opportunities of work, of character, of co-operation, that the old definitions will have lost their power to create divisions or to set denominations in deadly warfare one against the

other. I see a glorious rivalry coming. Thank God it is very near. Church after church will say, Let us go out, and redeem the North End; let us take tatters off and put clothes on; let us furnish bread for these starving souls; let us educate, uplift, and free the soul! Men will not smother their brains then. They will know more about Christian history than they do now. They will know more philosophy than they do now. But they will come at last to that truth which the Almighty has tried to enforce,— to learn that we must develop individually in mental fashion, but at the same time wear the universal garb of human service and brotherhood. That is what the Christ says. Yes: there is a gospel, to use a good old phrase. What Christendom needs to understand is this: there is a gospel to enjoy, not to fight about, not to throw over into the hands of discord. It is good news, as the term "gospel" really means. It should cast light on the common pathway of our lives, and glint with its supernal rays even the shadows that lie beyond the grave. Let the vindictive spirit of sectarian bigotry die! Let the power of creedal tyranny perish! Vanish more and more the mediæval mind which portions out heaven and hell and final awards on the basis of narrow texts and inherited prejudices!

Finally, friends, there is one more opportunity for distinguishing with the hearing ear. Young men will come to a minister frequently, and say not what I have just uttered about the distractions of Christianity, but about truth: What is truth? *Is* there any truth? Ay, I love that impetuous sally of the young manhood or the young womanhood. I welcome it. It shows there is life. It displays earnestness. It evinces a disposition not to live on tradition, but to have bread to eat. Does it only thunder? Wholly aside from any pietistic or traditional basis, I feel that God's truth is coming to the front with assuredness more and more. The personal unit, but raised to the tenth and hundredth power, becomes the interpreter of life. I believe that gradually one can emerge from doubt and confusion, and get vision of certain central things. Let us be real. Let us be genuine. Let

us display candor, in religion especially; and then we shall find out what truth is. I believe in standing somewhere, not necessarily where my neighbor does, but to get an angle of vision for myself; and then I can begin squarely to solve the perplexities of life. But one of the great things leading up to that is something that is easily misunderstood because it has been so frequently perverted. We want reverence,— not a grovelling, slavish abasement, but a reverence such as God desires, open-eyed and appreciative, a regard and admiration for our nature and equipment. Who reverences the Bible more, the one who blindly reads it or the one who intelligently scrutinizes it? Who is the best miner, the one who takes the dirt and the gold together or the one who refines? Let us understand that he has most reverence who unlocks with power and ability this pulsating brain, and faces all the problems of life, who has a wise and ardent judgment, who stands straight, the one who prays with his eyes open to the heavens. Such are the symbols of the true reverence called for by the Christ and by God, our Maker.

If you see that there is something to accomplish, then truth becomes actual and real. It is the mystical theorizing that unmakes character. Many want to set everything up complete in the nebulous region of metaphysics. Well, if you like that, it is a pleasant pastime. But God has joined together what never should be separated, the throbbing experiences of the soul and the great world of truths and ideals. They solve one another, and you never can arrive at truth save as you think and love it. Truth must be brought from the far-off land of intellectual discovery into the realm of duty, struggle, and loyalty.

These to my mind are the angelic messages out of the confusion of to-day: a universe to be understood, a world to be used, a kingdom to be established, a character to be made, a heritage to enlarge, a destiny to apprehend, good news, or a gospel, to enjoy. It was Saint Paul who said there are a great many voices in the world, and it is our business to find out which are the reliable ones and which bring divine messages.

What is it to be spiritually-minded? Is it an overwhelming sense of piety? Is it to be able to read prayers? Never. To be spiritually-minded is to have a mind strong in spiritual hopefulness; to have this frontage on life and its events; to live four-square, with the windows open, so that you may see round the whole landscape and the whole heavens. Then, as you bend out over the sill, and have an ear to hear, you can catch music out of discord, you can see beauty where there is apparently only the vile, and detect real goodness and peace even where the external aspects are conflicting.

We are drawing towards this. It is coming sooner than we imagine, and the child of to-day will worship in the temple where these discords will be reduced. The great choir of human hearts and hopes will sing together with a grander confidence and assurance than we can feel. The possibilities of that faith encompass land and sea, past and present, darkness and light, death and life, things present and things to come. In the light of this sentiment, which does not dwarf us, but lifts us up as children of God to the heights of a new creation, and puts upon us the power of the bravery of the sons of life, let us go on.

Our heavenly Father, help us to this great vision. Of old a voice said, He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. The great world moves on with its stars and seasons. Humanity is born and humanity dies, and the struggles are between. But, to him who has a kingdom within, these events are interpreted: the supreme Being is Love; we do not perish in the grave; there is a moral battle in the world; truth is becoming firmer placed century by century. Let us then go forward beneath the Father's benediction into the joy and patience and strength coming from such convictions as these. It is a glorious thing to speak these matters, to think out these great truths, that we have inherited, to bring back our faith, to make the whole universe a spiritual world. So may it be more and more a joy to us with growing years. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper,	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
" "	"	*Doz.*	*$1.50.*
" *Cloth,*	"	*Copy,*	*30 cents.*
" "	"	*Doz.*	*$2.50*

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has ome skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Published weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 13 JUNE 17, 1892 No. 36

THE TEMPORAL AND THE ETERNAL

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1892

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

NOTE.

This sermon closes the series for the current year. The publication will be resumed again, as usual, in September.

THE TEMPORAL AND THE ETERNAL.*

For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.—2 Cor. iv. 18.

In close connection with these words that I have chosen as a text, I wish to read a few words from Shakspere's "Tempest":—

> "Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
> As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
> Are melted into air, into thin air:
> And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

Until we learn to check off and correct our sense impressions with other sense impressions, and with the thought results of these impressions, we are the fools of our senses. The little child in its mother's arms sees no reason why it should not have the moon for a plaything, and cries for its possession, it seems so near and so small. The savage, the child-man of the early world, when it was shadowed by an eclipse, thought it was some live creature being swallowed, devoured, by some other creature. It seemed to him so small and only a little way off. To first impression it seems to us to-day that the moon is no larger than a wheel, a plate, or a silver dollar, the impression depending entirely upon

* Phonographically reported.

the structure of our visual organs. We learn after a while that it is two hundred thousand miles away, and is a planet. So in the early world it is no wonder that people thought the sky was a solid dome. We have learned at last that it is built up with light rays; and it dissolves to our thought, and opens out vistas of infinite reach into eternity. And the stars, in those old days, were thought to be only little points of light; and to our thought, at first, they seem hardly as large as a candle flame. It is only after a time, with new impressions, new observations, long lines of reasoning, that we learn that the stars are suns, millions of times larger than our planet, and so far away that, in the case of some of them, it takes thousands of years for their light to travel to us.

So, then, in regard to all the features of the world around us, we are the fools of our senses. We have to correct these first impressions, to check off the report of one sense by the report of another, and through long courses of reasoning take a step that brings us a little nearer to the reality of things.

We are not yet civilized enough, most of us, the grown up, earnest, busy world, to estimate things at their real value. We are fooled by our senses still, and so do not get at the essence, the heart, the soul, of things. We are fooled by phenomena, by things which appear; and it is only after years of thought, of study, of feeling, of aspiration, that we gain the power to take a step across the threshold into the presence of the reality, the things that abide, that are eternal.

We talk about real estate, meaning by that land, houses, things,— things that we can weigh, things we can measure, things we can touch, things we can tread under feet, and that feel solid. We think in the presence of them we have attained reality. Yet there is hardly anything on the earth that is less real in the sense of permanency, of abiding, than are these.

It seems to me that the larger part of the people of the world are only beginning to appreciate the reality of the

spiritual side of things. Spiritual,— what does it mean? Our language is figurative. The first word used in the Bible for the soul, or the spirit, is the word translated "breath"; and so soul, the spirit, the inner nature of things, seems to us now as evanescent as the breath seems to be, and to most people, when you speak about spiritual things, the spiritual life, the spirit, the soul, you seem to be talking about nothing tangible, not only nothing tangible, but nothing real. They say spirit is nothing. Nobody ever saw spirit, nobody ever heard spirit, nobody ever felt spirit. We cannot come in contact with it, so far as our sense impressions go. What is it, then? and where is it? And do we not well to turn and try to be satisfied with what seems to be hard, solid fact to most persons?

A man presses a brick beneath his feet, and says, *There* is something solid. A man stands on a block of granite or climbs on a bowlder, and thinks, Here is something real; but let us see.

Let us take a brick to pieces. Let us dissolve a bowlder, and see what it is. I cannot trace it out in every step of detail. I only need to make it clearly apparent to your thought. We can pound up a bit of bowlder until it is fine dust. We can apply heat to it until it is dissolved; enough heat, it becomes liquid; more heat, until it is vapor; more heat still, and like vapor it vanishes away. Not a particle of it has disappeared in the sense of having gone out of existence; but it has gone beyond the reach of our senses. We can no longer see it, we can no longer feel it. It has become a part of the invisible world.

Suppose by imagination we pursue some of its particles still, try to find the ultimate atom that physical scientists speak of. They tell us that all things that are, are made up of combinations of these atoms. What are atoms? Science has been hunting for atoms for thousands of years; and to-day we are standing on the borderland of physical discovery that brings us, or promises to bring us, face to face with spirit, with God. For the most learned scientific men

of the world tell us that the ultimate atom is probably only a little vortex ring of what they call the ether, matter still, but in so fine a form that not any of our senses bring us in contact with it. Still, it fills all space, is the medium of communication between world and world, is the wire along which the power of gravity travels to clasp and lift the world, is the track along which the light rays speed. Such, probably, is the ultimate form of matter, of which all the phenomenal universe is a varied and temporary manifestation.

Physical science, then, is bringing us face to face with the fact that, so far as this universe is concerned, this world that we talk of as solid, as real, that the phenomenal shows of things are only shadows, and the real things, the real forces, are the invisible forces, the changeless, the eternal.

Take as an illustration this force of gravity that Newton discovered, whose existence he demonstrated. What is it? Where is it? It takes no time, no time that we can compute, in passing from the sun to the earth; and yet it acts upon this earth by a force beside which any physical illustration that we can use simply pales and fades out and seems as nothing. If, for example, there were reaching from the sun to the earth, to that side which faces the sun, steel wires the size of the electric or telegraph wire, if there were four of these steel wires fastened to every square inch of the earth's surface, and then all strained until almost ready to break, that would represent by comparison this invisible, intangible power of gravitation by which the sun holds the earth in its place. What are all our physical ideas of power compared with this invisible and intangible force that we know is the real thing, after all? So, no matter which way we turn as we study the make-up of this physical universe of which we are a part, we find that the real things, the things that abide, the things that constitute the world what it is, are not the things we can hold, not the things we can see, not the things which we can tread under foot: they are the invisible and the eternal things.

This old world of ours that we talk of as lasting through the ages is no more permanent than a patch of morning mist in the eastern sky. It was at first only a fleck of fire-mist which has cooled and congealed. But the same Power can send it back into mist and invisibility again. We talk of the eternal hills; but these invisible forces of nature which have sculptured the earth and shaped it to what it is are perpetually changing the outlines of mountain and plain. Where once there was a lake is now a desert of sand. The geologist studies the lines along the hills to see where the river used to run as wide as a sea. It has now shrunk into a little stream with fertile valleys. A whole continent sinks into the sea; and we find on the tops of mountains marine shells that show that this mountain used to be an ocean shore. If people dwelt on that far-off ocean shore, they probably supposed they had an eternal and permanent bedrock beneath their feet. The earth itself, then, is no more stable than are the waves of the sea. The earth, all its forces, all its shapes, all its colors, all its sounds, all these things that bring us in contact with it, are only the temporary embodiment and manifestations of purely invisible forces; and it is only these invisible things which are the eternal things.

Let us turn, now, in one or two other directions, and see if the same thing holds there.

We talk about our governments as abiding year after year, century after century. But, when we talk of government, we think, perhaps, of a king on his throne, surrounded by his court; we think of the officers that make up the cabinet; we think of the army with its mighty legions, its generals, its leaders; we think of guns, of cannon-shot, of bayonets, of war-ships, of navies that sail the seas; we think of the police who are in every city and town. This outward manifestation of mighty power we call government; and we say it keeps the world in order. But what is government? Kings, presidents, cabinets, parliaments, congresses, armies, navies, cannon, and bayonets,—all these things are only the tempo-

rary and passing manifestations of those invisible forces of the human mind, the human heart, of that desire for order, for peace, for mutual protection, that shall enable us to be free to pursue the ordinary occupations of life. So, here again, we find ourselves face to face with the same great truth that it is these invisible qualities of human character which are the eternal things. Forms of government change and pass away; but the desire for political order remains, grows, takes upon itself new forms, creates new phenomenal manifestations. The things which are seen are temporal, the things which are not seen are eternal.

Take it in the matter of our business. Here, at any rate, we think we are dealing with material things, with solid matters that we can touch and handle. So we have our banks, our great commercial houses, our merchants' shops, our ships to sail over the seas. We have our laws on the statute books to prevent fraud, to prevent forgery and perjury, to prevent theft, to prevent anything that seems to us to threaten the quiet and prosperity of our business life; and yet every little while we find a bank wrecked, we find a business failure to face. We find that all this external array of power, the manifestation of what we call the real guarantees of our business life, are of no sort of avail. And, if we stop to think a little carefully, if we look beneath the surface, if we try to study what all these things portend, we find that, after all, the only basis of the world's business, the only thing on which you can rest, is this invisible trust, the faith that in the long run and year by year one man has in another. Take that away, and your laws and all the external manifestation of business are no more than the withes with which the Philistines attempted to bind the Hebrew giant. They were, like flax, snapped by the first attempt to free himself from those bonds. Those things which bind the business community together, and on which we all rest, are the invisible things,— the things of spirit, the things of mind, the things of heart and soul, the things that so many times you find business men hardly aware that they believe in at

all. These are the only mighty things, the only things that bind.

Let us turn to another phase of human life. Wherein has resided the greatness of the world, the power of the world in the past? Take, as an illustration, that famous saying of Napoleon, when somebody, speaking of the justice or injustice of war, talked about God's being on this side or that in some human contest; and Napoleon cynically observed — and it was the key to his character and the key to his downfall as well — that God was always on the side of the strongest battalions. Put in other words, Napoleon's conception of power was the conception of the materialist. It was so many men well trained, well armed, and then at the critical moment of the battle hurled at the weakest point of the enemy, driving them asunder, separating their forces, and beating them in detail. This was the genius of Napoleon; and he won with it battle after battle, and threatened to overrun the world. He won with it until he became so gigantic that his shadow was a fear in every nation in Europe. And yet Napoleon found to his cost, at last, that these invisible, intangible feelings of the heart — the sense of justice, the sense of right, of order, the desire for liberty — were mighty enough to play the part of a cyclone to blow his battalions to the winds. It was the moral sense of Europe, it was the spiritual in the civilized world of that age, that proved to the great conqueror that there was something stronger than his guns.

And so in every age in the history of the world there has been this phenomenal manifestation of the invisible powers of thought and feeling and aspiration.

Shakspere says, in the passage which I read in the opening, "We are such stuff as dreams are made on." Yes, we are; but what is the stuff that dreams are made on? We talk about a dream or a fancy, as though it were the most insubstantial of all namable things. And yet a dream, a fancy, a feeling, is mightier than all mountains, mightier than continents, mightier than bowlders and rocks, mightier

than all changeable physical forces of the world. A feeling, a thought, a purpose, in the human heart, a dream, a desire, an ideal, and the face of the earth is changed, and its physical features melt away and take on other shapes until they answer to the dream. "We are such stuff as dreams are made on"; and because we are, I believe we are eternal. For dreams are made of the stuff of which, let us reverently say it, God is. Dreams are thought, dreams are feeling, dreams are aspiration, dreams are the powers in the midst of which all physical things are plastic, as is clay in the hands of a sculptor. "We are such stuff as dreams are made on." But what are they who have transformed the earth but dreamers? There was a handful of slaves ages ago in Egypt; and there was a little child left in the reeds by the banks of the Nile, discovered by the king's daughter, and brought up as her son. He became educated, and at last a dream took possession of him. He dreamed of a better and higher religion; he dreamed of freedom for his people; he dreamed of independence. And the highest civilization on the face of the earth faded in the presence of the child's dream. The slaves went out and wandered for years in the wilderness, conquered a country, became a people, created a religion which lives to-day; while Egypt, the mightiest power on the face of the earth at that time, is only a bit of ancient history.

In later years that same people brought forth another babe, the child of a carpenter, in a little country town in Galilee; and, as he grew up, he dreamed. He dreamed of redeeming his people; he dreamed of a higher religion; he dreamed a nobler conception of God, a higher thought of human nature, a grander destiny for the race. And the dream of that humble Nazarene has been the mightiest shaping force in the history of the civilized world. It is that dream that has helped to create our civilization, to give us liberty and the freedom of sons of God. And so, when I ask you to contemplate the work of any of the greatest men of the world,—of Homer, of Dante, of Savonarola, of Huss, of

Wyclif, of Luther, of the great poets, the seers,— who are they? They are the world's dreamers, the dreamers who have proved that the stuff of which dreams are made is the stuff of which men are made, of which God is made, the stuff that shapes, inspires, lifts all that we call real.

Concerning another phase of human life we come face to face again with the same truth. I can only hint at what I mean; but this one thought is large enough for a discourse. There is no one thought on which so much the peace and the hope of your life depend. We are all, perforce, as the result of our natures, and it is right that we should be, seekers after happiness; but it is only the few who find where it is. It is only as we get along in years that we discover the well from which we might have drunk to satisfy our thirst through all the weary mid-noon of our life. Where is the secret of happiness? At first we are driven with the impulse of getting things, in order that we may be happy. It is *things, things*. It is strife for possession, and possession of material things. How many a business man is there in the world to-day who has said, I must make so much money, I must get so much ahead! and then he fancies that happiness is coming as a result of it. He gets a hundred thousand, perhaps five hundred thousand, or a million. Perhaps he has said, When I reach that figure, I will stop; and, when he reaches it, his next-door neighbor is far ahead of him, and it is whispered that he is outstripping his competitor, and so the mad race goes on,— lands, houses, pictures, books, musical instruments,— things, things, things. The world is mad for *things*. It is supposed that to have things is the secret of happiness. And yet there is not one of you who, if he will stop to think for five minutes, does not know that it is all an illusion, who does not know that happiness is not to be found in things, and does not come from things. Happiness is intangible, it is invisible. It is a disposition, it is a feeling, it is of the mind and soul. I grant you that things may be made to minister to happiness, particularly if people are wise enough to know that they can get a

thousand times more happiness out of giving things than by keeping them, if they minister to the needs and uses of other people. But happiness, after all, resides in the soul, not in that which we pursue in State Street or Wall Street, in that which we seek over the ocean or dig for in mines. We never find it except in the human breast. It is invisible: it is one of the eternal things. It cannot be grasped with the hands; it cannot be measured with a yard-stick; it cannot be weighed in scales.

Now let us stop for a moment and look within, look at our own selves. What am I? What are we? I said a moment ago that, according to the great poet, "we are such stuff as dreams are made on." We are troubled sometimes because God is invisible. The old Hebrew in his distress said, If I could only find him! If he could only find where the Almighty was, and go to his footstool and present his complaint before him, all would be well,—hunting for God without. We are troubled because God is invisible, because we cannot see him with our eyes, because we cannot hear him speak. But you are as invisible as God. Nobody ever saw me or ever will see me. I am not this body. The only way by which we know that we are the same person that we were in childhood, in youth, in young manhood, in middle life, the only clew that we have to our personal identity is an invisible and intangible clew. These bodies of ours are not more permanent or stable than is the earth which we walk upon. Our bodies are in perpetual flux and change. They change as does a cataract. It is the same fall that comes tumbling over the rock that we saw last year. It is the same fall so far as the form is concerned, the rocks, the water. But not a single particle is there which was there an hour ago or ten minutes ago. And so these bodies are in constant change. That which constitutes me, myself, nobody ever saw, nobody ever touched, nobody ever came in contact with through the medium of any of the senses. I am as invisible as is God. I look out through the windows of the eyes. I use these muscles for the press-

ure of the hand in friendship. I use the different faculties of the body; but they are in constant change. Why may I not say, then, that God looks at me through the myriad eyes of the stars at night; that God lays his hand upon my brow when its weariness is fanned by the soft air of spring; that God whispers to me in the song of the leaves or of the waves upon the beach? I believe God looks, God speaks, God folds me round, and holds me in his hand, and clasps me in his bosom for quiet and rest. God is as near to me as my most intimate friend. God is more near; for he is the friendship of that friend, the love of that lover, the clasp of that hand, the look in those eyes. We share with God in those things which are invisible; and we may believe that, like him, we are eternal. We may look without fear upon the wreck of worlds, the fading away of systems that disappear like the mist of the early morning.

Do you begin, then, to get a glimpse of what we ministers mean when we talk about the spiritual things, the eternal things, the things that do not pass away? Do the words of Jesus have any sense for you now when he bids you lay up for yourselves treasures in the invisible, beyond the reach of moth and rust, since there is the only place where you can put things that you wish to keep?

This is what Jesus means, this is what we mean as we say over these great lessons after him. We mean that those who live in the spirit, disaster, trouble, death, cannot touch. We believe that, when death transforms us, and we throw off this visible clothing of the body, we step out into the spirit world that envelops us round on every hand, full of life, and that we shall find then that that is the reality of which this is only the temporary and evanescent manifestation.

There is a book called "The Unseen Universe," written by two prominent scientific men of England, in which they set forth the proposition that probably all this visible universe is only a temporary manifestation, the shadow of the real and the eternal, let down for a while into the region of visibility, to be withdrawn again by and by and to become a part once more of the eternal.

Do I not well, then, in asking you what the last year just now closing has done for you in this direction? How much have you added to your real wealth? How much treasure of thought, of high purpose, of aspiration, of helpfulness towards others, of charity, of tenderness, of goodness, have you laid up? How much treasure have you put into that bank that no failure can ever reach? Everything else will pass away. That, and that only, is eternal. As Paul said in the chapter which I read for our lesson, knowledge passes away, because it is only relative. We outgrow what we call knowledge to-day, when we become wiser than we are to-day. We leave it behind. All the things that most men value we outgrow, because they are things that belonged to our childhood. Faith, hope, love, these remain; and in love, which Paul says is the greatest of them all, in love is the secret of wealth, the secret of happiness, the secret of peace, the secret of service of our fellow-men, the secret of life, the secret of God, the secret of eternity. For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

Father, let us open our eyes, those inner eyes that look on reality, and see the things that are and that shall abide. And so may we enter upon an inheritance of those things, and become one with Thee. Amen.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

Our God, we live our little lives, and pass away; but Thou endurest, and of Thy days there is no end. Before the mountains were brought forth or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. Everything is evanescent in Thy sight except that which partakes of Thy nature and Thy eternity. We are glad, Father, that we can think of Thee, that we can

speak Thy name, that we can believe that there is something in us akin to Thyself; for thus we hope that we are partakers of Thy nature, and because Thou livest we shall live also. We look at the stars; and, though we know that for millions of years they may have been shining, we know that some day their light shall cease, that they shall be put out like a candle, and leave only dark in their places. We know that this solid earth underneath our feet shall vanish like morning mist, and be no more. But we dare to trust in this audacious, this sublime faith, that there is that in us which shall outlast them all; for we are Thy children, and, standing by Thy side, feeling Thy nature in us, folded in Thine arms, we may look at the passing of things as at the changing of a cloud, and tremble not, nor fear.

It is this great trust in which is to be our strength,—strength to bear evil, strength to be patient with sorrow, strength to face the loss of all things, knowing that nothing is lost in Thee. So let us be strong to-day; and, as the years pass, one after the other, let us not be perturbed by their going nor by what they take with them, knowing that the eternal things Thou keepest for us forevermore.

We are at the end, Father, of another year of our church life and work, so far as the visible assembly in this place is concerned; and we look back over the year, and thank Thee for the good it has brought us. We thank Thee for the loves and the friendships, we thank Thee for the opportunities of service, we thank Thee for the burdens we have had to bear. We thank Thee, or try to, for the tears we have shed, for the heart-aches, for all that we call evil; for we dare to believe that Thou wilt bring us out of it all, and that Thou wilt keep for us the essence and soul of all these things, that are a part of us, and necessary to our life.

We know, Father, that some of those from homes represented here, if they thank Thee to-day, it must be with a quiver of the lip, and with eyes too dim for seeing; for death has come to many a home, and there has been loss and desolation. We know that, though brave faces smile, and the

eyes keep their light and look bravely out over the world, and hands are ready still for labor and feet for the errands of kindness, there is sorrow at the heart that many years will not take away; yes, that all the years will not take away until the lost ones are found again. We remember these stricken ones, and especially those recently smitten. O Father, we know that Thy love enfolds us all. Let them feel it. Let them be able to understand it. Let them trust, if they cannot know. Let them learn to be patient, and wait until the sense of Thy protection is theirs.

And so, Father, wilt Thou help us, as Thou hast helped us heretofore? Let us keep the spirit that we have had in our worship here, our freedom, our fearlessness, our trust in God, our devotion to truth, our uplifting worship, our onlooking belief in a better something to be. Let us keep these, and carry them with us, and carry the bright, the uplifting, the inspiring influence of our religious life and hope into every place where we go this summer, so that the ministry may not cease with the closed doors of the meeting-house, but may go on, as the light is never tired with shining, or the rain with falling, that it may bring life to the parched and thirsty earth.

So, Father, may we love and serve Thee, until we gather here once more to take up, not the broken thread,— for let it not be broken,— but take up the visible thread of our labors, and consecrate ourselves to that work which we are glad is not done, and never will be until Thy kingdom come and Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.

3 2044 023 425 929